

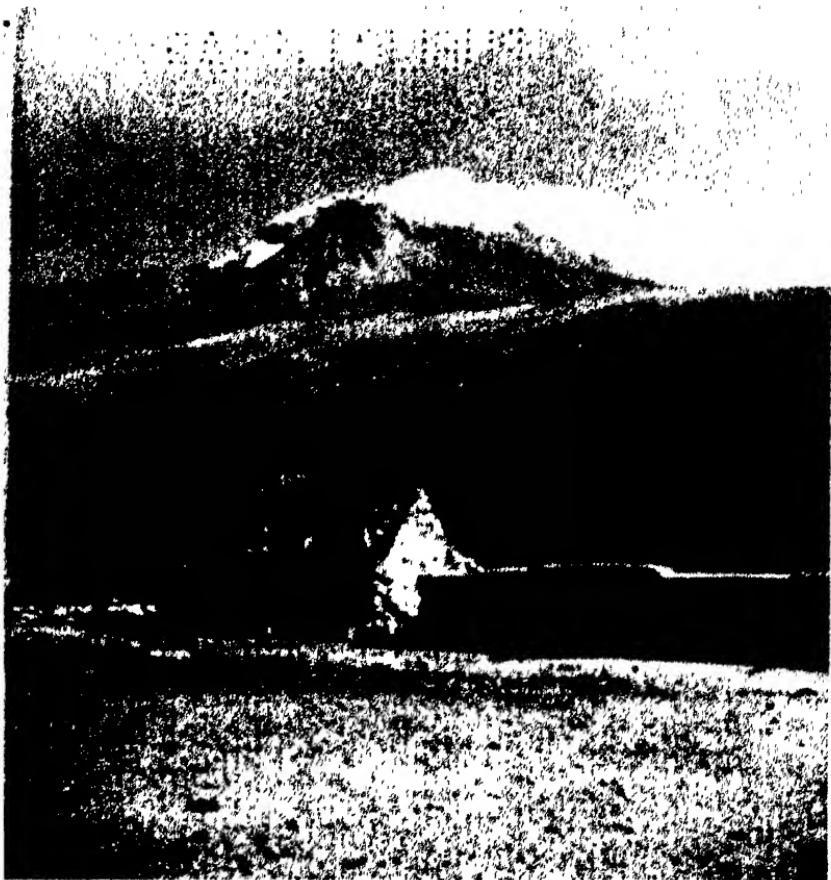
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PERUVIAN PAGEANT



The lonely Pum

A JOURNEY IN TIME

PERUVIAN PAGEANT

By BLAIR NILES

Author of Maria Paluna, Day of Immense Sun, etc.



Photographic Illustrations by Robert Niles, Jr.

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*Affectionately
dedicated*

to

ROMA LYMAN NILES

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PREFACE

THIS is the very personal story of a journey in time.

I was at work on a novel of sixteenth-century Peru, and I wanted to know in the flesh those places identified with my hero and my heroine. The novel—*Day of Immense Sun*—covered the ten years immediately preceding the Spanish Conquest, and ended on the 15th of November, 1533, with Pizarro marching victorious into Cuzco.

But this expedition in time proved so fascinating, so rich in the material of human living, that I found it impossible to limit it to the period of the novel. And so I went back to the beginning, and traveled through the centuries in Peru down to the present day.

Peruvian Pageant is the story of that experience. It has grown out of an impulse to share with the reader what is to me the greatest of all pleasures—the fusing of a personal journey with the excitement of historical research in my chosen field of Spanish-America.

And in the telling of the tale I have not said that this or that is important and must be included: I have simply let memory wander at will through the centuries, selecting for me the events and emotions and personalities which stand out above all others.

Along the way there was everywhere kindness, for which I would express appreciation. And for the illustrations I am grateful to my husband, Robert Niles Jr., who is the Roberto of the story.

But there could have been no journey had there not been men to believe sufficiently in its object to make it possible. Gratitude for the joy of this experience in Peru goes therefore to: William Van Dusen, John Douglas MacGregor, Captain E. V. Rickenbacker, Ambassador Fred Morris Dearing, Elmer J. Faust, and L. S. Blaisdell.

BLAIR NILES

New York City,
January, 1937.

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I

PASSENGER BY AIR

THERE is nothing leisurely about an airport; everything happens quickly: planes alight, other planes fly away, welcoming and arriving crowds become all at once crowds of farewell and departure.

The faces of those who had come to see us off were suddenly detached from the group impersonality, and moved toward us; while briefly the monster phosphorescent bug waited. There was a fleeting confusion of handshakes and embraces; and a voice saying, "I brought you this; it weighs hardly anything." . . .

Then, without quite knowing how we got there, Roberto and I were on board the plane; Roberto going with me as far as Miami where he had a business matter to attend to. For an instant, through the plane windows, there were the faces of friendship and affection, before we taxied down the field, and the plane was off in the night.

All so quickly; no prolonged leave-taking, no wandering about the decks of a boat, no inspection of cabins and saloons, no orchestra playing, no warning beating of a gong to order visitors ashore, no tedious maneuvering away from a dock, no last-minute calls from ship to land, no slow pulling out, no lingering waving. You've gone so quickly that you exclaim to yourself in surprise, "Why, I've gone!" And the thought is scarcely formulated before the plane has climbed high and the airport has vanished.

We were riding with the moon; a full moon which polished the silver of our wings. Very soon I got the sense—later so familiar—of looking down into the sky instead of at the earth. Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore appeared as great glittering constellations in a dark night, with scattered here and

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there between them, the clustered lights of lesser constellations; and stretching through the darkness a lane of beacons, each an isolated planet in my delusion of a reversed heaven and earth.

"Why, I've gone!" From time to time, incredulous, I repeated this to myself. "I've gone!" I had wanted this so long; worked so hard to bring it true that when at last it happened I couldn't believe in it.

Then, all at once, the distant goal of Peru seemed so immediate that even the Eastern Air-liner, flying between New York and Miami, appeared to me to share my sense of Peru as the destination, for as the plane headed south I felt that it flew at the steady speed of migration, its nose pointed to Peru. . . .

Miami in the morning. . . . Yes, but I was really flying back into the sixteenth century, back to the Inca Empire and the Spanish Conquest.

Miami . . . Miami was only incidental. Why, I even carried in my bag a letter of introduction in Latin; a talisman which would surely admit me to the century, for it was addressed to the Prior of the Monastery of Santo Domingo, that Order to which the first Catholic priest ever to enter Peru had belonged.

*"Admodum Reverende Pater,
Salutem in Domino et Salutationem*

*in S. P. N Dominico: Blair Niles,
domina Americana Statuum
Faederatorum et scriptor insignis,
regalem civitatem Limae visitat. . . ."*

This letter asking for me the co-operation of the Prior of the Order in Lima seemed almost a letter to the priest Valverde of four hundred years ago. And when Valverde had read it, of course he would present me to Francisco Pizzaro!

The *American Clipper* took off from Miami early on the following morning. Roberto and I breakfasted at the airport, while a loud-speaker shouted orders and instructions:

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Will those who have baggage in the check-room call for the same immediately? Will Mr. or Mrs. This or That report at the desk with their passports? There is a telephone message for Miss Somebody Else.

And finally: Passengers for Jamaica, Barranquilla and the Canal Zone get aboard the *Clipper*! . . .

Then, all at once, I have left Roberto and am boarding the *Clipper*. So it is true that the thing called Business won't let him go; not now; later, perhaps, but not now. Of course my mind had known this for some weeks but my heart wouldn't believe it. Now through the window of the *Clipper* I see him on the dock, his camera in his hand, the camera which he'd planned to take to Peru. But the engines have started and I am going to Peru alone. The pontoons are washed with foam which splashes against the windows. There is nothing to be seen but foam. The *Clipper* bounds from the water. Roberto is become an indistinguishable dot in the crowd on the terrace, and then even the airport is no more.

The sun is bright on deep blue water, and below us is a green necklace of islands studded with lagoons, vividly blue. But in a little while they too have gone, and there is only water . . . meeting the sky at a vague, out-of-focus horizon line.

The thoughts and events of the past weeks flash in and out of my mind, making and breaking connection between the life I have left and the adventure toward which I fly. Certain phrases out of a farewell letter from a friend come to me like words shouted from the land across an ever-widening stretch of water:

"Please have a good time. . . . People really don't get as much as they can and ought. . . . I don't want to go to heaven, do you? All I want is to be young enough and footloose in this world. . . . What more could one want?"

Yes, I felt that way too. . . . I didn't want to go to heaven, but to Peru . . . by air.

Yet the idea was unbelievable, for the *Clipper* is like a luxurious

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compartment car which in a mood of elation has got beyond itself and flown recklessly away. It is paneled in light natural wood and upholstered in soft cushions of peacock blue. Each compartment has a picture, done in sepia, of the various methods by which man has traveled: by caravel, sailboat, balloon.

A purser, who fulfilled also the rôle of steward, distributed the *Miami Morning Herald*, and dealt out the usual cellophane packets of gum and cotton. He inquired whether we'd like hot consommé or iced tomato juice. He offered magazines. . . .

If I only could be sure, I thought, that Roberto would be able to join me later. It wouldn't be right for anyone to miss Peru. Peru wasn't a thing you could pass up with a "Not today, thank you." Peru didn't knock at everybody's door, not even once in the course of life.

People don't have as much as they can and ought!

The pilot came through and stopped to speak to me: "Nothing interesting," he said, "happens in the air. . . . Oh, maybe you might see a whale . . . about every ten trips we see a whale."

But the weather had just been radioed, and he could let me have that, if it would interest me: "Ceiling unlimited. Visibility unlimited. Wind four miles an hour." And if I'd like a look at the charts, he'd let me have them.

They were navigators' charts printed before there were air-ships, and so the air route had been superimposed in pencil, the charts themselves having taken no thought for the concerns of air-planes. Depths in fathoms were sprinkled about the sea; buoys were listed with their colors and stripes, and it was noted whether they were whistling, or equipped with bells. And only such matters of the land as were important to the life of the sea, were indicated.

It was, therefore, impossible to follow the route of the *Clipper* in detail, as Roberto and I were fond of doing on shipboard. With the *West India* or the *South American Pilot* we would sit cross-legged on the bow-deck, tracing the way in and out of harbors, noting currents and reefs and anchorages. Thus, vicariously, we had once at midnight come into the harbor of Cape Haitian,

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watching for the "occulting white light" which, we read, might be seen seventeen miles off Picolet, and noting that, from the moment of the Light's appearance, "the mariner should give the shore a berth of at least a mile and a half, until said light should bear from 160° to 220° , when he should stand in toward the Light, avoiding the Outer Shoals, the Shoal of Gran Mouton, the Mardi Gras Reef and the Shoal of La Trompeuse."

I should like to have been able similarly to follow my flight to Peru.

But even while I thought of it we were swooping down upon Havana, with the purser shouting into my ear, above the roar of engines, that there was Morro Castle, and there the Malecon, and the Prado.

But Havana was no more than an alighting, to deposit some passengers and take on others, to leave, and take on, mail. We were flying with the international mail and stops were brief: the mail must everywhere make its connections.

From Havana the *Clipper* more or less followed the coast of Cuba as far as Cienfuegos. We flew over sugar plantations brilliantly green, over forests and broad rivers, and above a line of surf breaking on white beaches. And then we headed for the open sea.

The four motors of the *Clipper* raced through the afternoon, yet there was never any sense of speed: but for the occasional tipping of its wings the plane appeared stationary, with the sea and the sky changing almost imperceptibly from mood to mood.

"Nothing interesting happens in the air." . . . I reflected, wondering that the pilot did not realize how interesting and how comparatively new a thing in the world he is himself. Belonging to a profession removed entirely from the taint of ballyhoo, the air pilot, like the ship's captain, successfully carries out his responsibility, or he does not: it's not arguable whether his ship has been safely delivered at its appointed destination at the time specified, with cargo and passengers intact, for these are facts which cannot be distorted by personal bias or misrepresentation.

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And like all men who follow the trades of reality the air pilot is unaffected and direct, a man economical in words, steady of eye and nerve, quietly intent upon the thing in hand, with a concentration never tense, alert but relaxed, ready for quick adaptation to whatever may come. And he is a new thing in the world, since he must add to the qualities of a sea captain this capacity for instant action: in the air there is little time for deliberation, the pilot's decisions must be immediate. And it is the bringing together in one person of these apparently contradictory qualities that has created a type.

As the pilot takes his place in the cockpit, or superintends the details which prepare for his take-offs, he is unhurried, his voice is quiet, yet there is that quick precision in all that he does. He accepts confidently the hazards of his calling, and by his very attitude of mind he has co-operated with laboratory engineers to reduce the risks of the air, until passengers are now safer in a plane than in an automobile. He speaks in the most natural and offhand manner of "taking the plane out," or "bringing the plane in"; whether it is over long stretches of ocean, or over the high passes of the Andes. Equally he takes as a matter of course the eternal vigilance exacted by his trade: vigilance seems a part of his uniform, he dons it as simply as he reaches for his pilot's cap. And thus clothed in vigilance, he takes his place in the cockpit before the complicated array of switches and buttons, dials and valves and levers. He tests his radio, his instruments and his brakes; he knows how much oil and gas he carries, he has the latest weather report; then he runs the plane down the field, stops and tests each engine, making ready for the moment of peril which comes immediately after a plane has left the ground—or the water—before it has gained the required altitude to make a safe forced landing, if necessary.

"Nothing interesting. . . . Oh, maybe a whale . . ."

The pilot had no idea how much more interesting than a whale is the man who captains a great *Clipper* airship!

On the flight from Miami I observed my fellow passengers,



White guano islands rise out of the sea.

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curious to know what sort of people traveled by the *Clipper* ships. Among them, one had dropped his spectacle case: it bore the name of an optician in Maracaibo, and so I guessed correctly that he was in the oil business, and I knew by his manner, and by the quality of his tropical white suit that he was a person of importance in Maracaibo. And there was a young woman journalist on her way to Jamaica to write an article on the honeymoon possibilities of that Island. A well-groomed and very Nordic man turned out to be the head of the Scadta airplane company in Colombia, and it was on one of the planes of that company that Roberto and I had made our first flight twelve years before. And as always on the planes of the Pan-American Airways, there were representatives of great industrial corporations, traveling by air because to them time means dollars. Some day when it is realized that in flight the world is discovered anew, travelers will understand that air travel means more than speed and money.

In the late afternoon, after he had served tea, I engaged the purser in talk. I was interested in our cargo; what did we carry in addition to the international mail?

Well, he said, there were wedding rings billed to Costa Rica, tennis strings to Buenos Aires, and—he broke off as though he had suddenly remembered something—if I would excuse him he'd be back in a minute. And when he returned he brought two big, rather flat boxes, both vibrant with excitement, for one was filled with baby ducks and the other with baby chicks: each box labeled "Thoroughbred and Free from Disease," with, in the case of the chicks, the added information, "Quality White Leghorn to the best of our belief."

"They were just ten hours old," the purser commented, "when we left Miami this morning."

The chicks, he said, were bound for Jamaica, the ducks for Maracaibo; the *Clippers* carried shipments of them on nearly every trip: in the tropics poultry begins to deteriorate by the second generation, so there's a big demand for fresh stock. Sometimes the plane had as many as two thousand on board.

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When the purser had taken his fluffy, piping charges away I turned again to contemplation of the scene through which we flew. That subtle change had taken place when, though it is still day, there is in the air a premonition of sunset, an hour with always a suggestion of heartbreak in its beauty.

Then, on the left, suddenly there were the lovely hills of Jamaica rising out of the sea, greenly wooded in the foreground, blue in the distance, with isolated houses scattered along an undulating shore scalloped in green-blue water, and, running inland, a red dirt road.

When we left the shore, it was to cross a big blue bay, the dark shadow of the *Clipper* crossing beneath us like a great dragonfly skimming the surface of the water far below, while with us, aloft, the clouds were now tinted softly rose.

But I don't want to go to heaven, do you? . . . The world as it is, that is good enough. . . .

Again the words came back to me across the miles.

We reached the far side of the bay and once more followed the rim of the Island; over neat fields, very green; over forest; over a village; over a straight road, this time very white and parallel with the shore; over farms with chimneys puffing grey-blue smoke.

Now there was another bay with a bright green atoll in the middle of it, and rising up before us the beautiful ranges of the interior, while on the ocean horizon, a glowing sun was setting.

Here was Jamaica seen in its entirety, because seen from the air.

Then we were banking, losing altitude rapidly, coming down to brush the water lightly, then to churn it into spray, and at last to taxi up to our dock.

And there was the customs officer and the familiar black Jamaican doctor in a white uniform. Yet it was that same morning that I had left Roberto standing with his camera on the terrace of the Miami airport!

After the formalities of landing were over we drove over a country road from the airport to the hotel in Kingston. The

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air was freshly sweet with darkness fast dropping down over the Island.

And for me all the enchantment of the tropics of the New World was in the scent and texture of the breeze stirring in the fronds of palm trees.

From the moment of landing in Jamaica my journey to Peru was a drawing together of many threads of experience to form a new pattern; new and at the same time familiar, the whole enhanced and made complete.

The Myrtle Bank Hotel in Kingston, for example, had always stood for me as the threshold of some particular desire, the place from which dreams begin to come true. And with the absurdity of the ego, I can't quite believe that the hotel functions when I am gone; surely it is in but a state of suspended animation. Now, for instance, while I am writing, it cannot be possible that the Myrtle Bank goes on.

So, after leaving the *American Clipper*, when our car drove up before the door, the hotel gave the impression of springing into action; black hotel boys in white coats and dark trousers, running out to take our bags; clerks coming alive where they stood at their desks ready to assign us rooms; the easy chairs seeming to have waited on the veranda just where we had left them, waited for us to come and recline upon them; and displayed in a stand in the hall, postcards, newspapers, magazines and sweets, waiting for us to purchase them; and beyond the back veranda, near the margin of the bay, an open-air swimming pool inviting, with everywhere welcoming palms lifting high heads as though we, whom they've been so long expecting, had finally arrived, and once more their fronds might come to life in the wind.

There are certain sensations which one collects, as one goes along, and among those which never fade in my memory is the instant of arrival at the Myrtle Bank, associated as it is with what lies beyond the portal of desire.

I like the fact that the hotel has no elevator and that there are no telephones in the rooms. These omissions imply a sense of essential values, as though the hotel understood how much more

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important it is that your windows should look down a walk which proceeds quietly to the blue bay, that palms should shadow this walk, and that the door of your room should be slatted to admit the breeze; yes, and to let the light of dawn creep gently in.

I was lonely that night in Jamaica.

The stars were so bright and so near that they seemed to tremble in the waving tops of the palms. An orchestra was tuning up in a ballroom, roofed, but otherwise opening wide upon a broad veranda. It was the regular Tuesday night "cruise dance." Drinks went about on trays deftly balanced on black hands. Groups lingered about the tables in a dining room also open wide to the night. There were women in thin pastel dresses under the trees, in the dining room, on the piazzas, the evening uniform of their escorts merging with the shadows. The scene might have been labeled "The Party" and signed with the butterfly of Whistler.

British voices drifted over to me, discussing local Colonial affairs.

"Yes," I decided, "it is so beautiful that I am lonely."

And then I remembered the Myrtle Bank's planters' punches, the best on earth, worthy of comparison with the mint juleps of my Virginia childhood; the same fragrant mint, the same shredded ice and frosted glasses, the same powdered sugar; the only difference being that the planters' punch adds lime juice and pineapple and substitutes Jamaica rum for the rye or bourbon of a julep.

So, in my loneliness, remembering a planter's punch, I sought the solace that lies in rum and mint, lime juice and powdered sugar, properly iced.

It was still dark when the crowing of Jamaican roosters reminded me that at a quarter before five I must be up and off again on the *Clipper*. In the dawn our little group of passengers breakfasted on the front veranda while hotel boys packed into the waiting cars our bags, and the gaily colored wicker baskets in which the Myrtle Bank had put up our luncheons.

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And then we were off, to fly high above clouds like huge soaring swans, with beneath them flocks of lesser clouds, and far away the sea, over whose surface traveled the dark little bird shadow which was us. Again I had the delusion of looking down, not at the earth but at the sky, the sea appearing as a deep blue sky very softly streaked with flimsy white cloud.

The assiduous purser served the mid-morning consommé and iced tomato juice, and I withdrew from contemplation of a limitless blue and read the Kingston morning newspaper, a copy of which had been at each seat when we boarded the plane.

The paper, I thought, seemed an echo of last night's talk on the veranda of the Myrtle Bank: British Colonial talk in rich-voiced, clipped syllables running up and down the scale; *ahs* and *pahs* instead of *hours* and *powers*:

Somebody bowling in great form . . . five wickets for eleven runs. Only two batsmen shaped against the St. George's bowling. Intercolony football . . . Barbados versus Granada. Bananas . . . winds . . . rains . . . so many "stems" down . . . Panama disease. The names of places . . . Buff Bay . . . St. Mary's . . . Titchfield . . . Port Royal. Lady So-and-So's garden party. . . .

Cricket, football, tennis . . . the all-important banana industry with the calamities of disease and winds. . . . Society, hyphenated names and titles. . . . This might be any paper, any year, any month, any day in Jamaica.

But already Jamaica seemed remote, so swiftly had we flown away. The next soil on which we were to stand would be that of Barranquilla in the Republic of Colombia.

The Kingston paper fell from my hand while my mind went back to my first flight. It had been by *Junker* hydroplane from Barranquilla, six hundred miles up the Magdalena River. That was a dozen years ago, and the *Scadta* airplane service in Colombia was then the longest in the Western Hemisphere.

And even while I was remembering that first flight the airways

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of the world were constantly being extended, constantly speeded up, the luxury of their equipment constantly increased. By the time this is in print the overnight stop at Jamaica will have been eliminated, and also the overnight in Cristóbal. Then the first night will be Barranquilla, the second Guayaquil. Peru will be two days and a half from Miami instead of three and a half.

The future "upstairs," as they say, may be almost anything you choose to dream.

Yet I think the spirit of the air must remain the same. For, comparing this flight aboard a great *Clipper* ship with the experience of the little *Junker* plane I find that what I would now record tallies, almost word for word, with what I wrote then.

I had said that unless you have seen a country from the air you cannot picture it as a whole, any more than you can know a human countenance by examining it bit by bit, an isolated eye, a detached mouth, an eyebrow, a nose; these assembled by an act of memory cannot give you the face as it really is. To know a country intimately it will of course always be necessary to study its feature by feature, and in this even the old hurricane deck of mule-back need not fear the rivalry of an airplane. But to see a land in its entirety it is necessary to fly over it.

Also on my first flight I had realized that the air not only gives physical perspective, but that it extends the vision of the mind. In the air one thinks, as well as sees, further.

And I dare to hope that, looking through the space which separates the earth from the plane, always the confusion of values which so often harasses us down there, will clear away, that when seen from the air things will fall always into their proper places, with no uncertainty as to what is of moment and what is eternal.

As we approached the South American coast the *Clipper* rose and fell, its wings rocked; yet none of this appeared to have been caused by the wind, but gave the impression of being the mood of the plane itself, as though it tempermentally lurched and rocked in still air above a sea, which long before Barranquilla was visible to us was stained with the yellow waters of the Magdalena River.

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Following that yellow current we came down at the Barranquilla airport, precisely where, twelve years before Roberto and I had taken off in the *Cauca*. At that time the port was no more than a hangar squatting upon the muddy river-bank; it is now a busy junction.

In a breezy waiting room, with on one side the river, and on the other a palm-bordered street leading to the town, there is a big blackboard on which are chalked the comings and goings of planes; planes into the interior to Bogotá, the capital, a thousand miles away in the Andes; planes connecting Barranquilla with Medellin, the famous Cauca Valley, Cali and the Pacific ports; planes to Santa Marta and Cartagena on the north coast to Maracaibo in Venezuela, where the fluffy young ducks were going; and planes to the Cristóbal for which we—and the wedding rings for Costa Rica—were bound.

At Barranquilla, there was an hour's interval when passengers opened their lunch boxes in a bar where drinks might be ordered; the south-bound passengers eating Myrtle Bank lunches, the north-bound with lunches provided by the Hotel Washington at Cristóbal: and of course each eyed the others' lunches: which would have deviled eggs and which only hard-boiled ones?

After lunch I sat outside under a gay striped awning, talking to a Scadta official and watching the life of the port.

What had become of the *Cauca*, I asked.

"Oh, you can't see the *Cauca*, she's been scrapped. And her sister plane, the *Bogotá*, is in a museum in Germany; in Berlin, I think they said."

So a plane aged twelve years becomes either a museum piece, or is scrapped! But notwithstanding these swift changes in air travel, flight itself, the significance of the experience, remains the same, unaltered, enduring.

We left Barranquilla for Panama with a tail wind; flying in the *Commodore*, an amphibian so much smaller than the *Clipper* that it really did seem as though an improbable bug had flown away with us in its stomach.

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We flew over the now peaceful seas of the Spanish Main where once pirates and buccaneers, Dutch, and British, so menaced the merchantmen of Spain that armed galleons convoyed the trade ships across the ocean in great fleets.

The low green coast line lay serene beneath us, as though all storm and stress were forever over. The blood of conquest had faded, slave ships came no more freighted with black agony. It had been three hundred years since the saint, Pedro Claver, had last scourged himself for the glory of his God.

The *Commodore* brought us in four hours to Cristóbal where we were to spend the night.

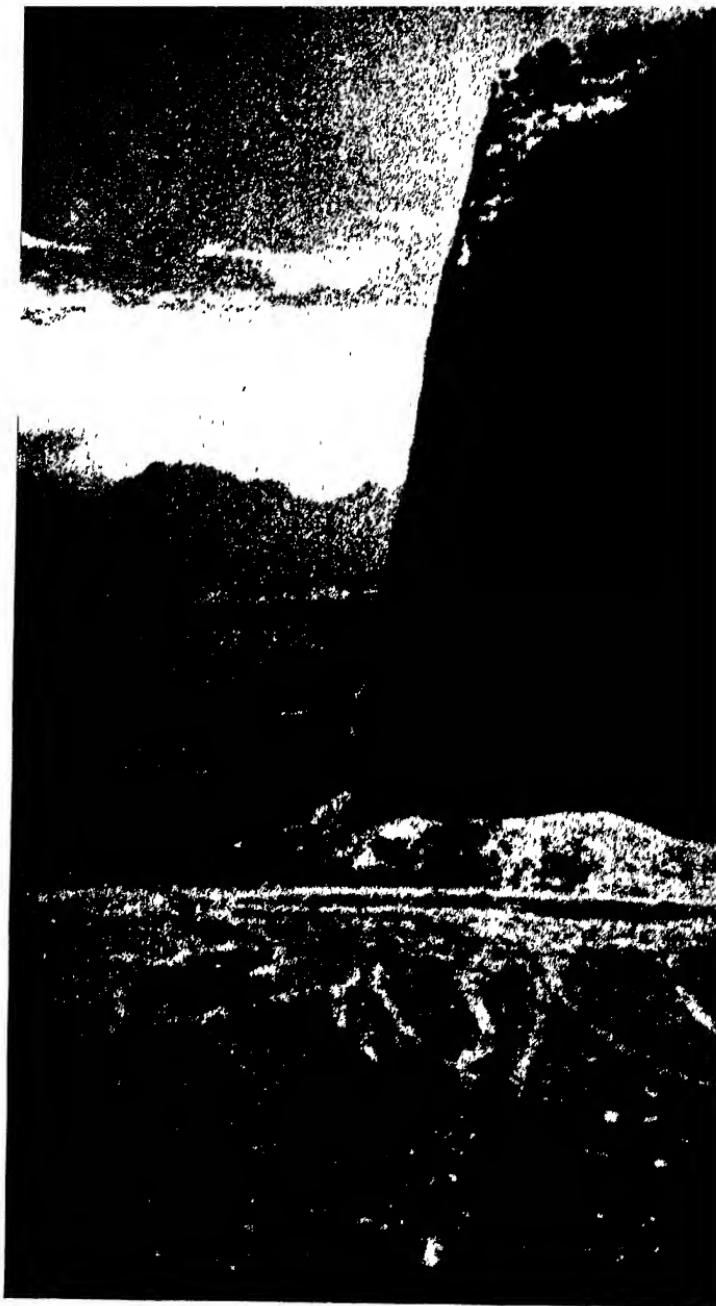
The Hotel Washington at Cristóbal is one of the famous cross-roads of the world. I had often stopped there on my way somewhere else, and once Roberto and I had stayed several days waiting for the United Fruit boat which was to take us home.

Partaking of tea and toast with plenty of raspberry jam, we used to sit looking out across the bay, watching the shipping of the world come in and out of the harbor.

And part of the ritual of Cristóbal for us is to take one of the dilapidated open carriages and drive about Cristóbal and Colón. I am never quite sure where the Panamanian Colón ends and the United Statesian Cristóbal begins; for they both have the aspect of Spanish-America, with, in addition, a liberal sprinkling of Oriental shops where you may purchase the embroideries, ivories, and brasses of India, China and Japan.

The carriages are driven by negroes, and drawn by single horses whose trotting feet clink delightfully on the pavements. Most of the horses are grey, and the negroes very black Jamaicans who tell you that they date back to a time before the United States took over the digging of the Canal.

Stopping overnight on the way to Peru, it seemed to me that carriages, horses and drivers had grown fewer and older: the carriages were battered and tipsy, as though the heavier passengers had always sat on the same side; the drivers drooped with age, and the horses with a weary dejection; as if they'd just been to



The crumbling walls of Chan-Chan

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fortune-tellers who had prophesied their extinction; while automobiles had increased in numbers and in purring magnificence.

But the Hotel Washington remained unchanged; its halls as wide and high as I had remembered them, and still you looked through them, past waving palms to the sea, and as always the air was so relaxing that there wasn't a tense nerve left in your body.

But for all its dear familiarity, I couldn't quite believe in it; it wasn't possible to have come from Miami in two days; not even though the sea and the palms, and the great bushes of scarlet hibiscus, and the clinking feet of horses on the pavements, and the moist clinging heat, all assured me that I was really in Panama.

From the first I fell happily into the routine of this air journey; the long beautiful days of flight, the coming to rest at night at some tropical hotel; just tired enough to welcome with every sense, a bath, a good dinner, and sleep. I began to feel that this flying dream would never come to an end, that furthermore, in preparing for bed, I would automatically arrange each detail of the morning dressing, ready to make the early start for another day in the air. Dressing had become synonymous with packing, for by the time I was dressed I was packed, and when I was packed I was dressed, as though by well-oiled machinery, with no haste, no confusion, and nothing left behind: even the breakfast having been ordered and the bill paid before going to bed.

At the hour of our early departures the hotels were very quiet. The dining rooms were deserted, but for the passengers by air and the waiters deputed to serve them. Even the chirp of birds seemed subdued as if in consideration for sleepers, and the streets were not so much as half awake, as passengers and bags and lunch boxes drove through them out to the airport; with a tiny fresh breeze just barely stirring before the imminent heat of day.

By the time we were up and off, the eastern sky was palest gold, and we were looking at the Canal below, as at a satin ribbon stretched between two oceans, with miniature ships like a design

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decorating the ribbon, while a tiny train crawled across the Isthmus from one cluster of little red-roofed, mosquito-netted houses to another, with away, to the right and the left, forested country, green, green.

When we reached the Pacific side the sun had risen and dazzling light lay along the water.

The purser had passed the customary package of chewing gum and cotton, with the difference that now it was labeled in Spanish: "*Este paquete contiene algodón absorbente para sus oídos. Y Chicle Wrigley.*"

As for the morning paper which we found as usual at our seats, that had gone half Spanish; the Spanish section enclosed upside down within the English one.

After we had left behind the Canal and the green offshore islets, I read the paper in the desultory fashion of a traveler whose eyes are constantly straying from the page to contemplation of the world: my mind wandering from the page, and through the window to "visibility unlimited," and back again to the page. Reading first in English and then in Spanish, I felt that life is a warmer thing to the Panamanian than to us, for every social announcement in Spanish was accompanied by friendly editorial comment. If, for example, a certain South American Ambassador and his family is in transit to Washington the entire family is saluted and wished a happy journey. If there has been a birthday party in honor of a little girl, the statement is followed by, "We send our felicitations." Any who have gone to the hospital have the editorial wish for a speedy recovery. Arrivals who have been absent are affectionately welcomed back. The editorial voice is pleased to extend good wishes to a gentleman returning from his plantation with his Señora, and his daughters, Rosa, Cristina, Maria and the baby Aïda. The editor desires to be the first to congratulate a couple upon the birth of a child; and he is glad to note that in the past few days Señor *Tal y Fulano* has improved in health. Deaths elicit his sympathy and he rejoices with bridal pairs. And always the adjectives "*distinguida, estimable, apreciable*" are generously bestowed.

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Meanwhile, over in the English section of this paper which I read in the air, the announcements of sailings and departures, weddings and births are printed with as little personal expression of interest as the megaphone information of a railroad station.

And then I forgot the paper. . . .

The Pacific was darkly sparkling and absolutely pacific. I felt completely gone away, up there in the air above it. When Walter de la Mare's Midget disappears at the end of his "Memoirs of a Midget" she leaves a note pinned to the carpet, announcing with a baffling finality, "I have gone away. Miss M."

I felt suddenly a similar finality. I was gone away.

For a little while the weary confusion of a great city, in the year called "of Our Lord" 1935, had stopped: I had flown away from it. It knows how to smuggle itself on board a ship, but it seems not yet to have taken to the air.

And I kept reminding myself that I must not lose this serenity of the sky. I must manage to keep it with me after the journey was over and I had returned to earth. I must try always to get my values straight, to realize which things were of importance and which of little moment.

We were flying along a coast down which Roberto and I had once traveled as far as Guayaquil, aboard a small British freighter whose captain had described her as just fifty feet too short to take the waves. She was an old boat, dirty and rat-ridden. Yet they had told me in Cristóbal that she was still afloat, while a ship of the air, in the pride of youth when the freighter was but an aged tub, had been scrapped, and another had been put in a museum as a curiosity, an antiquity to be gaped at by passing crowds, marveling that such a fossil of the air had ever been. But the ancient freighter continued to ply up and down, calling at many little ports never seen by a through boat. She had required forty-eight hours to carry us from Balboa to Buenaventura; now, by air, we would make it in four.

The thought directed my eyes again to the scene below. After

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flying for a time out of sight we had turned back to the coast. The sea had become suddenly jungle, with a yellow river winding far inland; a great yellow serpent crawling through the forest.

Aboard the freighter I had never realized how dense the Colombian jungle is on the west coast.

We were flying lower now, and there was mist blowing in over the land, appearing all at once, as is the way of things in the air, and in no time it had cast a gauzy veil over the jungle roof, but a veil of so delicate a texture that I could see through it to the tree-tops below, while through a hole in the mist there was clearly shown the river's mouth and the bay into which it pours the waters of the far interior, and the leaves and the blossoms which have drifted on its broad breast down to the sea.

Flight is extraordinarily like the process of thinking, episodes and pictures merging one into another with apparently effortless transition, so smooth that there are no dividing lines separating one from another. In a curious way time ceases to be, the past and the present, personal memories, historical events, and the actual physical scene, all pass in vivid instant flashes. They come and go and others take their places, the geographic scene changing in the same swift fashion as the procession of life through the mind.

After a brief landing for fuel at Buenaventura we were flying to Tumaco. . . . The filthy little freighter had also taken us to Tumaco. And there appeared now in my mind the Scotch engineer aboard that freighter. He appeared standing beside me leaning on the ship's rail, and I was encouraging him to talk of the West Coast which he knew well, even as far as the Straits of Magellan; he had friends in every port "right away down south," and he loved the Coast as it deserves.

And then, as now, I was watching for the Island of Gorgona; remembering how four hundred years ago Francisco Pizarro with his sixteen loyal followers had waited on Gorgona, starving while they waited for a white sail to appear on the horizon; but never losing faith in their destiny. They were to conquer Peru for their God and their King, and for the treasure of gold and rich lands,

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and for the many Indians who were to be theirs when the Conquest was finished. With such a destiny they could wait . . . and starve . . . until Almagro came with food and ammunition from Panama.

And remembering, I watched for Gorgona from the air, with the chief engineer's voice repeating in my mind, like a phonograph record stored away and now brought out to be played once more, "I've been up and down this coast for twenty-one years, and I've never seen a light on that island at night nor any sign of life by day. It's always just as you see it, lonely and deserted. . . ."

Had nothing happened there since Almagro had come and the conquerors of Peru had sailed away? Had there been nothing since their last chant of gratitude to God and to the Blessed Virgin?

Never a light there at night, nor any sign of life by day. . . .

Nothing then for four hundred years, but the beat of waves on the shore . . . the sound of rain falling . . . the clear song of birds . . . and parrots, noisy flocks of parrots . . . insects too, and frogs, tirelessly vocal.

All as Pizarro had heard them.

The image of the freighter's engineer vanished and the purser of the *Commodore* was passing lunch boxes, put up for the passengers by a Mrs. Goodenough in Cristóbal. Below, the sea was dull slate blue, and "upstairs" there was a grand potato salad in the lunch box, turkey sandwiches, ham and chicken sandwiches, grapes and apples and two kinds of cake, with hot tea supplied from a thermos, or beer if you liked.

Then there was suddenly Gorgona, a small hilly island, blue with distance, the tide low on its beach.

A good lunch in the air, as we flew nearer and nearer to Gorgona, where the staunch Pizarro had starved, but never forgot the hours of prayer, nor the feast days of the Church: *Holy Mary, Mother of God. . . . Pray for us poor sinners now and in the hour of our death. . . . Holy Mary, blessed among women. . . .*

On the mainland, to the left as we flew, there were beach and jungle and river. You never know how snaky a snaky river is until you've seen it from the air, when its twisting and turnings no

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longer deceive you and your eye may follow its tortuous course. And only from the air can you appreciate how many are the hues of green in the jungle and how varied is the texture of the foliage.

We were flying low, though I had not realized just when we had begun to lose altitude. "We're getting ready to land again," the purser said, generous always with information.

Below us was the delta of a river sprawling untidily in green marshes and splaying out in mud flats. Then it was gone, and there was another river, coiling about small green islands, which, as by witchery, were transformed into tall forest, where treetops bloomed yellow, and there was a shadowed river flowing through jungle.

Then . . . the forest had vanished, and was become a stretch of mud flats, and the mud flats, in turn, an inlet with thatched huts and palms on its banks, and the palms had become more palms, and the huts were mounted on tall poles to lift them out of rainy-season floods. There was a white bird in flight; we were low enough to see a child waving to us from the door of one of the huts; and the plane was banking down, past a little island with a white beach—

That was the Island of Gallo; and again for me it was four hundred years ago. For on that strip of beach Pizarro had drawn a line in the sand with his sword; on one side was Panama, on the other, Peru. A ship had come with orders from the Governor of Panama: Pizarro was to return at once to the Isthmus, with his men. But Pizarro, defiant, had drawn the line in the sand.

The *Commodore* was banking to land at Tumaco, while I remembered. And I seemed to hear Pizarro saying: "On the one side ease, on the other death, toil, hunger, rain. . . . Panama, or Peru and riches. . . . Let each choose as he feels befits a good Castilian. . . . For my part, I go to Peru. . . ."

And as the plane came down and was moored at the floating dock of Tumaco, in my mind sixteen brave men followed Pizarro across that line in the sand.

While the pilot took on gas at Tumaco we waited in long deck

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chairs on the float which gently rose and fell with the movement of the water. In a few moments we would be again on the wing, but we had no sense of haste on the brief pauses of this flight to Peru, just as in the air we had no impression of speed. So, while the float at Tumaco pulsed up and down, Panagra's local representative peeled oranges for us with an air of large leisure. "If there's bad weather," he said "and the plane over-nights here, the passengers sleep in the chairs."

It would be a nice experience, I thought, to be rocked to sleep by the soft swell of the water, and I wished that it might happen on the homeward flight.

Then by the time the *Commodore* had gorged itself with gas we had finished the oranges prepared for us and were gone; flown away with the idea that if reports of the spirit were issued in the form of radio weather reports, that sent from Tumaco would read: "Leisure unlimited."

Yet, for all the desultory feeling of this journey, we would spend the night in Guayaquil: only four days' flight from New York.

The purser of the *Commodore* came through the plane, dealing out cards on which he had filled in the date and the hour of our passing over the Line. If passengers would add their names and addresses they would later receive a diploma from King Neptune, commemorating their aerial crossing of the earth's equator.

Below us was Manta, and at Manta you cross the Equator.

The freighter had taken on ivory nuts there—a thousand bags of ivory nuts—and boxes of Panama hats marked for London; and it had been at Manta that I had leaned over the rail, watching a barefoot man—a zambo, half negro and half Indian. He'd been lying flat on his back in one of the rowboats that had come out from shore. I had seen him only by the light of a kerosene lantern on the bottom of his boat, for the night had been dark and the moon not yet risen. I remembered now how the zambo had been stretched out in complete relaxation, and how he had played over and over on a harmonica a monotonous little tune which had conveyed a sense of infinity. Time had been no more while I listened.

And it was the zambo I had remembered rather than the cross-

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ing of the Equator, just as I shall always remember the timelessness of those brief moments on the float at Tumaco where we idled in deck chairs and watched a citizen of the place peel oranges for us.

The experiences on the flight from Panama to Lima, I chanced to share with Althea Lister, a young woman making the trip by air around South America. In the hotel at Cristóbal I had spotted her immediately as a fellow countrywoman. Later, I found that she was herself an air pilot, and so much a creature of the air that she remarked to me reflectively: "You know, I've never been on a steamer," much as one of another generation might say: "You know, I've never flown."

Together we had dinner that night in Guayaquil, in a new hotel blazing with electricity, and as we were to make a very early start in the morning I did not go out to seek the Guayaquil of memory. That might be done, I thought, on the way home when Roberto and I would be together.

Thus on my flight south Guayaquil was an interlude made up of the proud glare of many lights, of sleep (in the "ladies salon" because there was no other available room), of my being therefore forgotten, and, save for my own alarm clock, not called in the morning, and of driving in the dawn through the slumbering town out to the airport, where we took off for Lima.

Entering the *Douglas* before other passengers had taken their places, the row of single seats on either side of the central aisle, each seat with a white linen cover over its head-rest, reminded me absurdly of the nuns of the Order of Sts. Vincent and Paul, as Roberto and I used to see them in Cayenne, their winged white headgear showing above the backs of the pews in their little chapel.

The *Douglas* flies high, and almost at once after hopping off from Guayaquil we were above great billows of frothy cloud, up where the newly risen sun shone bright. And by the time we had passed over this bank of cloud we had left Ecuador and were above Peru.

The coast of Peru presents to the air traveler a wrinkled counte-



The Pacific breaks at the foot of barren cliffs

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nance, for the low hills are seamed and seared like the face of age, crumpled hills rising from desert wastes which project into the blue sea tentacles of rock and sand.

From the cockpit the pilot sent back to us a note scribbled on the reverse side of a weather report. And I noticed that, like the Panama newspaper, the weather reports had gone half Spanish, for the slip passed back to where we sat in seats numbers One and Two, read:

"Boletin de Tiempo
Weather Report
W E A
Hora. . . . 1630 Metric
Estado General del Tiempo. . . . } Cloudy
General Weather Conditions. . . . }
Visibilidad Horizontal. . . . } Unlimited
Horizontal Visibility. . . . }
And so forth. And so forth."

On the back of this "W. E. A." the pilot had scrawled:

"We will cross over Salinas Point You will note the holes dug in the ground where oil is found within 10 ft. of the surface Many old dinosaurs (fossils) of the years gone by may be found here Many old treasure hunting parties even of England and Spain still contemplate looking for the wrecks of Pirate gold ships on the south shore of this point No fooling I know a lot more about this place too."

Pirates and gold. . . . Of course I didn't question them. For this was Peru.

I had been flying over a familiar region. And now here was Peru, never before seen.

From the air it appears as a country which, instead of lying prone upon the surface of the globe, has raised itself until it seems almost vertical, with its long coast line resting upon the ocean.

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From the narrow strip of coast, ranges of mountains rise, each higher than the other, until they mount to the grand Cordillera of the eastern Andes far away in the interior.

There is Peru, unrolled before you: with a cold mountain wall, far and dim on the east, which draws every last drop of moisture from the saturated southeast trade-winds of the Atlantic blowing across the forests of Brazil. From the air it is easy to realize that by the time the winds reach the coast they have had all the rain squeezed out of them. As your eyes travel from the Andean ranges to the desert plains and promontories of the coast, and to the Pacific washing blue about the fluted barren line of the shore, Peru seems to you, physically, one of the most extraordinary countries in the world.

None of the soft adjectives apply to it. To Peru there belong such words as stupendous, powerful, sublime, august, majestic, stern; beautiful with a glory and a solemnity.

Peru exacts something of the beholder and is therefore the more loved.

Its deserts, like its mountains, present a beauty that is never obvious.

From an airplane (and you have not seen the desert coast of Peru unless you have beheld it from the air) you see the streams which at far intervals come down from the Andes to create in the coastal desert greenly fertile fields, and you understand that a valley perennially green implies a river whose source is in the eternal snows, for at certain seasons rivers born lower down run dry and their valleys become parched.

And when you would further understand Peru's coastal desert you look out to sea and remember the icy Humboldt Current that comes up from the Antarctic Ocean, flowing close to the shore until, as it approaches Ecuador, it swings westward and passes on the far side of the Galapagos Islands. It is this current which cheats the coast out of rain from the west, as the Andes deprive it of rain from the east: for the cold current so chills the air above it that rain seldom falls upon the land, and the best it can do in the way of moisture is during Peru's winter months when the

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temperature of the earth drops just enough to extract from the winds fog and drizzle.

From the plane all this which has been but didactic statement becomes vivid reality.

Later I was to know Peru with all the senses; to touch and taste and smell it, to see it in intimate detail, to know it with the heart, which is, after all, the most important of the senses; and thus to become myself part of it for a time; and always to understand it better because of this flight from its northern boundary down into its southern region.

And since my flight was made during the coastal dry season there was on the desert neither fog nor mist to obscure clear vision over an immense territory.

Our first landing in Peru was at Talara. Breakfast in Guayaquil had been a hasty roll and coffee at dawn, but it was still early morning when the plane sat down at the Talara airport where there were waiting sandwiches and a thermos of coffee.

As for the airport, it is an oasis of blossoms magically appearing in a shimmering desert. There is only the airport . . . nothing else. If we hadn't seen the busy, ugly oil development of Talara from the sky, we could not have believed in its existence, for at the airport great dunes shut it from sight, and it is so far off that no sound of its machinery and no scent of its oil reaches the oasis airport, where hollyhocks, petunias and marigolds, pink roses and fragrant deep red jacqueminots crowd close about a small white building; with on all sides, as far as you can see, quantities and quantities of pale yellow sand, over which blows a sweet, soft, dry wind.

Just twenty minutes of this, before the plane tipped up its tail and ran, faster and faster down the field on its two wheels, when it turned into the wind and, with a quick little spring, was up. . . .

Twenty minutes so full of loveliness that, for all their brevity, they are to be forever remembered; together with the aroma of coffee, the flavor of ham sandwiches nicely mustarded, and the merry talk of passengers and pilots sharing a journey.

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And then again we were soaring above clouds white and frothy as meringue.

My new friend, the woman pilot passenger, had told me that when you are on high, alone in your plane, you feel like God.

But, not wanting to miss any of Peru, I was glad to drop from cloud heavens, where there was no vestige of a created world (lovely though those heavens were) down to an altitude where the coast lay brilliantly clear beneath us.

I saw a waste of drifting yellow sand, a little verdant valley bordering a river which had come a long way to bless the arid land. And along the beach there were small houses, arranged in squares, and jutting out into the bay there was a pier where boats were moored.

When these passed out of vision there lay for a long way ahead a stretch of desolate desert; the mountain ranges had withdrawn in mist and there was only the desert, with great crescents of sand marching all in one direction, impelled by the force of winds from the south; crescents of sand like the footprints of mythical horses of gigantic stature; such horses as the Inca's people might have seen in terrified dreams as the army of the conquering Pizarro drew nearer and nearer, advancing mounted upon their strange, famed beasts.

Traveling by sea, or by land, I could have seen only a fraction of all this, seen it only in isolated bits, while from the air I was able to realize the magnificent scale upon which Peru is sculptured; its precipitous cliffs rising from the sea, flattening out into sandy plateaus, where at intervals wrinkled hills lift heads grey with drifting sand, its deserts sometimes extending unbroken by irrigated valleys for as much as seventy miles. Over all this color plays; so translucent that it appeared from the plane not to be inherent in hills or sand, but like colored light cast upon the scene from some invisible source, hues of blue and mauve, rose and green, yellow and orange, trembling on the dunes, quivering over the level wastes, deep and still in the ravines of the hills. While beneath us always flew that dark bird which was our shadow.

Frequently, as we approached human habitations there were

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big salt pans, tinted in the shades of varied degrees of evaporation, green and blue when they had been newly filled with sea-water, red and pink as they evaporated, and finally the sparkling white of salt crystals in the sun.

The presence of these salt pans announced that in just a moment we would be soaring above a fishing village, or a river valley, whose irrigated fertility produces green fields of cotton or sugar cane, or rice or alfalfa; each with its own characteristic green. In these valleys, too, there would be sprawling algarroba trees, or mesquite, to cast leafy shadow. If the valley is large, or if behind the hills there are other fertile valleys, there is built out into the sea a long pier, that ships may serve the population. Sometimes, also, there are mines back in the mountains which send their ore down to the ports.

After a brief landing at Chiclayo, I had time to notice that the Andes had come closer to the shore line; and then we were flying above cloud like a sea of milk, and nowhere any sign of Peru.

When we emerged we were losing altitude for the landing at Trujillo. Below us were the ruins of the city of Chan-Chan, once the capital of the kingdom of the great Chimo; eleven square miles of ruins—towering massive adobe walls; outer walls and inner walls, streets, courtyards and buildings; disintegrating, and partly submerged under sand; dry protecting sand, preserving through the centuries the vivid color and design of the buried textiles and pottery of a people long vanished from the earth, with near to the dead city the white domes and spires of the living Trujillo rising above many-hued houses in a valley green with vast sugar plantations. And the breeze, when we had swooped down to the airport, the breeze was dry and in its texture singularly light; while on the mountains beyond, the mist had thickened.

For the sake of dear old Miss Annie Peck, the mountain climber of a dead generation, I looked eagerly for Mt. Huascarán: "My mountain," as she used to call it. "The highest point," she would say triumphantly, "ever attained on the American Continent—by man or woman!"

Watching, hoping to see at least one of its two peaks show

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through the mist, I remembered how it was not until Miss Peck was eighty years old that she had admitted the fact that when, on her fifth attempt, she had at last conquered the mountain, she had been in sight of her sixtieth birthday.

"It always seemed best not to tell my age," she confided to me, "but now that I am eighty my friends say that it can't do any harm to tell."

When she sat in my living room explaining that she had decided to admit her age, she had just returned from a flight of twenty thousand miles over all the commercial air routes of South America.

In memory of this amazing old lady I wanted very much to see her mountain. I'd not met her until she was nearly seventy-eight, but during the six years of life that remained to her I had come to know her well and with great affection: incidents out of those years came back as I sat gazing eastward through the window of the plane, across the desert and the lesser ranges to the point where Huascarán ought to be. And this scene where she had lived so intensely in her determination to reach the summit of the mountain resurrected the Miss Peck I had known:

Miss Peck telling how her Swiss guide, Rudolph, had lost one of her mittens, and his own, on the glassy, frozen slopes of Huascarán. Miss Peck photographed in the outfit she had worn at the summit of Huascarán; protecting her face from the cold of that great altitude by a carnival mask, with what she called "a rather superfluous mustache painted on it." But never mind, it had been the only one she could procure.

And then suddenly Huascarán came out of the clouds for me, both its peaks incredibly white and high. The sight of them brought back to me Miss Peck's terror and suffering on that mountain. Four times failing to reach the summit and approaching sixty when she finally succeeded!

As I looked upon the cold snows of Huascarán, I recalled her description of the terrors of the descent, when it had seemed so dreadful a thing if life should then be lost, before she had savored to the last drop the sweets of her painful victory.

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"My recollection of that descent," she said, "is as a horrible nightmare, though such I never experienced. The little moon seemed always at my back, casting a shadow over the place where I must step. The poncho would sway in the wind, and with my motion as I was in the act of stepping, would sometimes conceal the spot where my foot should be placed. . . . Again and again I slipped. . . . Several times declared that we should never get down alive. . . ."

I was so familiar with the story that I could recreate it on those desolate icy steeps showing suddenly through grey mist; Miss Peck toiling perilously, full of fear, with all the time the black flourish of a mustache painted ironically on the mask she wore.

And then I see her, her white hair finger-waved for her birthday, and she is cutting a cake on which blaze eighty-four candles: and her cheeks are flushed, for the reporters are there photographing her for the Press.

And they must be sure to write, she says, that it was "the greatest altitude ever attained on this Continent by man or woman. . . ."

I have other memories, too, of her last days: she is telling me how once, ever so long before she had determined that she must climb Huascarán, she had decided that she must have a college degree. At the time she'd been sitting on the floor putting on her shoes. "But," she said to herself, "but I'll be twenty-seven when I graduate!"

Then she'd put on the other shoe, "Well," she'd reminded herself, "you'll be twenty-seven anyway!"

And so she'd risen from the floor and gone out to achieve a college education.

When it had come to establishing record ascents she had probably reasoned similarly, "Well, I'll be sixty anyway!"

And because of what she had suffered, and because of her invincible will to conquer, she seemed to me to live on among the peaks of the high Andes; as Pizarro lives still on the islands of Gorgona and Gallo, and in the Sierra about Cajamarca: Pizarro setting forth at the age of sixty to conquer the vast Empire of the Incas!

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Things, I reflected, are important in proportion to what they mean in individual lives.

Miss Peck's empire had been her mountain.

Yet, at the end, lying bloodless and frail against the pillows, she had not talked of her mountain. She'd talked of how good a dancer she'd been so long ago. . . . "The lancers, you know . . ."

When these memories had followed Huascarán into the mists of death, my eyes turned from the Andes to rove the coast line and the sea:

A world of coves and headlands. Desert hills powdered with sand. Tiny cattle in a green field. Ruins of the fortress which had defended the kingdom of the Great Chimo on the south. Strange dark cliffs bordering the sea. A wild expanse of enormous sand dunes, big pale dunes, color playing over the sands, and color in the salt pans. Long rollers of blue ocean coming in to break in white surf. And beyond, the Pacific . . . blue . . . blue. Little white guano islands dotting the blue. Masses of dark on the white . . . those were sea birds.

I recollect that the Humboldt Current supplies fresh cool water where fish thrive, and that in turn attracts huge numbers of seafowl which deposit guano. And because the Humboldt Current prevents rainfall on the coast, the guano is not washed away. And thus fish and birds and cold current combined are responsible for bringing millions of dollars to Peru.

All precisely as the books had described it.

A stir in the plane broke into the thoughts which followed down the coast. We were approaching Lima. Below was the Bay of Ancon, set among barren, sand-covered hills; its houses dazzling white, its trees dusty. Beyond Ancon the lower Andes had advanced farther toward the sea; and bare black foothills, mottled with pale sand, bordered the valley of the Rimac, with, back of them, the Andes, blue and high.

And then there was Lima . . . its plazas . . . its bull ring . . . its churches . . . its boulevards.



A portrait vase
(From the Larco Herrera collection at Chiclin)

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Four days and a half from New York by air, and I was looking down upon Lima!

We banked quickly to sit down at an airport where people may breakfast and lunch and dine under a gay awning; where other planes were coming and going, and there were many waiting automobiles.

At Lima the *Douglas* flew away to Arequipa and left me.

Then, as the Company bus rattled me into the city, I remembered that in my pocket was a letter of introduction stating in Latin that Blair Niles was visiting Lima.

And I remembered that I was making a journey in time.

II

NOW, IN LIMA

THE first impression of Lima is brightly modern. The Panagra bus that whirled me from a just completed airport conducted me along a broad boulevard with trees in rows of lavender flower, past villas dripping with bloom, like the houses of southern California. Their air of twentieth-century suburban affluence made my Latin letter of introduction seem pretty absurd.

Then, suddenly the avenue had led us into narrow streets of two-story houses, with latticed Moorish balconies on their upper floors. Often these lattices were beautifully and intricately carved, and sometimes a shutter stood open, and through the aperture a dark head regarded the world.

But the head did not wear the high comb and the mantilla implied in the Spanish-Colonial balcony; for the head was bobbed in the manner of the moment. And the narrow streets were crowded, not with painted coaches and horsemen, but with automobiles; and there were great lurid posters of plays showing at cinema houses, the posters decorated with pictures of Hollywood stars.

It seemed as though New York had moved into Lima.

But that impression was quickly gone, for the tension in New York faces is not seen in Lima—not yet anyway.

And in spite of the sleek motor cars of familiar makes, and that modernity of heads to which properly belonged the grace of mantillas, there still survives in Lima the heritage of Moorish balconies and grilled windows and great doors of Viceregal palaces. This gave me confidence to believe that I would be able to find my way through the centuries back to a time when a letter of introduction in Latin would not have appeared ludicrous pedantry.

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But I knew that the way back would have to be sought, for Lima is a cosmopolitan up-to-date city passionately concerned with today. Its head is full of pressing and immediate problems. It does not put on for the visitor a spectacle of its romantic and historic past. If that is the sort of thing you want you must look for it; diligently, for in Lima it is not easy to overtake the centuries as they hurry away into the shadows of the forgotten. Thus, even before the Panagra bus had delivered me at the door of the hotel, I realized that without Room 300 of the New York Library, Lima would have been to me only a delightful modern city where there lurked an elusive something that I tried in vain to capture. For only the dead can open the door that leads backward, and in Room 300 I had known the dead. . . .

The open door of the Grand Hotel Maury reveals a vast white marble staircase which rises almost from the sidewalk.

Mounting this grandiose staircase I crossed that threshold beyond which I was so eager to pass, for the very register of the Maury has recorded the names of visitors to Lima for a hundred years: if you might know all that has happened in the Maury you would have a picture of Lima for the past century.

The hotel bedrooms are on its two upper floors, the ground floor being given over to dining rooms and a bar; and as the building dates back before the plumbing era, its bathroom equipment has been added as an afterthought. With the exception of a few single rooms on the third floor, the Maury's accommodations for guests are in the form of suites, of which the most comfortable are the *apartamentos de matrimonio*—interior rooms, lighted and ventilated by overhead skylights, like dormer windows built into the high ceilings, and manipulated by long cords hanging down into the room.

On my first stay in Lima I sacrificed the quiet of one of these interior apartments and took a suite over the street, that I might observe the wagging of the world. I had a very tiny salon separated from the bedroom by starched white Nottingham lace curtains. Beyond the bedroom there was an enclosed balcony with glass

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windows instead of carved lattices, and a third room housed the plumbing, with so mammoth a tub that I was in daily danger of drowning. Everywhere there were large mirrors and a provision for clothing which made my air-passenger quota seem pathetically scanty. Even the little reception room had a dresser with a long mirror and drawers; the bedroom had a rack which might have served to hold the wraps for a life-sized party, and there was in addition a large wardrobe and a bureau with drawers, while the very balcony was supplied with a commodious wardrobe and a dressing table.

Back in New York I had been proud of having kept within the fifty-five pounds of luggage allowed to each passenger by air. After subtracting the combined weight of the old week-end bag and the hat-box which made up my luggage there had remained to me a possible thirty-seven pounds of equipment. And I'd put my best mind on the selection of what that equipment must include.

In every spare moment I had scribbled lists on scraps of paper and the backs of envelopes, as well as in the notebook where they properly belonged. Preparation must be made for hot-weather stops en route, for the moderate climate of Lima and for the penetrating cold of the Andean Sierra. There must be riding things, evening dress, traveling outfit, stout shoes for much walking, toilet articles, a sewing kit for repairs, a few medicines, and the tools of my trade—pencils and paper.

The last days before departure had been spent in repeated weighings, additions and subtractions; and you might expect almost anywhere in the house to stumble over the bathroom scales.

In the final decisions such vexing questions had arisen as whether, since only one dressing robe could be included, it would be preferable to be too warm in the lowlands or too cold in the Andes. Memories of wretched shivers in Quito and in Bogáto, however, had answered that question.

After the essential outfit had been pared down to the minimum, I had considered such luxuries as an alarm clock, field glasses and an umbrella, balancing the usefulness of one against another:

As I would be arriving on the coast in November at the begin-

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ning of its dry time the umbrella seemed of remote value. In the Andes, however, downpours were to be expected from November to March, and there's nothing half-hearted about Andean rains. When I did need an umbrella, therefore, I should want it very much indeed and an alarm clock in a deluge wouldn't be any particular blessing.

While on the trip down the clock would avoid anxiety lest hotel boys forget to call me in time to make early planes. And, after all, the outfit already decided upon included rubber overshoes and a rubber poncho. I'd buy an umbrella in whatever Andean town was able to supply it and then abandon it before resuming air travel.

The question had then become alarm clock versus field glasses. There are certain things which you go through life wanting very much, not particularly costly things, but, somehow, you never acquire them. A pair of nice, small, light field glasses with a wide area of vision had always been for me among the unattained. Those which I did possess weighed a pound and a half and were very limited in field of vision. It would really be absurd to take them. I didn't even argue the point, yet—I never understood how they managed it—those clumsy glasses went with me. After the clock was safely packed, from somewhere the suggestion presented itself that, without their leather case the glasses wouldn't be so very heavy, but even after their case was discarded, they weighed one whole valuable pound. I then went through everything: there were some notes I could do without, I had them in my head anyway. And there was a pair of white gloves and a clothes brush, superfluous in comparison with field glasses. When I asked myself why I felt the glasses so important I explained that I must have them for the birds on Lake Titicaca, and to observe vicuñas high on mountainsides.

And so the glasses had come along, in spite of the fact of weighing one thirty-seventh of the entire outfit, and being as glasses, almost a total loss, for by the time I got them focused the object I wanted to see had usually vanished.

Now, at the Maury, in the presence of extensive preparations

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for possessions my thirty-seven pounds of luggage were almost ashamed to be unpacked. But I made a showing by spreading them out, storing a few articles in each of the many drawers and wardrobes.

And when I had done I felt very small myself and extraordinarily lonely.

I was alone . . . alone with the great opportunity which I had so desired.

My novel of sixteenth-century Peru had demanded that I visit the place of the story. I had to see where it all happened. I must know for myself the roads trod by the feet of my characters. My eyes must look upon the scenes fixed upon their minds by the drama of their hearts.

But such opportunity is not easy to achieve.

I often find to my amazement that the picture I present to the world is that of a care-free woman, eternally wandering wherever fancy leads.

“When are you off again?” is the question which regularly greets me on a brief cocktail-party-emergence from work.

Yet when I went to Guatemala for the background material of *Maria Paluna*, I had been four years continuously at work in New York, except for a few weeks in Hollywood at the time that my story of Devil’s Island was in process of preparation for the screen. The Guatemala experience had been followed by four more years of work in New York. These are long periods for one with a bird’s instinct for migration; especially as my particular migrations are essential to the work which absorbs my life.

Then, still draped in that myth of “I-suppose-you’re-soon-off-again,” I had struggled to achieve Peru.

And now that the unattainable had been accomplished my mind went back to the time when it had seemed impossible.

I have always felt that if you want a thing enough—unless it be fantastically outside reason, such as possessing blue eyes instead of brown—it may be yours. The catch, of course, lies in that little word *enough*. For enough is often appallingly much; enough usually involves sacrifice, toil, tenacity of purpose, faith.

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And with this thought recurs again and again a certain old Spanish proverb: "And God said, 'Take what you want—and pay for it.'"

Often in the months of uncertainty when Peru seemed untenable, I would wake in the night, sleepless and anxious.

I would rise then, and prowl noiselessly from room to room. There would be a hard bright light streaming down from a tiny window in the very top of one of the lodging houses which backed upon our apartment; an unshaded light shining through a naked window, streaming down, bright and hard, upon the floor while I paced from room to room, the embodiment of an overwhelming desire.

Thus, wandering about, I would sometimes hear, through the wall which separates us from a Dominican Convent, the daily matins of the nuns: those prayers which have been repeated through the centuries in every country of the world. But I could get only the familiar intonation of supplication. I could not make out the words.

Perhaps, I thought, they are repeating the Kyrie; the passionate cry of fallen humanity:

"Lord have mercy on us.
Lord have mercy on us.
Christ have mercy on us.
Lord have mercy on us.
Lord have mercy on us."

In the presence of their patient reiteration I knew that, though persistence is practiced as part of my creed of wanting a thing enough, patience is not.

A priest once said to me, "Time is on the side of the Church."

Yes, but time is the implacable foe of the individual, and my desire must be accomplished here and now; not in another world.

In these hours of flagging faith my mind would turn for encouragement to the occasions—and they were surprisingly many—when combined effort and fate had realized the seemingly im-

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possible. There was, for instance, our visit to Devil's Island: that had come about after months of similar planning, similar visualization of desire. I had wanted to study crime and punishment as it is isolated in that Penal Colony, bounded on three sides by trackless jungle, and on the fourth by great ocean rollers; that colony where, behind the bars of their cells men may hear the wild free chorus of the howling monkeys of the forest treetops, or listen to the monotonous pounding of the sea breaking upon lonely beaches.

That I might accomplish that experience of the Penal Colony it had been necessary to overcome all the obstacles which now stood in the path; with the added difficulty that, since France banishes to Devil's Island men convicted of high treason, it is forbidden territory to the outside world. Even ships, flying other than the French flag, may not pass within a mile and a half of the Island, and it is not permitted that the families of the keepers may so much as set foot upon it.

Remembering that somehow—I don't myself quite know how—Roberto and I had not only lived in the Penal Colony, but that we had been able to talk to dozens of the prisoners, to secure a wealth of first-hand material upon which I had based two books, that in addition we had actually twice visited the forbidden Island itself, remembering this, would convince me that miracles did sometimes happen.

I would then take heart, and go back to bed and to sleep.

And then at last one of the most formidable of the obstacles in the way to Peru had been surmounted. For wings had been made possible to us, just as four years before, when I had need to go to Guatemala, a ship had similarly been provided. Yes, now and then a miracle does happen, coming to pass after you've tried in vain everything you know.

We found our wings on a hot June day. Lexington Avenue was scorching in the sun, the pavements burning through the soles of shoes, the spaces between shop-awnings blinding. Above, a plane soared so high in the blue that the hum of its motors came

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but faintly down to the torrid street where wings seemed remote and unattainable.

Once more, myself said to myself, "You are attempting the impossible." Whereat myself replied, "After all . . ." (quoting examples to prove that attempting the impossible was—once in a way—a profitable pursuit) "and . . . Q. E. D. . . . why not expect to find wings when you need them?"

If you desire a thing enough . . .

The phrase had hung itself up in my mind like the signs over the shops, as I walked in the hot afternoon down the shady side of Lexington Avenue.

Why, of course we would go to Peru! And we would fly!

Life, I had reflected, is like the child's game in which you spin a pointer and obey the instructions given where the pointer stops:

Move forward three. Go back five. Stay where you are. Back to the beginning. Move forward fifteen. . . .

The thing was never to despair, always to be ready to spin and spin again.

Now in the Hotel Maury recalling that walk, I seemed one moment to have been treading blistering pavements, and the next to have been assured of wings. For the thing had happened; we were to go at any time we wished; and I could not wait to get home to tell Roberto. I shut myself in the nearest telephone booth.

Plaza 3-6515.

Is this Plaza 3-65—

Wrong number.

(Fingers too excited. Dial again.)

Plaza 3-6515.

Hello! . . . Well, we're going!

Where?

To Peru, of course! On wings. . . .

The thought that I was actually at last arrived in Lima drove me immediately out into the city.

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I engaged a car at the door and let the chauffeur drive me where he would.

He showed me the handsome plaza over which the statue of San Martín presides, high on a bronze horse, above grassy green plots and crêpe myrtle grown to the proportion of trees, with fountains falling in cascades over flights of white steps, and automobiles passing shining in the sun, or parked waiting to serve the buildings which surround the plaza, buildings of the new Lima—shops and arcades, moving-picture houses, offices tall enough to have elevators and to put on the airs of skyscrapers, the Club Nacional, and, facing San Martín, the modern, well-appointed Hotel Bolívar; the Plaza thus doing honor to Bolívar, the Liberator of South America, and to San Martín, second only in glory to Bolívar.

The chauffeur drove me about the square, and along spacious boulevards, pointing out public buildings, other squares and other statues, churches and convents. We turned unexpectedly into narrow congested streets where, for all the glitter and movement of the present, there persists that evanescent breath of what has gone before, tantalizingly hovering on the fringe of recollection, teasingly elusive, but in just a moment surely to come alive. . . .

And then I left the past to materialize when it would, while the living, visible Lima absorbed me. Señor Salocchi sent his car to drive me about, through the city and out to blossoming suburbs, to Miraflores, Chorillos, San Isidro, Barranca, to the port of Callao, and along the shore of the bluest sea in the world. Through other acquaintances, I met the intelligentsia, the diplomatic circle, the old aristocracy, University students, newspaper men, mining men, and the sort of Society that everywhere gets itself spelled with a capital S. My Spanish, which since Guatemala had been used chiefly for research, now warmed up and got under way, and I talked to them all, adding shop-girls, the staff of a nearby beauty parlor, the hotel boys, the chambermaids and an occasional chauffeur. I talked to youth with a dream in its eyes, so certain that Utopia is a matter simple of accomplishment; and to

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maturity, not always cocksure, often humble, seeking a way out for civilization. I heard guarded talk of the Apristas, and all over Peru I was later to see the letters APRA chalked here and there on walls, and stones; Apra, the symbol of the *Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana*, whose founder and leader, Haya de la Torre, was somewhere in hiding; whether in exile or in Peru was debatable.

And much of the talk I heard touched problems which each faction would solve in its own way; the universal problems of labor and capital, wages and working hours, the land, the local problem of the Indian, and what should be the national policy.

"What do you make of all this?" I asked a chauffeur who occasionally drove me to keep some engagement which demanded arriving in style.

"I am a working man," he replied prudently, "and do not concern myself with politics." He had just bought a new car and was paying for it on the installment plan. Let others concern themselves with political affairs.

Occasionally, I would remain quietly in the hotel, letting myself float on the current of life as it flowed under my balcony: sitting there for hours, with my chin on my crossed arms, watching:

Over the way balconies similar to mine look down upon the high shops. Buses pass, all going in the same direction, the street being so narrow that they must return by another way. And there is always great congestion of automobiles. A push-cart selling alligator pears works its way among them, and another, this time painted scarlet and labeled "*helados*," advertises itself by the tooting of a horn. Lima loves ices and the halting of the *helados* cart holds up traffic. Then a woman with a cerise manta closely wrapped about her head draws my eyes to the sidewalk, to marvel at her great shawl of royal blue and the immensely full bottle-green skirt which reaches her ankles. She is followed by women trimly got up in grey suits with grey hats, or black hats with black suits, and all mounted upon high-heeled pumps. There are prayerful women, too, with black lace veils instead

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of hats, rosaries in their hands, and the thought of Mass in their eyes. Dignified gentlemen stop short to embrace and pat each other on the back, or there is a sedate nun, all in black with a stiff white bib. Again a bevy of nattily turned out women in tailored suits, a girl in a bright pink dress, a man loaded with brooms and feather dusters, a young dandy in double-breasted grey suit and a blue felt hat, a cart heaped with oranges and mangoes under a white awning. And there are always messengers passing with flowers, baskets of flowers and set-pieces; lilies and roses, sweet peas, heliotrope, jasmine, carnations, violets; for Lima adores flowers.

And as I watch this flow of life certain phrases out of the talk I have heard return to me:

"If you could see the Indian! . . . If you could know how he works. In the Sierra and on the coast. How he works and for so little! If you could see!"

"Peru is on the threshold of a great prosperity. . . . If it can avoid revolution."

When it is noon all the shops roll down the shutters which close their wide entrances; and they will not reopen until two o'clock. And at that hour Lima breakfasts. The early morning meal of Spanish-America is a stingy matter of rolls and coffee, the noon breakfast a substantial affair, an elaborate luncheon rather than a breakfast.

As for the cookery of the Maury, it has been famous for generations, and in its great, airy, lofty, white dining room, sooner or later you will see all Lima, drinking the celebrated Pisco-sours, eating such distinctive dishes as broth into which an egg has been dropped, there to semi-poach itself in the savory liquid, or you may select a shrimp soup, or eggs Huancayna prepared with an indescribable sauce, or tiny fried fish called pejerreyes, beside which all other fish are coarse; but whatever you may choose it must include alligator pears stuffed with mayonnaise, and the most amazing shrimps, like no other sea food in the waters of

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the earth. And you may finish off with luscious ripe figs if they happen to be in season, or with chirimoyas or grenadillas.

I had early felt myself a part of Lima, added to that company which through the generations have loved the Maury, and complained of the Maury, and told jokes at the expense of the Maury, and at last come to speak of it as the "old Maury," or the "dear old Maury." "The Maury," I heard a man say affectionately, "the Maury is Pre-Inca!"

But, unbelievably lacking as I am in a sense of locality, for all my love of Lima I never learned to find my way about the city. I was fond of going about on foot. I think you never touch a city intimately in any other way, and from their sidewalks all Spanish-American towns permit you to look into their privacy. Shops and hotels are frankly open, and through grilled doorways you may gaze upon patios where fountains play and flowers bloom beneath the fanning fronds of palms. Such houses are at the same time open and reserved, like half confidences which give and simultaneously withhold. In Lima the numbers of the great houses of Spanish-Colonial type, obviously abandoned by the prosperous, show the tendency of the wealthy to forsake the things of the past. The neglected patios are mutely pathetic. Some day I think these houses will be again valued, restored and rehabilitated, appreciated perhaps by a new wealth that will make them fashionable. What has had true beauty endures beyond fashion and eventually lives again; and a Lima of gracious and lovely distinction awaits this resurrection which, while it adds the comforts of progress, will preserve that beautiful thing which was born of the Moor and the Spaniard, and transplanted across the seas to the New World where it flourished as though it had never been uprooted.

I found an endless pleasure in walking about Lima. Then, wearied and hungry, I would decide that it was time to return to the hotel.

But where was the hotel? I would begin to inquire.

So many blocks to the right, so many straight ahead, so many

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on the left, then straight ahead again, and to the right. . . . So many . . . And there you are.

It would all be quite clear. The directions had been explicit.

Yet, invariably, my roving mind betrayed me. I was to proceed, let us say, half a dozen blocks to the right . . . but, suddenly I realized that I hadn't the very smallest notion of how many blocks I had proceeded! There had been perhaps a courtyard surrounded by an arcade under horseshoe arches, an imposing stairway to another arcade and more arches. You enter the courtyard by a *zaguan* with hooks in the wall to which gentlemen once tied their horses' bridles, and a stone seat where grooms and coachmen once sat to gossip about the foibles of their masters. A *zaguan*—the Moorish name delighted me. . . . But how many blocks was it that I was to proceed? I could remember my instructions; the difficulty was that I could never keep track of how far I had walked in any given directions, so that the instructions became, of course, quite valueless. And I would have to make fresh inquiries, starting blithely off again, and again the mind betraying me, dancing off on its own pursuits. For example: Would Roberto really be able to come down and join me as we had planned? If it happened to be a Monday or a Friday there might be a letter from him on the south-bound plane. . . .

And now, how many blocks had I come?

Would you have the kindness to tell me where I may find the Hotel Maury?

Again instructions. Really I was tired and very hungry. It had been long since that mere coffee and rolls.

(Roberto has so phenomenal a sense of direction that I've never had to develop one.)

The Maury, Señorita? Como no? Four to the right and you come to the Plaza de Armas. And then—

Yes, it was very simple. At the Plaza de Armas I would be within two minutes of the hotel.

And for sheer shame I couldn't confess that I was never more lost than at that same Plaza de Armas. Therefore I would wait and, with mortification, inquire further at the Plaza itself.

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And off would go the mind; endlessly it would occupy itself with that novel of sixteenth-century Peru which had brought me on this journey. The characters had a trick of carrying on conversations in my head. Tito, the hero, would have Salla, the heroine, know . . . Or Tito was listening to the Spanish soldiers discussing their commander, Francisco Pizarro, whose statue presides triumphant over the Plaza de Armas in Lima.

But how many blocks was it to the Plaza?

The streets of Lima have a hateful trick of changing their names every little while, sometimes every block, so often that the names were useless to me.

Then arrived by chance at the Plaza, I would make my inquiries. *Would you have the kindness . . .*

The Maury, but the Maury is not more than a minute, Señorita!

And once, questioning at a newspaper stand on the Plaza, I was told smilingly, "The Maury? Why, it's just where it was when you asked me yesterday!"

And that, of course, made it impossible for me ever again to put the query to that particular news vender! Though the need, I confess, often arose.

At other times, the Maury had a trick of appearing as if by wizardry: when I least suspected how near it was, suddenly I would see it looking at me from across the street, and with an immense joy I would go in to breakfast.

When I had happened to be returning by bus, or street-car, the same thing would occur. When paying my fare I would always ask whether the conductor would be good enough to tell me where to get off, at the corner nearest the Maury. And with the kindness of Peru my fellow passengers would take an interest, discussing among themselves just what was the best corner. Then when I had been deposited on the sidewalk I would wait for bus or car to disappear, that my bus-friends might not see that even on the "nearest corner" I must still make inquiries.

And then something happened which took me back ever so much further than that sixteenth century in search of which I had come to Peru.

III

VAST CEMETERY

EVER since the Spanish Conquest Peru has been as generous in opportunity to the alien as has the United States. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the exalted position of Viceroy of Peru was held by an Irishman—Ambrose O'Higgins—who rose to that dizzy height of power and honor from the obscure position of an unsuccessful peddler, with a single mule to carry his goods about the country. It was Henry Meiggs, of the United States, who built the spectacular Oroya Railroad which is rated a miracle of engineering. And in more modern times Peru has welcomed the miner, the shipping man and the aviator from foreign lands.

So that I should not have been astonished to find that a Philadelphian had been Rector of the ancient University of venerable Cuzco, or that when I met him his first question was: "What can I do for you?"

For this was in the Peruvian tradition.

And with his intimate knowledge of the country there is much that Dr. Albert Giesecke can do to direct the traveler who would know Peru, since for the last twenty years he has lived either in Cuzco or Lima, and he is married to a Cuzqueña.

The first of Doctor Giesecke's many kindnesses was to take me to visit Cajamarquilla.

We drove out of Lima along a dusty road to the ruins of a city of such antiquity that history records nothing of its life.

The city stands on a plain set about with barren hills, as lifeless as the long-abandoned ruins themselves. A thin stream flows through the plain, with overhanging willows whose branches are full of little singing, rose-breasted birds. Vultures soar high

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in the blue. But all else is dead. So dead a city that it could hold no hope for the vultures. So dead that it has only a name. It is the city of Cajamarquilla. And that is all that anybody knows.

We wandered for hours through its narrow streets between thick roofless adobe walls, in many places demolished by the earthquakes which have punctuated the history of the Peruvian coast.

In the city, and in the adjacent cemetery, there are signs of digging, where grave-robbers have sought loot, and archaeologists the treasure of knowledge. The ground is strewn with the wreckage of these excavations. We walked among blanched and crumbling bones, sometimes veiled by the drifting sand, sometimes naked in the sun. And with the bones are wisps of human hair, scraps of mummy-cloths, fragments of pottery, rotting bits of fabric whose bright pattern still survives.

And all exudes a strange pungent smell, somehow oddly familiar, though I tried in vain to place it. As we passed through the streets, stopping to examine a bit of rose-colored stucco still clinging to a wall, or to look into subterranean cavities which were perhaps the granaries of long ago, the odor was faint, but when we took one of the old bones and stirred up the sand of what had evidently been a tomb, then this curiously familiar scent was strong.

At intervals to rest we would sit upon a wall looking out over this silent city of death where nothing now lives but the tiny air-plants which grow on the dry adobe, such tiny plants that from a distance they look like pigment staining the walls in pink and in a pale greenish white.

Yet for all its deadness it was there in Cajamarquilla that I first felt the reality of that dim Peru which precedes history. It was Cajamarquilla that was my introduction to the vast cemetery which stretches from Chan-Chan in the north, down along the coast of Peru as far as Paracas, Nazca and Ica in the south. And what had been before merely an academic interest, a museum interest you might say, came alive among the ruins of Cajamarquilla. I was suddenly eager to know more of the great civilization which

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had flourished on the coast of Peru long before my sixteenth century.

On the afternoon of that same day we drove to Pachacamac, twenty miles south of Lima, beside the sea.

Pachacamac is more beautiful, more striking than Cajamarquilla. Its terraced temple stands upon an eminence facing the ocean. From the summit you look across a limitless blue, you hear the roar of waves breaking on the beach. Far below on the left is the Lurin Valley, incredibly green in contrast to the desert sands which stretch to the north; and back of you, in the east, rise the Andes, range upon range.

And though everywhere the bones of the dead litter the sands, crunching underfoot as you walk, yet Pachacamac is less dead than Cajamarquilla, for of this temple by the sea there is both historical and legendary knowledge.

My people of the sixteenth century had known Pachacamac, for Francisco Pizarro sent one of his brothers on an expedition to investigate tales of the riches of the temple. With this expedition there was Pizarro's secretary, Estete, and he set down in writing what he saw.

“It must be a very old place [Estete wrote] for there are numerous fallen edifices. It has been surrounded by a wall, though now most of it is fallen. . . . The people believe that all things in the world are in the hands of the idol of this temple. . . . It is held in such veneration that none except its priests and servants may enter where it is or touch the walls. . . . To it they make great sacrifices and pilgrimages from a distance of three hundred leagues or more, with gold and silver which they give to the custodian who enters and consults the idol, and returns then with his answer. And before any of the idol's ministers can enter they must fast many days and abstain from all carnal intercourse. . . . We doubt not that the devil resides in this figure and speaks with his servants things that are spread all over the land. . . .”

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And when, forty years later, Cieza de León came, the Indians told him that Pachacamac still talked with certain of the aged people, even though the Spaniards had destroyed his idol and set up a cross in its place.

And nearly three hundred years after Cieza de León, the archæologist, Squier, came to Pachacamac, and out of its graves he sought to reconstruct the ancient life.

In little vaults of adobe bricks, roofed with canes or rushes, he found the dead. Some had been laid away in "elegant cerements, but often the cerements were coarse, the ornaments scanty and mean, the mass of mankind, then as now, poor in death as they had been impoverished in life."

And among the mummies which he found, Squier has described a family group which was "not of the rich, nor yet of the poorest."

"This particular tomb [he wrote] was one of the second stratum of graves, and was neither of the earliest nor the latest date. . . . It contained five bodies: one of a man of middle age; another of a full-grown woman; a third of a girl of about fourteen years; the fourth, a young boy; and the fifth an infant. The little one was placed between the father and the mother; the boy was by the side of the man; the girl by the side of the woman. All were enveloped in a braided network of rushes, or coarse grass.

"Under the outer wrapper of braided reeds the man was wrapped in a stout plain cotton cloth. Next came an envelope of cotton cloth of finer texture which when removed disclosed the body, shrunken and dried hard, of the color of mahogany, but well preserved. Passing around the neck was a net of twisted fibre of the agave. . . . This seems to indicate that the man had been a fisherman—a conclusion further sustained by finding wrapped in a cloth between his feet some fishing lines of various sizes, some copper hooks, barbed like ours, and some copper sinkers. . . .

"His wife, beneath the same coarse outer wrapping of braided reeds, was enveloped in a blanket of alpaca wool finely spun. It was in two colors—a soft chestnut brown and a pure

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white. Below this was a sheet of fine cotton cloth with a diamond-shaped pattern formed by very elaborate lines of ornament, and in the spaces between the lines were representations of monkeys which seemed to be following each other up and down stairs. . . .

“The woman’s long hair was black, in some places lustrous. In one hand she had a comb, made by setting what I took to be the long parts of the rays of fishes’ fins, in a slip of the hard, woody part of the dwarf-palm-tree. . . .

“Resting beneath her body are several small domestic implements, among them an ancient spindle for spinning cotton, half-covered with spun thread. . . . The contrivance is precisely the same as that in universal use by the Indian women of the present day. . . .

“The body of the girl was seated on a kind of work-box of braided reeds. . . . In it were grouped together things childish and things showing approach to maturity. There were rude specimens of knitting, with places showing where stitches had been dropped; there were mites of spindles and implements for weaving; skeins and spools of thread, the spools being composed of two splints placed across each other at right angles, and the thread wound ‘in and out’ between them. There were strips of cloth, some wide, some narrow and some of two and even three colors; and needles of bone and bronze. . . . And there were several sections of the hollow bones of a small bird, carefully stopped by a wad of cotton, and containing pigments of various colors. I assumed at first that these were intended as dyes for the cotton textures . . . but became doubtful when I found a curious contrivance made of the finest cotton and evidently used as a ‘dab’ for applying the colors to the face. . . . And there was a substitute for a mirror composed of a piece of iron pyrites, resembling the half of an egg, with the plain side highly polished.

“Among all these things I dare say none was prized more in life than a little crushed ornament of gold evidently intended to represent a butterfly.

“The girl’s hair was braided and plaited around the forehead, encircling which was a cincture of white cloth orna-

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ment with little silver spangles; a thin narrow bracelet of the same metal still hung on the shrunken arm; and between her feet was the dried body of a parrot, doubtless her pet in life, brought perhaps from the distant Amazonian valleys.

“Surrounding the body of the boy there was nothing of especial interest, but the finely braided sling bound about his forehead.

“The body of the infant, a girl, had been embedded in the fleece of the alpaca, then wrapped in fine cotton cloth. The only article found with the body was a sea-shell containing pebbles, the orifice closed with a hard pitch-like substance.

“It was the child’s rattle.”

Squier assumes that in life the family laid to rest in this tomb lived in an apartment . . . in one of the tenement houses in the ancient city. He described such apartments as of “one story, with no narrow, dark passages, but all opening on a spacious central court. Some of the apartments were composed of a single room. This family probably had three; a large one, about fifteen feet square; a small sleeping-room with a raised bank of earth at one end; and another smaller room, a kitchen, with niches in the wall to receive utensils, and with vessels sunk in the earth to contain maize, beans and other articles of food.”

And with the testimony of Estete, of Cieza de León, and of Squier in your mind, as you climb the terraces which lead to the summit of the temple of Pachacamac, that far past springs into life.

The high perpendicular walls of the temple terraces which, here and there, still show rose-red and chrome-yellow stucco, are once more brilliant under the blue sky. And once more you see the vivid murals of men and beasts, and the gold door of the idol’s temple, inlaid with coral and precious stones, and you get the odor of bloody sacrifice as Hernando Pizarro and Estete rudely throw open the door.

When you reach the summit and look down upon the plain where the drifting sand of the centuries has buried the

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remains of what was formerly a sacred Mecca, the city again is crowded with pilgrims, many bringing their dead from great distances that they may rest forever in this holy place, others coming with gold and silver to consult the great oracle.

Somewhere in that past a fisherman spreads his net, his wife combs her long black lustrous hair, a baby aimlessly waves a sea-shell rattle, a young girl dreaming bewildering dreams of puberty is carefully painting her face. A small boy, scornful of the new absorptions of his sister, goes off to play alone with his sling; while with a detached air the parrot surveys the scene.

From the summit of this temple of Pachacamac you look out upon a land of sands, shimmering like the sands of Egypt, and a valley green as the valley of the Nile, a land as rich in tombs and temples as the land of the Pharaohs. But with the difference that here is the Pacific, stretching away in the west to a far horizon, while in the east rise the Andes; and this combination of mountain and sea and haunted desert is Peru, and nowhere else in the world.

As I stood on the summit of the temple, the sea below was flecked with white guano islets. The wind blew from the ocean and was strongly charged with that same odor which clung to the content of every grave. I realized then that the odor came from the guano islands, and suddenly I understood the familiarity which had puzzled me.

It was the odor of guano. And I was a child on a tobacco plantation, and great brown canvas sacks of guano were piled high in the ox-cart which brought them from the nearest railway depot.

But why are the ancient graves saturated with that pungent odor?

The explanation, I was told, is that perhaps guano was in some way used in the mummification of the bodies, or it might be that the odor was caused in both the guano and the mummies by the action of salt air upon organic matter. But whatever the cause the odor of guano pervades my memory of the vast cemetery of Peru.

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After that golden day at Cajamarquilla and Pachacamac, archæological collections from the coast of Peru can never again be merely abstract relics of vague vanished civilizations, for I must ever after see each specimen as the treasure of some human heart, as a human desire for expression.

The Museum of Archæology in Lima is as interesting as the Egyptian Museum in Cairo, and both have the immense advantage of being so near the tombs from which their objects were taken that it is easy to relate the collections to the setting where the life of which they were a part was lived. It is as though the fragments of a picture had been put into your hands and you have only to call upon your imagination to reconstruct that life, to set it all again in motion.

In addition to the Museum there are private collections to be seen in Peru, especially the rich collection of Señor Larco Herrera at Chiclin, near Trujillo.

In these contents of the ancient tombs of the Peruvian coast you may read so much that it scarcely seems credible that not one of the civilizations had any sort of writing, that there remain only the crumbling ruins of buildings, a few utensils, tools, ornaments, the fabrics in which the dead were wrapped, and the pottery which was placed in the tombs.

For the decoration of pottery and textiles tell the story.

The Peruvian archæologist, Dr. Julio Tello, says of these pictographs that when they are carefully studied you find a definite relationship between them. Certain representations of men and animals and mythological creatures may be traced on any number of specimens, each with its own personality, its own particular rôle, as it were. To Doctor Tello these individual representations appear as characters in a novel whose history he follows, as from fragmentary pages of a book.

Even as a layman, marveling among the collections, you may read much in the pottery and the textiles. You see what were the fruits and the vegetables of these ancient peoples. You know that they kept dogs and parrots and macaws, that they hunted deer, killed seals, and went fishing, that they planted and harvested

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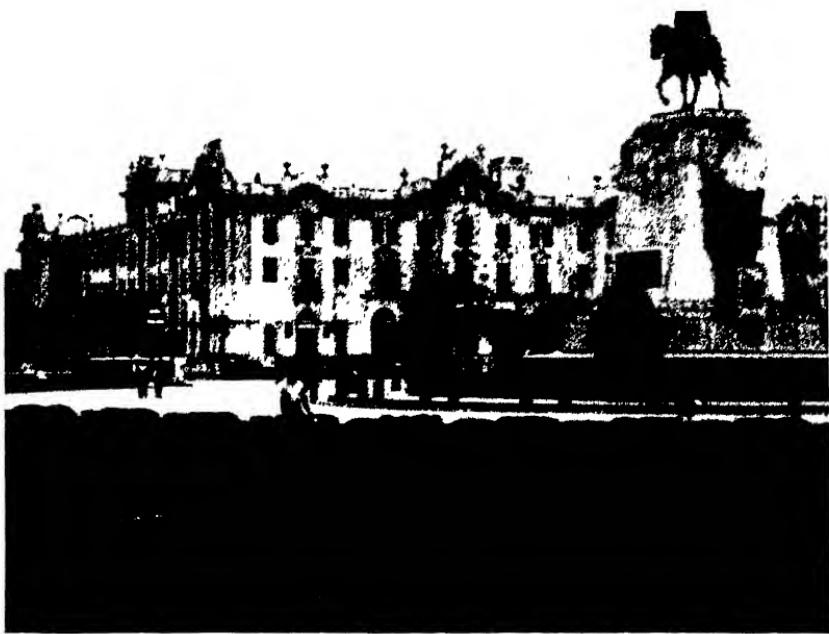
crops, that they danced and sang, that they played upon tambourines and flutes and trumpets, that they brought offerings to their chiefs, that the various tribes made war upon one another, wearing helmets and armed with javelins and clubs and axes, their faces and legs painted in geometric design, that when a lord traveled he was carried in a chair on men's shoulders or sat upon a raft propelled by men swimming, that crime was punished by cutting off an arm, a leg, a nose, or a pair of lips. You see representations of those suffering from disease. You know that surgery was practiced among them, and that they found diversion in fiestas and dances, that they performed symbolic religious rites, offered human sacrifice, and possessed an involved mythology. The pottery shows, too, that in the great kingdom of the Great Chimo, whose capital was Chan-Chan, people lived in houses with gabled roofs, and had pleasure pavilions open to the breezes.

Upon other pieces of pottery there is represented every step in the art of weaving. One shows a man fishing, using a basket trap, upon one a man is preparing to cook his catch in an earthen pot, on still another a man drags by a halter an unwilling llama, upon another, while a man is drinking, a monkey perched on his shoulder appears in the act of whispering something slyly in his ear.

And as though these departed artists would have us know all that their art could tell, they have expressed in portrait vases the individuality of character of their time, and the range of human emotion. The most interesting of the portrait vases have been found in the tombs about Trujillo. They are modeled in clay, the faces usually about half life size. There are among them the faces of young and old, tragic faces and gay, serene and thoughtful, patient, proud, resentful, and angry.

I remember especially the face of a blind man in Señor Larco's collection. There is no question that the eyes are sightless, or that the man has come to accept his infirmity with resignation, that he has reached contentment.

Among the many examples of mythological subjects, are studies in which the artist has forsaken realism to depict, "not the world



The Plaza San Martín, Lima

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as it is, but man's conception of it." On one of Señor Larco's vases are modeled the figures of a very drunken god, carefully escorted by two kind, wise, sober birds who support his reeling figure, a bird on either side, standing about shoulder high to the god, who is something like six inches tall.

To all this that the artist has related of his time, we know also that what we consider obscenity had its part in their civilization, for behind a heavy curtain in the Larco Museum at Chiclin there are segregated those pieces which are said to be pornographic; I say "said to be" because I was not allowed to see them.

And sometimes a living Indian of today will unconsciously throw a sudden light into the far past. There frequently appears, for example, on various pieces in the collection at Chiclin, a small fruit native to the near-by hill country. Señor Larco happened one day to question an Indian about this fruit. The man immediately gave a name to it, and added that unless it is eaten in silence it turns sour in the stomach. Possibly secrecy was the significance of this fruit, used by a people without writing as a symbol to express necessity for silence and caution.

Your mind thus full of what you have read in this pictured life of the ancients of the coast, you may drive through pale green fields of sugar cane rustling like silk in the breeze, and then along a desert road to the old city of Chan-Chan.

Gigantic walls surround the ruins covering eleven square miles, once the capital of the kingdom of the Great Chimo who ruled the coast for a distance of some six hundred miles, his territory irrigated and fertile beyond anything known today, for the huge sugar plantations of the present take in only part of a region once intensively cultivated.

Behind its forty-foot walls the city of Chan-Chan was elaborately laid out, with palaces and gardens and baths, storehouses, water tanks and aqueducts. Its walls were covered with arabesques in geometric design, and with murals of scenes painted in black and in shades of red and yellow and orange and blue.

And at intervals in the city towered the huge *huacas*—the holy

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places, chambered pyramids where they buried their illustrious dead in whatever pomp their rank demanded, and with them the *huacos*, the sacred things, the ceremonial pottery vases which record their life, the ornaments and figurines which show that they understood the working of gold and silver and copper.

Huacas and *huacos* rested in the quiet of centuries, untouched by the Inca Conquest, unmolested throughout the long period of Inca rule.

Then the Spanish Conquerors, avid of gold, discovered that wealth lay buried in these holy *huacas*, and excavation began. From the greatest of the tombs of Chan-Chan it has been estimated the Spaniards took between five and seven million dollars in gold and silver.

Chan-Chan stands now, abandoned and disintegrating, piled with drifted sand; what remained of its arabesques and murals washed away by the rains which in 1925 fell so unexpectedly upon this normally rainless coast.

So, from Chan-Chan, Moche, Paramonga, Nepeña, Pachacamac, down along the coast to Paracas, Ica and Nazca, every fertile valley had its dynastic history, its characteristic art, its periods of realism and of stylistic convention—the modeled portrait vases of the Chimu, the extravagantly symbolic bird-demons and cat-demons and centipede-gods and many-headed gods of Nasca. From an analysis of these art-forms the student classifies epochs and dynasties in an effort to figure out the historical events of that dim past.

But for those of us who are not specialists, it is enough to know that in the tombs of this vast cemetery extending for a thousand miles from north to south, those whose home was on the coast of Peru have left in the expression of their art, the story of their daily living. Here, they seem to say, look and see how it was that we lived, what were our activities, and our diversions, our food and our dress; look into our faces and understand what were our emotions; look upon our gods and behold what manner of things we believed.

IV

MUMMY NUMBER 94

THERE are people who so completely live in the lifework which is their destiny that you never think of talking to them about any other subject. Their work appears inseparable from the pulsing of their hearts, as vitally essential as air to the lungs. To people like this everything outside the chosen pursuit seems incidental to the rôle for which they have been cast. They have, as it were, become merely tools through which an absorbing interest expresses itself.

The Peruvian archæologist, Dr. Julio Tello, is such a man. The bare mention of the archæology of Peru turns on a light which shines out of his eyes and through the thick lenses of his spectacles, illumining his face. The zest of his work is in his quick step: there is not time enough for all that he would do. His voice is vibrant with an inner propelling force. His whole personality is so charged with the subject to which he is dedicated that the man himself makes an unforgettable impression.

My own enthusiasm is for the historical past of Peru. I often feel as though I were born really in the sixteenth century and have since lived through the centuries which have followed. Now my interest was extended into a time before Columbus set sail from the little port of Palos, with the good friars of the Monastery of La Rábida praying for his safe return. I had already gone back to the days when Cajamarquilla and Pachacamac lived and flourished; and, within a few moments after presenting my letter of introduction to Doctor Tello, I was prepared to travel as far into the past as he could guide me. But I had to win his guidance. After all who was I? True, my letter of introduction had come from his good friend, Philip Means, a distinguished authority on Peru. But I was not an archæologist. I was just a woman writing

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a book about a country not her own, and that, not unreasonably, made me a suspect character to begin with. Of course, people were cordial: the South American is always that, but still it is for you to show that you are in earnest, genuinely interested.

So the days passed and gradually Doctor Tello gave me more and more of what time could be spared from his classes at the University of San Marcos. And as I came to know him I began to understand how archæology was woven into the pattern of his personal life.

He was born in a little village in the high Sierra: a village still so isolated that to reach it you must for part of the way travel on the back of mule or horse.

The village, which is called Huarochiri, lies at the foot of the majestic snow peak of Paria Kaka in the dominion of the tribe of the Yuayos, conquered by the Incas many centuries ago.

And Julio Tello is of untarnished Indian blood. He comes of an ancient family whose ancestors, according to a tradition handed down through the years, were sons of a deity whose abode was the eternal snows of Paria Kaka.

As a child, Doctor Tello lived the life of the village. He took part in pagan ceremonies celebrated at the seasons of sowing and reaping. One of his happiest memories is of the great agricultural dances when all the members of the tribe, men, women and children, dressed and adorned in Inca fashion, danced to the music of flutes and tambours, and more memorable still were the ceremonies of the herds, taking place on the high lonely Puna. And each year, in August, the month of its anniversary, there was enacted the drama of the execution of Atahualpa, the last sovereign Inca.

It seems as though Destiny had, with infinite care, trained the child, Julio Tello, for the profession to which he was to give his life.

His mother was descended from a tribe of weavers, and breeders of llamas, who came originally from the heights of Llampilla where there still remain the ruins of their ranches and their villages. Doctor Tello remembers how, in the patio of their moun-

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tain home, his mother and his aunts and his sisters would sit at their looms, competing with one another in the weaving of blankets, girdles and mantles, of rich color and fine texture.

Watching his mother at her work, the art of weaving associated itself in the little Tello's heart with every tender emotion, with happy childhood in the friendly village, and with love for the mother under whose fingers beautiful designs in warm color took shape.

So that now, Dr. Julio Tello, the Peruvian archæologist with a world-wide reputation, can never examine a textile from the ancient graves without unconsciously relating it to his mother at her loom. There is an emotional quality in his appreciation of the skill and the art of the ancient textiles. I think only a full-blooded Peruvian Indian could add this reverence to a scientific study of the archæology of his country.

Little by little the background of the man came alive for me. And when I saw his small daughter, Elena, I seemed to know Doctor Tello himself as a boy.

Elena is a slender, ardent child whose passion is archæology. You couldn't imagine her playing with ordinary toys: her playthings are tiny sacred objects taken from the graves of Peru's vast cemetery. She will sit for hours lovingly fingering these *huacos*, making up for herself a little song, over and over repeated:

*"Me gustan los huacos,
Los huacos me gustan. . . ."*

*I like huacos . . . Huacos,
I like huacos . . ."*

And while I saw in Elena a feminine replica in miniature of what her father must have been, he saw in her his mother. Elena, he said, was extraordinarily like his mother.

I knew then that Doctor Tello's mother had been beautiful as she sat at her loom; that her eyes were very bright and

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very black, her teeth white and even, her hair a burnished ebony, and her skin of a color not easy to describe; not the copper hue of the North American Indian, nor the clear amber of the Oriental, but something between the two. And when I think of her hands guiding the threads on her loom, I see them finely formed, delicate little hands, busy over the pattern of the fabric, all unconscious that the work of her fingers was to be forever inseparable from the profession for which her little Julio was destined.

Because of Elena, Doctor Tello's mother is thus a clear image in my mind.

So I see her at her weaving in the quiet of the high village, when something happened which was to play a decisive part in her son's future.

His father was a man of vision, a leader in progressive ideas; he would have schools established and irrigation works: as mayor of the village, he would keep the inherited ceremonies free from the debauchery of liquor: altogether he was a man of importance in Huarochiri. Thus, when the director of an asylum in Lima wanted to assemble a collection of trepanned skulls from the ancient Inca graves, it was logical that the Prefect of Lima should have appealed to Doctor Tello's father for assistance in the matter.

And the child Julio saw these skulls before they were shipped down to Lima. He was interested and curious, though he did not then guess the influence they were to have upon his own future.

The next memorable event in his life was the decision that he should be sent to school in Lima. The education of his children had been his father's great concern; education he thought the most precious thing to which a man might aspire. While the little Julio's mother could conceive no greater felicity than the tending of flocks, or the cultivation of the soil, or the arts of weaving and of music. She could not read nor write, and she did not feel the need of either. She had learned by heart the contents of the elementary school books, the catechism, and the prayers of the Mass; and she taught them from memory to her children before they had learned to read.

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She did not see that more education was necessary.

To his father, the education of his sons was a contribution to the well-being of the family: to his mother its cost would consume the patrimony of the home, exposing the home to a future of misery, since such cost could not be met without disposing of the lands which were the life of the family.

Doctor Tello cherishes the memory of his mother's little figure busy in that cultivation of the soil which was her delight, selecting seeds, nursing the young plants, and then at the communal fiestas exhibiting with pride the finest fruits of the harvest.

And as she went about this work, or as she sat at her loom, she must often have thought how extravagant a value her husband set upon the thing called education, life being so happy and so satisfying without it.

Then, when the son, Julio (tenth in the thirteen children she had borne), reached the age of twelve, it was decided that the silver antiquities which had been guarded as sacred family relics must be converted into money for his education.

Looking back upon that decision, Doctor Tello says reflectively: "I had not in truth, at that time, any great ambition to be educated. I had only a grand curiosity to know Lima. I wanted to see what white men were like, and negroes, and Chinamen and soldiers and doctors and monks, and houses such as had been described to me by those who had seen Lima."

Taken to Lima, he was lodged in the house of a señora who lived in one of the poorest sections of the town, and he was entered at school.

Two months later his father had come to bid good-by forever to his son: "When I am gone," he said, "you will have to rely wholly on your own efforts."

And on his return to the village in the Sierra he had died.

For a little while help had been contrived by the boy's mother and an aunt, but they had not been able to keep it up.

His father's words had then come back to him: "When I am gone you will have to rely wholly on your own efforts."

How the words had come true; Julio Tello was twelve years

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old and fatherless; he must support and educate himself. He sold papers in the streets; he hung about the railroad station at train-time hoping for passengers who had bags to be carried.

In reminiscent mood he said to me: "Oh, I did not really have it hard! Everything came easy. Do you know, that in all that time I was only once put out in the street? . . . And then I went with my mattress and knocked at the door of the Monastery of Santo Domingo, and asked the monks to let me come and work for my keep. But inside of two days I had found other work. At school I'd made friends with Ricardo Palma's son—"

Doctor Tello broke off here to ask if I knew who Ricardo Palma was.

Ricardo Palma? . . . Oh, yes, I knew. I knew and admired him through his collections of the traditions of Lima.

Doctor Tello then went on to say that Ricardo Palma had interested himself in the little Indian boy who sold papers and carried bags to earn an education. And he had employed him to go every day to the postoffice and bring him his mail. He must go at noon, Ricardo Palma had said, and long after Doctor Tello realized that this hour had been selected so that on his return from the postoffice he might be on hand for the midday meal.

"Oh, no," Doctor Tello repeated, "I did not have it hard!"

Ricardo Palma, as it happened, was Director of the National Library, and when it seemed that Julio Tello could not continue his education, suddenly he was made assistant in the Library. In the course of this work, he chanced upon a volume in which to his great surprise he found photographs of the skulls which his father had collected from the Inca graves of the Sierra.

And in that moment he knew that the work of his life was to study the past of Peru. He began then the study of the aboriginal tongue, he went on his first anthropological expedition, and throughout his university training he devoted himself to studies which would fit him to become an archæologist. He began, too, to collect for himself the skulls of ancient Peru, and when he came to write the thesis for his degree, it was based upon these skulls. The thesis won him a scholarship to study abroad. He came to



A patio in Lima

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the United States and took an M.A. degree at Harvard, and later studied in Europe. And he had been just an Indian boy in a Sierra village!

Then, returned to Peru, he gave over his life to archæological exploration and study.

"My greatest joy," he says, "is in the discovery of the works of my ancestors."

As he talks, you see how closely his profession is woven into the memory of his family and of his village, how it is inseparable from a deep love of his native land.

I saw that this love has an almost religious quality, and that it is the motivating influence of the man's life. It has guided him to the discovery of the great archæological centers, at Paracas, at Chavín, at Huaylas, and at Nepeña. It is this love which led him to organize the Archæological Museum of the University in Lima, and the National Museum of Archæology; and out of this same love has come the dream to establish in Peru an International Institute of Peruvian Archæology. The dream has sent him traveling through the United States, winning the co-operation of the great authorities on Ancient Peru. "Doctor Kroeber of California," he says eagerly, "Doctor Alfred Kroeber will preside over the Institute. . . ."

And as I heard him talk I shared the enthusiasm of his vision.

I have been always an apostle of the New World; wondering when we, its citizens, would cease to be like Dunsany's fish which went on a long journey to find the sea; when we would realize that in the Americas there is everything, matchless scenery, dramatic history, legend, beauty, and a past—distant, mysterious—awaiting exploration. I was eager for the success of this International Institute of Archæology in Peru.

And while Doctor Tello's voice was saying, "We've just scratched the surface of what is to be done," part of my mind was thinking that here in the Americas lies the hope of a truly great civilization, if only we are wise enough to understand that. Doctor Tello's Institute of Archæology would be an important factor in the realization of that hope.

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Back in the high Andes, all this time, I had felt Cuzco and the Inca Empire waiting. And yet I lingered on in Lima. I would know more of what had gone before the Incas.

And then Doctor Tello took me back two thousand years. He unwrapped for me a mummy.

Oh, I had had to see him often before he would do this, for the unwrapping of a mummy is to him not a matter for passing curiosity, but a thing of serious scientific importance and a ritual to be approached with reverence. Ambassador Dearing had interceded with him for me in this business of the mummy, and there was also my letter of introduction from Philip Means, and yet I had to prove myself. Doctor Tello had to be convinced that my feeling about the mummy justified his giving me that rare experience.

And so I had seen him often before at last he said: "Very well, tomorrow we open the mummy. Can you be at the Magdalena at eight o'clock?"

The Magdalena stands on the square of a little suburb of Lima, not far from the sea. In the days of its splendor the Magdalena was a famous country house. San Martín stayed there when, a hundred years ago, he came with the expedition from Chile to aid Peru in the fight for independence. And later it was for many months the home of the great Simón Bolívar and his lovely mistress Manuelita.

Part of the building is now the Museo Bolivariano, but what is not used for this purpose has been given over to Doctor Tello for the housing of those of his collections which are not on exhibition.

You enter the Magdalena from a quietly dreaming little square set about with pink and blue and yellow one-story houses with the gratings of Colonial Spain at their windows. And inside the doors of the Magdalena, you find yourself in a high arched corridor surrounding a garden. The corridor is paved in alternate squares of black and ivory tiles, and horseshoe arches are repeated around a long-neglected garden where, smothered almost

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out of sight under foliage, a fountain trickles gently. The geraniums of the garden grow twelve feet tall and bloom as red as Bolívar's military coat in the Museum portrait. Bushes of vermillion hibiscus fight for place with white musk-cluster roses. There are red and pink roses, too, and enormous daisies and heliotrope and elephant-ears and grape-vines, fig-bushes and glossy orange-trees and an ancient olive; all in wild luxuriance, with little overgrown flagged paths converging on the fountain. There are of course hummingbirds lured by the flowers, and butterflies in the sun, and somewhere, unseen, endlessly cooing doves.

This might be any patio of a deserted mansion in the tropics. What makes it unique is that in the arched corridors of Doctor Tello's section of the building and in the rooms which open off them, there are stacked on the floor great bundles wrapped in sacking, many of them like huge lopsided cones. And the bundles give forth the peculiar acrid odor of guano.

These are the mummies.

Of these rooms which open from the corridors, one is a big rotunda lined with shelves, on which stand rows and rows of human skulls, ashy-white against the dull terra-cotta red of the walls. In other rooms there are pottery and boxes of textiles. Under one of the arches there hang side by side a male and female skeleton. Everywhere there is death and the work of dead hands, with Doctor Tello curiously alive in the midst of it. And as he took me from room to room I understood that to him none of it was dead. He spoke rapidly in a very soft voice, and while he talked his eyes shone behind his spectacles with the light of a spirit that lives outside self.

His eager talk touched first upon a collection of figurines in clay; a spotted cat done in dark grey and decorated with white polka-dots, a dull red llama lying down, a white llama with a fat little boy, grey toes, ears lined with grey, and a hind foot thoughtfully scratching his head just under the right ear.

As we moved through the rooms we paused before boxes of hundreds of scraps of pottery. When there was money Doctor Tello used to employ children to fit together these fragments; six

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pieces for half a cent. They found it more fun than any picture puzzle, and how clever they were at it! The girls better than the boys. They loved seeing the result of their work after an expert had joined the assembled fragments to form the beautiful ceremonial jars which stood on shelves in the various rooms.

Then from fabrics of the intricate design and exquisite workmanship of the coast we passed on to those of the Inca period.

"You see," Doctor Tello said, "they are not so much, nor so rich, as the work of the coast. The Inca time was, after all, so quick—only a few hundred years, and it takes centuries to develop great art."

While he talked a great bee, strayed in from the garden outside, droned lazily.

"Yes, the Inca time was quick. They built upon what had gone before, just as what had gone before was built upon a still older civilization."

He spoke of the earliest times as "the first horizon," and of the later period, that which preceded the Incas, as "the second horizon."

"The Incas," he went on, "knew only a little of the second horizon and nothing of the first."

As I listened I saw Doctor Tello's assistants making ready for the opening of the mummy, passing back and forth along the corridor; pretty Señorita Carreón, a slender figure with a dark bobbed head, and an earnest-eyed young man whom Doctor Tello called "Mejia."

"How pretty and young the Señorita is!" I interrupted.

"Señorita Carreón? . . . Yes, yes. She has her Ph.D. degree, you know. And she's professor of early Peruvian history at the Woman's College as well as my assistant at San Marcos." And then his mind went back to archæology.

"Ah, the work that waits to be done in Peru! Perhaps now you understand a little of what there is to do. With a great Institute of Archæology we can study what has already been found and then we can dig with new knowledge. . . . Yes, we will study and then we will say, 'Ooof! . . . Come, let us go and see how it is!' Often I do that. I study, and then I go and dig.

A JOURNEY IN TIME

"And now that we know more . . . now that we begin to know a little, it seems that we go straight to the spot where wonderful things are waiting. Yes, now that we know just a little they seem to call to us."

It was the mystic poetic quality in this man of science that inspired for me the archaeology of Peru.

And then Señorita Carreón came to say that all was now ready.

And I felt a tense expectancy, as of one about to be initiated into a great mystery.

The Señorita had brought linen smocks for each of us, explaining that there would be much dust. And while we put them on Doctor Tello went right on talking: "The mummy we are going to open," he said, "was found at Paracas, near Pisco, you know. It was in 1925 that I made the find, and I took more than four hundred mummies from just that one cemetery. And I'll prophesy that this mummy we are going to open will be a priest and an old man, for every mummy that we've opened so far from that cemetery has been old and a priest. There was another cemetery near by where the mummies were of poor people, buried, some of them, almost naked, and others just wrapped in plain cotton cloth. There were many children in this cemetery, as well as men and women. And nearly half of them had had operations on their skulls, trepanning, you know. And any number had suffered from bone diseases. But this mummy that we are going to open now . . . that will be a priest and an old man."

By the time we got our smocks on, a loud knocking on the outer door announced that the photographer had arrived.

And we began.

The photographer had set up his camera. Doctor Tello and Mejia were ready. Señorita Carreón and I were perched on high stools with notebooks ready to record what might be found. A young woman was prepared with papers and pins and a wooden table to receive the contents of the mummy-bundle which waited on a low platform standing about eighteen inches from the floor, a mysterious bundle like a lopsided cone.

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The entrance door locked out the present and we were alone with the past. And the age of this mummy whose mystery we were to investigate, was more than two thousand years.

At the top of blank pages in our notebooks Señorita Carreón and I each wrote:

Paracas Mummy, Number 94.

Doctor Tello and Mejia removed the outer sacking in which the mummy had been protected at the time of its discovery, and it then stood forth in its original wrapping of heavy, dun-colored cotton cloth laced together with cord.

Now the work proceeded slowly and with the greatest care. As the outer cloth was taken off there appeared at the pointed end of the bundle a cluster of yellow feathers, the yellow and blue feathers of a parrot.

Yellow . . . the color was sounded like the first notes of a musical composition.

As the dun-colored fabric dropped away there was seen a bunch of arrows tied together, and a broken staff, and beneath a thick layer of dust was the pattern of a textile. Doctor Tello brushed the dust away with a soft brush. But the once beautiful fabric had disintegrated into mere scraps which were, however, carefully put away and numbered for future study.

Doctor Tello's staff had worked so long together that each automatically carried out certain parts of the work. And all went forward in a stillness unbroken except for Doctor Tello's voice dictating descriptions to Señorita Carreón, or stopping occasionally to command a photograph.

Now that the disintegrating fabric had been taken away more feathers came into view, and the bone handle of what had been a flat feather fan, standing upright at the head of the bundle. And beneath the fan was the yellow and brown skin of a small tawny fox, and under that a fabric enveloping the whole bundle. When the dust was brushed off it was seen to be composed of alternating squares of peacock blue, and squares into which was fitted a geometric design of birds in yellow and red. Stretched out full length, it was a mantle some nine feet long by about three feet

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wide, and perfectly preserved, as brilliant in color as it was two thousand years ago when it was laid away in the cemetery at Paracas.

Its removal from the mummy-bundle showed another fabric, whose center was indigo, with an embroidered border where sharks in yellow and blue and green frisked as though gaily sporting in the sea. And when this had been removed with infinite care we saw at the conical end of the bundle a turban of twisted fabric on which smaller sharks swam against a cerise background. And above the turban, yellow feathers stood erect like a Spanish comb.

As the folds of the mantles dropped away little roundish grey stones fell out of their creases; stones perhaps sacred to the dead man, lucky fetiches.

Fold after fold was thus unwrapped, but the bundle still maintained its conical shape, though very gradually diminishing in size. But it had as yet no resemblance to a human figure.

As the work went on we found in the folds now a few peanuts, now the dried root of the yuca, now a sweet potato, and a tiny ear of corn wrapped in the skin of some animal.

At intervals the work of unwrapping was halted for a photograph and then as soon as the camera had clicked Doctor Tello would say, "*Listo, Mejia. Let us go ahead. Vamos.*"

So, fabric after fabric was removed, large and small, mantles and scarfs, and diminutive replicas of a man's garments—tunics and a kind of "shorts"; some embroidered, others with the design woven in; some of cotton and some of wool; all brilliant in color.

I began to feel a symphony of color, a composition that ran through all those many fabrics. There was a recurring play of yellow and red in varied combination, with peacock blue, with black, with indigo; yellow and red in geometric pattern, or in repeated design of stylized birds and of sportive sharks.

Out in the square I knew that the ice-cream man was pushing his red cart through the streets, for I heard the thin toot of his shrill trumpet, but within, in a tense excited stillness the task of unwrapping the mummy went forward.

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And then it was necessary to leave off work for the day.

"Tomorrow," Doctor Tello said, "promptly at half past eight tomorrow."

We left the bundle standing, a diminished cone, on its platform in the far corner of the corridor. We took off our smocks, washed from our hands the thick dark dust, and went out of the door and across the parti-colored square to the trolley which would take us back to the city of Lima.

In the morning, doves continued to coo in plaintive rhythm, echoing from corridor to corridor. The skeletons, male and female, hung suspended in their arch, skulls still leered in rows on the shelves of the rotunda; all was as before, and so still that not even a quiver of air stirred the palm fronds in the sunny abandon of the flowery patio.

And our mummy waited, hidden within the curious bundle on the low platform.

We resumed our smocks then and went to work.

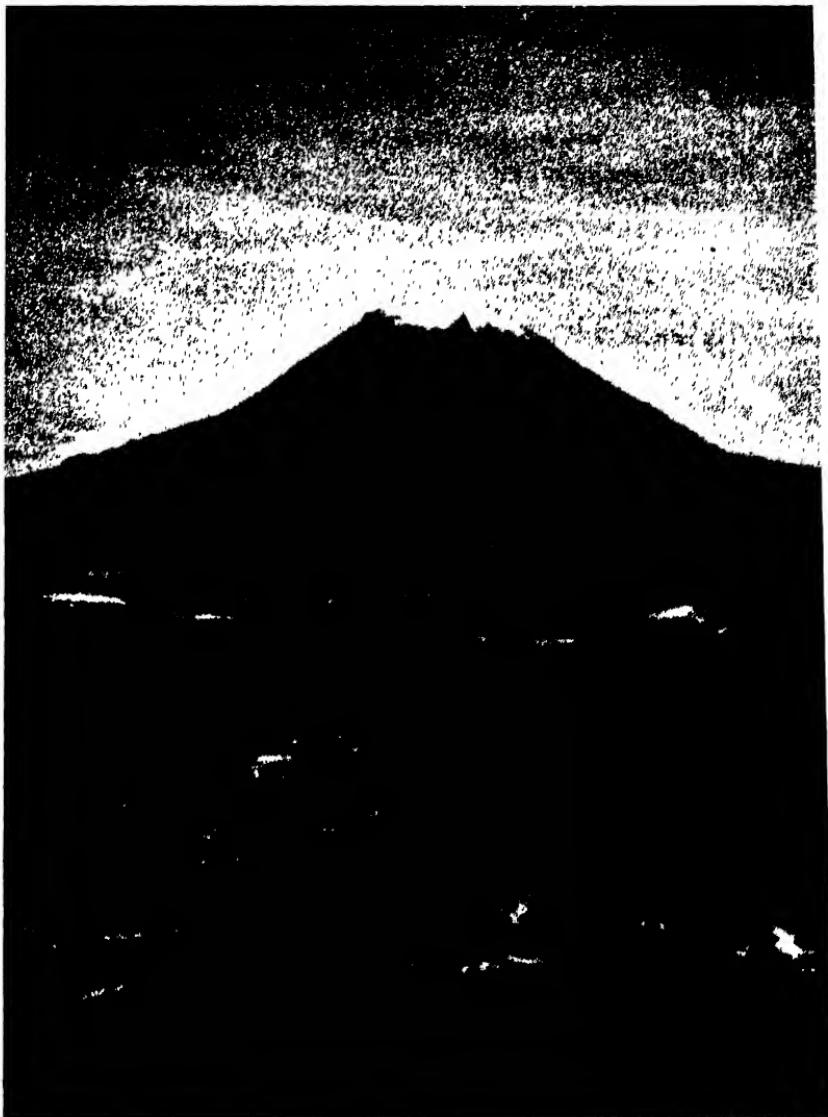
Again layer after layer of rich fabrics. Our mummy evidently had been a personage of high rank.

Sometimes the unwrapping went on at the top of the cone, at other times around its broad base. Always the dust lay thick and dark and had to be brushed away, and the odor of guano became increasingly strong.

We came upon layers of cloth which had been partly consumed by some powerful chemical, and then upon yards and yards of plain buff-colored cotton cloth.

Sometime during the morning, suddenly I realized that the bundle had ceased to be a lopsided cone and had taken on the aspect of a human figure, heavily swathed still, but now vaguely a human being, huddled in a sitting posture. And then, as the folds fell away, it was apparent that the figure sat in an oval basket.

Once more the enveloping textiles were of lovely design and perfect preservation. A thin gold disk was found near what was obviously the mummy's head. And the human outline was in-



El Misti

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creasingly distinct, swathed now in a daffodil yellow, its head enveloped in scarlet, warm and vivid as blood. And when these were taken off it sat enveloped in mustard color decorated in cerise. Beneath that mantle was one of midnight blue, on which had been laid enormous tassels in variegated orange and red and green. And over all had been scattered small yellow feathers.

I felt that in the putting away of this mummy nothing had been accidental, that the whole scheme was as much a creation as was the design on any individual piece; a composition with yellow, like a clear treble, pervading the whole conception.

The removal of the tassels and the dark blue mantle revealed a wrapping of green, bordered in yellow and red and blue. And after that another in blue with a brilliant fish border, and more yellow feathers. Below that, a fabric embroidered in birds, and two more big variegated tassels, and finally we came to a blue mantle decorated with rosettes of yellow feathers, some three inches in diameter and set three inches apart.

This feather tapestry gave place to a new design: and for the first time there appeared a pattern of little figures of mythical human spirits, each with a human head in its left hand and an arrow in its right hand; the figures worked in yellow and blue and green against a red ground.

Thus enveloped we left our mummy while we went out for lunch.

After lunch it seemed only a matter of moments before we would reach the mummy itself, but we were not so near the end as we thought, for textile after textile, large and small, followed, until we came to a wide fringe over the shoulders and at last there was revealed the head, an artificially elongated head with greyish hair brought forward and knotted on the forehead, just above a glittering gold disk, rayed like the sun. The mummy wore a necklace of shells, and there was another gold disk which had evidently fallen from its place under the nostrils. In the bottom of the basket, on the right side near the feet was the large calabash bowl which Doctor Tello said was always found with every mummy, rich or poor.

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And now the whole mummy sat veiled in yellow gauze, its chin resting on its right knee, both knees being drawn up close to the body, the arms under the legs.

Somewhere a hen cackled, and a rooster crowed and flapped its wings. The sound came in to where we worked in hushed, tense excitement, and seemed in a curious way to be related to the unwrapping of the mummy.

When the pale yellow gauze was gently removed from the mummy, it sat naked in its basket, a dark and shriveled figure, in the attitude of the child in the womb, its heels close to the end of its spine, its feet crossed, the sole of one foot on the top of the other, the toes turned in and up. It sat upon a deerskin spread in the bottom of the basket, and under its right arm there was tucked a tiny feather fan. And the fan was yellow, clear golden yellow.

The figure seemed to wait there; its yellow fan under its arm, as though with confident expectation of a rebirth; waiting, not stretched out in the finality of death like an Egyptian mummy, but huddled within its many wrappings, like a child in the womb.

And now the unwrapping was over. It had taken ten hours.

Doctor Tello was completing his dictation to Señorita Carreón. I heard his voice saying, "*Mummification perfecta. Casi cocinada.*"

Then, turning to me, Doctor Tello said: "You see, as I told you, this is the body of an old man, and from the richness and the number of its trappings we know that the man was a priest of high rank."

And suddenly I realized that I was in the presence of the "first horizon." I, in the twentieth century, had gone back to that far horizon of whose existence even the Incas had possessed no knowledge.

"If he could only tell us all about it!" I exclaimed. "If only he could come alive and tell us!"

"No," Doctor Tello said thoughtfully. "No, it's better as it is. For now what we have here is the truth. And if he could come alive he might want to impress us, and some of what he would tell us might not be true."

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While the others were busy putting away the fabrics, I sat looking at the mummy, stark in the light of twentieth-century day.

In the flesh he had been perhaps a worldly-wise old man, with a priestly knowledge of the gullibility of man. Yes, it was probable that if he could speak to us he might embellish his tale with concocted wonders, unaware of the value and the supreme wonder of the truth.

V

PARACAS

HIGH in the Andes Cuzco waited, a brooding presence always in my mind. But Mummy Number 94 was insistent that I should make a pilgrimage to Paracas, to those dunes beside the sea where for two thousand years he had slept beneath the sands.

I discussed the idea with Doctor Tello. Could he direct me to the exact spot from which he had taken the mummy? And Doctor Tello was enthusiastic. I must go first to Pisco, then from Pisco fifteen miles across the desert to the Peninsula of Paracas, and there, beyond the blue bay, I would come to the great dunes.

And while we talked he rapidly sketched a map of the locality:

"There is Pisco. There the beach, and a hotel on the beach. You will go at once to the hotel, leave your bags, and hire a car to take you to the dunes—to the great dune of Cerro Colorado where the mummy came from. On the way you will pass by the village of San Andrés. There is a man in the village who knows where I took the mummy. If you tell him that you want to see where Doctor Tello took the four hundred mummies, he will know. I will give you a letter to him and he will go with you himself, or send his boy. They both know the place. And you must have a letter, too, to the watchman at La Puntilla who is there to prevent the cemeteries being robbed by treasure-hunters. With the watchman and the man, Garcia, from San Andrés, you won't have trouble finding the spot."

Also it had been clearly indicated on the penciled map.

And on the following day I flew, by local Panagra plane, to Pisco.

We left Lima in the very early morning, and reached Pisco in three hours. The flight along a coast of desert and rocky cliff and occasional fertile valley was much like the flight from

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Trujillo to Lima, a landscape to me always strangely lovely.

The airport at Pisco is just a little adobe box set down upon desert sands, and from the port a few minutes by car brings you to the hotel which stands at the very brink of the sea, with on its right a few little wooden houses sprinkled along the shore, and on its left a steel pier jutting far out beyond shallow water to a depth where ships may anchor.

The hotel is a dilapidated building which seems at any moment about to tumble into ruin. The proprietor, a barrel to which had been added arms and legs and a head, appeared astonished to see me, and it took an interminable time to prepare a room. Meanwhile the proprietor would see about a car to take me to Paracas.

I was impatient because Doctor Tello had advised visiting the dunes in the morning, since in the afternoons a high wind—a Paracas, to use the native name—springs up and blows the sand into blinding stinging clouds.

So I did not wait to inspect my room, but as soon as a bargain was made with a quite delightful cholo chauffeur, I was off, delaying only to buy some bananas and oranges for refreshment by the way.

In San Andrés—a very fishy village—we found the man Garcia, and presented Doctor Tello's letter. Garcia produced his "boy" to guide us. The "boy" turned out to be a mustachioed man of serious mien. And to the son, Garcia added a daughter, a Señorita in a worn, faded cotton dress and a huge straw sombrero. The Señorita, too, would accompany me, Garcia said.

That made four in the little car, and we had still to pick up the watchman at La Puntilla. But as the Señorita treated me so caressingly in a best-girl-friend manner I hadn't the heart to suggest that she might be left behind.

Then, all in the gayest mood, we bumped over the sands, the chauffeur pointing out the sights:

There was a palmy little oasis from which Pisco's supply of fresh water was brought in each day by carts. There by the edge of the sea, was a small monument, marking the place where San Martín had landed a hundred years ago when he came with the Chilean

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expedition to help Peru win independence from Spain. There were the guano islands, and there was La Puntilla, the little dock where sail-boats landed the guano.

At La Puntilla we set up a shout for the watchman, and taking him aboard we went on across the roadless sands until the car came to a stop at the foot of a lofty peaked dune powdered with fine red porphyry.

"This," my escort said in chorus, "this is Cerro Colorado."

Together, under a dazzling sun, we climbed the great dune, and at the summit I got out Doctor Tello's little map.

It was on the northern slope that I would find the site of that cemetery of the four hundred mummies which Doctor Tello speaks of always as "The Great Necropolis."

We followed down this north slope until we came to a depression not yet entirely obliterated by the drifting sands. Human bones were scattered about the spot, and, to mark the excavation, there had been left a small heap of little stones and a low wooden cross which tallied with the locality indicated on my map as the Great Necropolis.

"There," Garcia's son exclaimed: "there, that's where Doctor Tello found the four hundred mummies."

With the map in my hands, my new friends and I then walked over the dunes, identifying various sites: the spot where Doctor Tello had found the cemetery of the bone-diseases, and on the opposite slope of the dune, the location of the deep burial caverns which he had found cut into subterranean rock. And near by was the Cabeza Larga excavation where the skulls of all the mummies were found to have been artificially elongated. It was at Cabeza Larga that the most elaborate and lovely of Peruvian fabrics—the famous Paracas textile—was discovered. It had swathed the body of an old man, with whom five children (three of them babies) had been buried, sacrificed evidently in honor of the exalted rank of the dead man.

We scrambled over the dunes until each excavation had been identified, and then, sitting on the summit of Cerro Colorado, I looked out over the surrounding scene.

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Back over the way we had come the wheels of our car had left parallel lines of bright yellow where the sand showed through the red layer of porphyry, until, in the distance, the powdered porphyry came to an end, and beyond the sand was lemon yellow, down to the margin of the sea. Not far from the great dune, a bay narrowly rimmed at one end with green, jutted into the sand, and the bay was full of rosy flamingoes. Away to the right, dunes rolled into the distance, and color shimmered over their sands, with deep purple cloud-shadows lying in the hollows, the clouds themselves a pale, blue-white. And the dune on whose crest we sat, and the sand at its foot, glowed red in the sun. From the height of the dune our waiting car looked small and out of character in the lonely setting.

I took out once more Doctor Tello's little map, but already the afternoon Paracas had risen, whipping the map in a stiff breeze. The Señorita knelt beside me and together we held the map so that it might not fly away. Thus, I relocated each site, that the picture which I was to carry away in my mind might be accurate. And, noting the line which Doctor Tello had drawn to represent how very little had been explored, and how much remained unknown, I realized the extent of that mystery beneath the surface, the riddle of vanished civilizations waiting to be solved.

A people of great antiquity had dug the circular chambers into which they had lowered the mummy-bundles of their departed. And below the sands are remains of little villages which appear to have been inhabited at that time, and then for some reason forsaken.

There are in addition the cemeteries, also subterranean, of a people which immediately followed those of the funeral caverns. And to these belonged Mummy Number 94. They have left more traces of their culture than have the people of the cavern tombs. Twenty or thirty feet below the surface, clay walls of buildings with vestibules which lead by little stairways down to other rooms, to kitchens with ovens and the ashes of dead fires, to patios which in turn proceed down to chambers where mummy-bundles heaped one upon another suggest that the rooms were

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used for funereal purposes, where bodies were prepared for interment, undertaking establishments which probably served the people of the fertile irrigated valleys of near-by Ica and Nazca.

Beneath the rosy surface of the dunes there are still no one knows how many mummies huddled in their bundles like the unborn in the womb; mummies of rich and poor, old and young, priests, and surgeons with the skill to operate on human skulls, removing injured or diseased parts and substituting for them precisely fitted plates of metal. The surgeons' instruments have been found, and cotton pads used to dress the wounds, and rolls of gauze for bandages. And in the mummy-bundles is hidden an art of weaving and embroidery, of color and pattern unexcelled ever in the world.

In pottery there is nothing at Paracas to compare with the sculptured vases of the ruins about Trujillo, nor anything to equal the elaborate art of Nazca and of Ica, but for the rare beauty of their textiles the mummies of Paracas are unrivaled.

The wind was rising to a gale, molding the sands into a new design of arabesques, before we took refuge in the car, refreshed ourselves with fruit, and drove back over the sands to the Grand Hotel de Pisco beside a sea which stretched away over the world's edge to China.

I was never more completely alone than in that hotel, and yet I never felt less lonely.

I had a little table brought out to the veranda overlooking the ocean, and there I ate a very postponed lunch.

Five long lines of rollers came in and broke in ceaseless repetition at my feet, ever nearer for the tide was rising.

Off the end of the long wharf, in calm water beyond the rollers, there were anchored three ships surrounded by a flock of flat-bottomed lighters. And the sun glittered on the water and on the guano islands off the shore. The crests of the rollers caught the sun, flashing like lines of lightning.

Just inside the door was a monkey chained to the back of a chair, and there were half a dozen cages of birds, in one of them



In the Sierra

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a troupial whose clear treble song ran gaily up and down the scale.

In so tranquil a place had the plane left me when in the morning it had picked up its tail and flown away from Pisco.

A waiter came and took away my lunch table and I was left alone on the veranda. Beyond the hotel, on an adjoining veranda sat two ragged men, and farther away on still another a black-haired woman in a faded orange frock sat, with her arms crossed on the railing, gazing out to sea. The hours passed and we all just sat, as if action were the least important thing in the world, and what truly mattered was the capacity to sit and dream.

And while we sat, the tide had risen until the waves beat heavily against the wooden posts on which the veranda stood, and the sun had dropped until it now flooded us with a warm light which was not too hot because of the little breeze which had sprung up fresh and salt from the ocean. And by the time the sun had tumbled, round and red, over the rim of the Pacific the wind had become a Paracas which blew us all indoors.

At night in my little room facing the ocean I felt myself aboard ship upon a stormy, wind-tossed sea. The timbers of the old house creaked and rattled and groaned, as a ship in a gale. And outside the moon shone strangely bright on the troubled waters.

And I lay down to sleep with in my ears the dear familiar sound of wind and rushing restless waves.

But I did not forget the dunes, nor the fact that it was a mummy that had sent me to Pisco, the mummy of an old man, in the crouching posture of an embryo, a shriveled mummy, with a little fan of yellow feathers tucked under one arm.

VI

CONQUEST

WHEN the Spanish Conquerors came to Peru they heard stories of that Inca who had come down from Cuzco and conquered the coast. People said that "everywhere he had showed clemency after submission, and had not deprived the people of their liberties nor prohibited their ancient customs," and that in their charming valleys he had "rested, drinking and enjoying his pleasures."

But all this, of course, was long after the mummy with the fan of yellow feathers had been put away in the Great Necropolis at Paracas, the very existence of that civilization to which he had belonged having been forgotten. And even the Inca conquest of the coast had slipped into the past, for the victorious Inca had been grandfather to the sovereign, Atahualpa, whom Pizarro had found wearing the royal fringe.

And when I made ready to go to Cajamarca that I might visit the scene of Pizarro's triumph and Atahualpa's tragedy, I had moved forward in time from the mummy of Paracas at least sixteen centuries.

But even today there is no direct means of transportation to Cajamarca. You may go from Lima by sea or air to Pacasmayo, where once a week there is a train which will take you in six hours to Chilote, whence in another six hours a motor bus will convey you to Cajamarca, though in the rainy season there is some degree of uncertainty about the bus.

Of course I was determined to go to Cajamarca. It was one of the things I had come to Peru to do. But I was grateful that the interest of Ambassador Dearing and a kind genii, known as "Slim" Faucett, arranged for me to go by air. The cards in Peru fell my way.

I was to take the regular Faucett service north as far as Trujillo,

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and from there, over the mountains to Cajamarca, a special plane was to drop me down into the historic valley.

After a hurried lunch in the airport at Trujillo we flew away in a wasp-colored plane to Cajamarca, leaving the sea behind and turning inland, heading straight for a range of orange hills, the sugar plantations of Cartavio and Casa Grande dropping quickly away below us, for we were rapidly gaining altitude. We must fly high to surmount the Andean wall.

I sat in front with the pilot, Irving Haynes, who had been pilot for the Shippee-Johnson expedition which some years ago had mapped certain portions of Peru from the air, and Haynes had the heart of an explorer.

At Trujillo, an affable representative of the Faucett Company had added himself to our party, and there was a fourth passenger whose name has slipped from me.

There was something about that flight to Cajamarca which will always be a bond between the affable representative, the fourth passenger, the pilot Haynes, and myself. Weeks later we were to meet by chance, and with a sense of having shared a precious experience. As for me, I had of course been eager in the realization of a dream, almost despaired of. I was going to Cajamarca . . . flying through a blue, bright day.

At nine thousand feet we were passing above a little high village. At ten thousand, men were threshing grain on top of a mountain. Our altimeter climbed to eleven thousand: now the trees in a valley below had shrunk to bushes. At eleven thousand seven hundred, a world of stark forbidding mountains tumbled around us. It was at about this altitude that a condor soared in a nonchalant ease. Planes, Pilot Haynes told me, must always yield place to a condor, for a condor, never having swerved out of the way of anything on wings, has no idea of giving place by so much as an inch. And any plane that collides with a condor will be sorry. At eleven thousand nine hundred feet, patchwork fields whose slopes are cultivated, appeared to us like little plots in a garden. And at fourteen thousand feet, there

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in the distance far below lay the oval green valley of Cajamarca.

These were the mountains over which Pizarro's army had toiled in its march up from the sea. There, climbing and dipping among the mountains, was the road they must have followed. On any of the Passes it would have been a simple matter for even a fraction of the Inca's army to have fallen upon them and left no man or horse alive. As they had proceeded inland the vastness and the wealth of the Empire had increasingly impressed them, and the limitless power of its ruler.

Yet, when he could, Pizarro had not turned back. . . .

When you remember the story, with those wild mountains spread out beneath you, you forget for the moment the Spanish Conquerors' cruelty and avarice, in the presence of their daring. You see the valley as they saw it on that November afternoon in 1532, when reaching the crest of the range they had looked down upon the tents of Atahualpa's hosts, white on the slopes of those mountains which shut in the valley on the east, the tents of an army of forty thousand.

And the Spaniards, with but ninety horses and not quite two hundred men!

Our plane dropped down into the valley, green with fields and trees, watered by a meandering river.

A battered Ford had come out to meet us and we drove along a tree-bordered road into the town, some distance away.

When I had feared that it might never be possible for me to see Cajamarca I had sought to construct it in my mind. I had assembled every scrap of geographic information, every stray word of description, especially every word recorded by the chroniclers of the sixteenth century. And out of this I had constructed the place as it was four hundred years ago. I had set the town in the valley and surrounded the valley with mountains.

I had then marched Pizarro's men up to the summit and been present with them when they had first seen the alarming array of Atahualpa's tents.

At the same time Tito, the Indian shepherd of my creation, had

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been on his way from Cuzco to Cajamarca, sent with his old uncle to gather news of the bearded strangers for the Temple of the Sun. As shepherds of a caravan of llamas the Temple had thought they could travel unnoticed and thus bring back information. The Temple would know the numbers of the strangers and whether it was true that they rode upon fabulous beasts and made war with weapons of thunder.

So Tito and his uncle, Hanco, had reached the crest of an opposite range and they, too, had looked down upon Atahualpa's encampment.

Thus, as we drove into Cajamarca I was returning to a place where four hundred years ago I had lived for nine months in the Spanish barracks. And that familiar past was now intensified in the presence of the actual scene.

The automobile deposited us at the door of the Hotel Los Andes. The hotel occupied the second floor of a small two-story building: it consisted of a kitchen, a dining room, two bedrooms, a small sitting-room, and a toilet in the hall. It seemed a hotel existing without customers, for the whole place was at our disposal.

A ragged barefoot urchin, who appeared to be part of the establishment, at once took me under his patronage. To my mind, there are no children in the world so enchanting as the small cholo boys of Spanish-America. In their little persons they combine the gravity and the mysticism of the Indian with the courtly courtesy of the Spanish cavalier.

This particular cholo child, who was called Fernandez, I felt immediately to be an incarnation of the shepherd, Tito, hero of the sixteenth-century novel which had brought me to Peru.

Fernandez appeared to be about nine years old, though he assured me that he was twelve. He had the same air of a wisdom beyond his little span which I had imagined in Tito: the proud responsibility which Tito had felt for the llamas in his caravan, Fernandez felt for guests putting up at the Hotel Los Andes. And I, happening to be at the moment its guest, became automatically Fernandez' responsibility. It was his care to see that my bag was put into my room, that the room door was locked with a great

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key which he took under his personal charge. It was Fernandez, too, who later guided me through the churches of Cajamarca, and Fernandez whom I entrusted with delivering a note of introduction to the principal of the *Colegio* of Cajamarca, given me in Lima by Cajamarca's authoress, Amalia Puga.

This arranged, I went out to find the room which Atahualpa had filled with gold in ransom for his liberty. Fernandez, after delivering the note, was to join me. It was the matter of a moment only, for Cajamarca is a place of little distances, and Fernandez reappeared by my side almost at once.

Yes, he was really Tito, I thought. He had Tito's subdued eagerness and Tito's quick response to everything about him.

As we walked in crisp clear Sierra air, between brightly colored houses, through narrow cobbled streets, each with an open sewer flowing cheerfully down its center, Fernandez and I conversed.

"Fernandez," I asked, "do you know about Atahualpa?"

"No, Señorita."

"Did you ever hear of Pizarro—Francisco Pizarro?"

"Not Pizarro, either, Señorita."

"The Inca," I put my question about Atahualpa in another form, "did you ever hear of the Inca?"

"Of the baths of the Inca, I have heard, Señorita. They are near to Cajamarca."

The conversation was interrupted by our having suddenly to flatten ourselves against a wall, to make way for a herd of cows. And then we were joined by the affable representative of the Faucett Company who had flown over with us from Trujillo, an ingratiating person who now explained that he had come with us because certain of his ancestors had been born in Cajamarca, and he had never seen the place. Therefore this Señor, by name Del Campo, would also visit the sights.

We had been told that to see Atahualpa's ransom chamber we must apply to the Mother Superior in charge of the hospital and orphanage conducted by nuns of the Order of Sts. Vincent and Paul.

The Mother Superior herself took us about, hugely proud of

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her establishment. I must see everything. There was the church, the ancient church of Belén where nuns and patients worshiped, entering by a side door from the hospital. Especially I must see the old confessional, beautifully carved with a hood in the form of a great carved shell. And of course I must already have admired the elaborate façade and noticed the bells in the tower, how old they were, cracked and broken in the years. And naturally I must visit each of the hospital wards, the maternity ward, the consumptive wards, and the pharmacy where medicines were prepared.

I duly and sincerely admired the good work the nuns were doing, but I had come to see the room which Atahualpa had filled with gold. . . .

Yes, yes, of course. But here were the kitchens. The nuns would have me see the kitchens. And here was the patio where at a great central fountain the laundry work was done.

But . . . the ransom chamber. . . .

Privately I was beginning to be uneasy about the authenticity of the ransom chamber, for the hospital was so obviously a Spanish-Colonial building. I reassured myself, however, by recalling that reputable historians and archaeologists had visited and described the room. It must, therefore, I reasoned, exist.

Now the orphans—surely I would be interested to see the orphans. Here was a room full of girls being taught to sew. I must examine their work.

Yes, the work was neatly done, admirable. But Atahualpa's ransom—

These, the nun continued, were the older girls. Now I must see the little orphans. . . .

The flapping white head-gear, perched like a captive kite upon the nun's head, led the way.

Some of the little orphans were babes in cribs. Each must be admired.

Meanwhile a group of the older children would gather violets and roses for me in one of the patios.

Then at last I was permitted to see the ransom chamber, used

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now as a place of storage for wheat which lay heaped in a corner upon the floor.

As soon as I had passed inside, through a door cut into walls a yard thick, I knew this to be beyond doubt an Inca room, long familiar to me in description, in drawings and photographs; all as Squier and the rest had portrayed it.

The room was built of finely fitted stones of varying sizes, and set into the walls was a series of small idol-niches, their sides sloping inward toward the top in characteristic Incaic fashion. It was Inca, and nothing else in the world; massive, austere, simple, depending for beauty upon workmanship and line, scorning decoration.

“The room measured some twenty by thirty feet. Del Campo stepped it off, counting aloud, the walls giving back an echo of his Spanish count, walls dating to the time of Inca supremacy before Spaniards or Children of the Sun knew of each other’s existence.

Twenty by thirty feet, to a height as high as Atahualpa could reach, stretching up his arms, that was to be the amount of gold which he offered in return for his freedom. He, the Inca, would buy his liberty from the Spaniards who held him prisoner. It had not taken long for Atahualpa to discover the Spaniards’ passion for gold; a strange passion, for in the Inca Empire gold was without purchasing power; valued merely as the most beautiful of the metals, and accordingly its use sacred to the Temple, to the Inca, and to those of royal blood. To the Spaniard, however, the Inca saw that gold was beyond all things desirable, and thus he had hit upon the plan of ransoming himself with gold. He had sent for Pizarro, and through one of the two Indian interpreters, he had explained his scheme:

If his life was spared and he was set free, Atahualpa promised that he would in return give much gold.

“How much?” Pizarro had asked.

It was then that Atahualpa, raising his arms, had said that he would fill the room with gold, as high as his arms could reach. And another room, twice its size, he would fill with silver.

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And Pizarro had summoned a scribe to set down the contract in writing.

On this expedition to conquer Peru Pizarro had brought with him from Toledo his young cousin, Pedro, at the time of the ransom a youth of seventeen or eighteen. Pizarro, who could not himself read and write, had his official secretaries who kept record of all that took place.

But in recalling the story, I prefer the impressions which young Pedro received. The secretaries have never been more to me than names, men whose chronicles are invaluable, but who do not emerge as persons, while the boy, Pedro, from the grim old town of Toledo, with the waters of the Tagus swirling about its walls and its dungeons,—this cousin, Pedro, was always a definite personality, as real to me as the young Lorenzo Sanchez de Montalvo who had been created out of my imagination to be the friend of Tito. So it is to Pedro's account (as Philip Means has translated it from one of the only two existing copies) that I turn for an eyewitness story of the ransom.

"When the scrivener was ready to write," Pedro says, "Pizarro inquired on whose behalf Atahualpa, the Inca, ordered this thing. And Atahualpa had replied that it was commanded on behalf of all Spaniards then present in Cajamarca holding guard over him, and to those who had routed his forces.

"This was the act and declaration made before the scrivener.

"And when the act was drawn Atahualpa had dispatched his captains to cause a great treasure to be gathered together and sent in to him.

"And Pizarro kept the Inca prisoner awaiting the time when the treasure should be assembled.

"This Atahualpa," Pedro explains, "was a well disposed Indian of fine person, of moderate size, not too fat, beautiful of face and grave, a man much feared by his people. He wore on his head a thick colored wool, in the manner of a crown, the fringe falling to just above the eyebrows."

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And it was thus, as Pedro described him, that I saw Atahualpa in the ransom chamber of Cajamarca.

A nun then appeared, blocking the doorway with her full indigo skirts and her white head-dress. There was a *señor*, she said, asking for me. And so I left the room where Atahualpa stood with upstretched arms promising gold in exchange for liberty, while Francisco Pizarro, his fierce black eyes lit with greed, commanded the scrivener to write down the terms.

The *señor* inquiring for me turned out to be Señor Vivas Serra, head of the *Colegio* to whom Fernandez had delivered my letter from Amalia Puga.

Señor Vivas Serra had learned at the hotel that I was gone to visit the ransom chamber and had followed to ask if he and his wife might not drive me out to the Inca's baths.

In that November of 1532, when the Spaniards, looking down from the crest of the range, had seen the tents of Atahualpa's army, there had been no turning back. All way of escape had closed behind them; the peril of retreat was as great as the peril that lay ahead.

And when they descended into the town their anxiety had been increased at finding it deserted: the general population had vanished, and they had been received by soldiers who escorted them to the buildings about the central square. Here, the soldiers said, Atahualpa had commanded them to be quartered.

Pizarro, putting a bold front upon his dismay, had at once, though it was the hour of vespers and night imminent, sent a deputation of cavalry to wait upon the Inca with an invitation to visit him on the following day.

Pizarro's brother, Hernando, and Captain De Soto had headed the delegation.

Everywhere the Spaniards had relied upon fear of their horses, strange beasts which had filled the natives with a terror that was superstitious as well as physical.

Now on the return of the deputation Pizarro would know the effect of the cavalry at Atahualpa's camp. But Atahualpa had

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not shown even a flicker of fear, though De Soto had put his horse through all its paces, prancing so near the Inca that foam from the animal's mouth had sprayed his garments.

And the delegation had had much to say of the splendor and state of this Lord Atahualpa.

Hearing all this, and seeing the tents which covered the mountain slopes, it began to appear to the Spaniards that they were trapped beyond hope. They had looked then to Pizarro for courage. And the courage he gave them was of the stern stuff of desperation:

“Now that there is no other you must trust in God as your fortress. . . . Remembering that God ever fights for His Own.”

Throughout the whole of the next day the Spaniards had waited in suspense for the promised visit of the Inca. He had agreed that he would come unarmed, as a friend. But that the Spaniards could not believe, and Pizarro had made all preparations for attack. At the signal “Santiago!” his men were to fall with all their might upon the enemy. The horses had been decked with bells in the hope that, as they charged, the ringing of the bells might increase the Indians' fright. And at the same time there would be let loose the thunder of the guns.

Still, who could forget the numbers of the Indians, with the Spaniards less than two hundred!

So they had waited in terror for the coming of the Inca. . . .

And then, at last, toward the end of the day he had been seen proceeding in pomp across the valley, heralds going ahead sweeping the road over which he was to pass. Musicians had followed, playing upon drums and trumpets and flutes, and there were also men singing. After them had come soldiers arranged in companies, each with its own uniform and banner. And finally the Inca himself, borne on a magnificent litter on the shoulders of his nobles, with over his head a canopy gorgeous with feathers of tropical birds, and with glittering plates of gold and silver.

Thus had Atahualpa arrived, his retinue crowding the great square.

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And now, four hundred years later, at approximately the same hour and the same time of year, Señor Vivas Serra was driving me in an automobile across that valley to the Inca's baths.

We passed Indians along the way, patient and silent, returning to their homes in the valley or on the mountain slopes. They were unkempt and ragged, as though their race had not yet recovered from the calamity of the Conquest.

The hot springs of the baths still gush from the earth, a sulphurous steam lies low over the ground, and there, fed by pipes of hot and cold water, is the pool where the Inca bathed: anyone else presuming to use it was punished with death.

We lingered, reluctant to leave the scene, I reminiscent, Del Campo as always ebullient, talking much of the fortune that might be made in a commercial exploitation of the baths. And while we tarried, the sun went down, and all at once the air was frigid.

The drive back to Cajamarca was bitterly cold, and Señor Serra invited us to come in for a drink. A drink of "Johnny Walker," he said, would do us good. And while we drank, for our entertainment he turned on a radio.

To my amazement the first words that came over the air were the words of a Spanish proverb which I had imagined as repeating themselves in the mind of one of my soldiers as he had stood in the square so long ago, awaiting the arrival of Atahualpa. The beat of the Inca's drums, the wail of the Inca's flutes, the voices of the Inca's singers, had sounded each moment nearer. And my soldier had thought: what could be the Spaniards' hope, outnumbered as they were? It was then that there had come into his mind the proverb. Back in Spain, in the province of Extremadura, famous for its swine as well as for being the birthplace of so many of the *Conquistadores*, it had, for as long as people could remember, been customary to slaughter the hogs early in November, on St. Martin's Day. Out of that custom had arisen the proverb, that to every hog there comes his St. Martin.

This saying had pulsed in the brain of my soldier, as he had waited in fear for Atahualpa to arrive in the square of Cajamarca.

Now, by an extraordinary coincidence, on my first night in

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Cajamarca, drinking "Johnny Walker" only a few hundred yards from where my trembling soldier had waited, the proverb had come to me over the radio:

"Cada puerco a su San Martín."

Señor Serra was turning the dial, and the station broadcasting the proverb was gone.

"But that's my proverb!" I exclaimed. "Where did it come from?"

It is one of my favorite fantasies to imagine that one day, through some miraculous invention, it may be possible to reach back and capture the waves of long-ago sound: to hear, for example, Pizarro's speech on the Island of Gallo: "*Let each man choose as becomes a good Castilian. For my part I go to Peru.*" Or to hear the voice of Columbus when he first sighted land.

And now, here was my proverb, come to me as out of the past! What station had broadcast it?

But Señor Serra was unable to locate the station. In the attempt, within fifteen minutes, we had tuned in on a broadcast from Philadelphia of a football game, music from Schenectady, a Cockney monologue from London, an orchestra from Germany, a song from Madrid, a comedienne from Paris, a brass band from Panama, songs from Bogotá, Medellín and Lima.

Señor Serra's radio, which brought the world to the faraway Andean town of Cajamarca, was marked with the familiar trade name, Philco. That achievement of linking the world to Cajamarca was a miracle, but the wonder that went with me, back through the night to my bleak little room in the Hotel Los Andes, was the coincidence which had brought to me words that I had imagined in the mind of a soldier of four hundred years ago.

After dinner, while I made ready for my arctic bed, I heard a voice softly singing, and looking down into the street I saw that it was a woman, swathed from head to foot in black, walking close to the wall, and singing softly to herself in the darkness.

Was her song, like the proverb, also out of the sixteenth century? I wondered.

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And in the morning I was wakened by the sound of a drum and a trumpet under my window. Throwing open the doors on the little balcony I saw a procession of Indians, led by a drummer and by men with wooden trumpets twelve feet long. Following, high on a platform was a blue and tinsel Virgin, swaying uncertainly on the shoulders of her bearers.

The procession passed and I went out into the plaza. The cold of night was forgotten in the tender warmth of the sun. By day it is impossible to believe in the Andean night, just as in the sunlight I found it hard to believe in the rains. Surely the plaza was always sunny, with Indians softly coming and going, their voices soft like their footfalls.

When I remember Cajamarca I feel as though a mantle of stillness had descended upon me. My voice shifts to the low key of the Indian and my spirit is quiet.

It was on a Sunday that I sat in the plaza of Cajamarca. It was also a fiesta of some sort. That I knew from the promenade of the Virgin, and from the fact that in various parts of the town a rocket would suddenly go up, bursting into a shower of sparks whose brilliance could not compete with the shining day. The rocket would die away, and after an interval, another would cut its swath in the air, and then perish like those which had preceded it.

In the plaza itself only memory is left of the fateful months when the Incaic buildings which once surrounded it were used as barracks for Pizarro's soldiers, and certain rooms as the place of Atahualpa's captivity.

The houses which now stand about the square are of the Spanish-Colonial type, two-story houses painted rose and green and white, with balconies overlooking the plaza. The Cathedral fronting on the square and the fountain gently trickling in the center, they, too, are Spanish. But the hills which circle the valley, the hills are eloquent of the Empire of the Children of the Sun. The hills had beheld Atahualpa borne on the royal litter into the square. They had seen Valverde, the priest in the

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black and white of the Dominican Order, advance toward the Inca, a book in his hand.

And from my friend, young Pedro Pizarro, I knew what had then happened. In Pedro's long, stirring life nothing ever equaled the extraordinary events of Cajamarca. And he thus relates what, with his own eyes, he saw.

"Valverde carried in his hand a breviary, from which (the Indian boy Felipillo, interpreting) he read the matters which he preached. Atahualpa would examine the book, but not knowing how to open it, it fell to the ground. And upon that Valverde ordered one of the soldiers, a certain Aldana, to attack Atahualpa. And Aldana drew the sword and brandished it, but he did not want to plunge it into the Inca.

"Then Atahualpa told the Spaniards to get hence, as they were no more than scurvy rogues, whom he was going to have put to death.

"And Pizarro ordered the troops to sound the guns, and fire, and the cavalry to come out.

"Then in confusion the Indians were cut to pieces, and the cavalry pursued them as far as the baths, working great havoc among them.

"Meanwhile the litter of Atahualpa had been attacked. But they were unable to pull him out of the litter. Though they slew the Indians who bore it, others at once took their places and held it aloft. In this manner the soldiers spent much time attacking and killing the Indians. And out of weariness a Spaniard made as if to give Atahualpa a blow with his knife to kill him. But Don Francisco Pizarro prevented it, and himself received a wound in his hand from the Spaniard. But he cried out, 'Let no one wound the Indian on pain of death!'

"Then eight Spaniards rushed upon the litter and with great effort turned it on its side.

"And so was the Inca, Atahualpa, made prisoner, and then taken to a room and a guard set to watch him day and night.

"Then darkness having fallen, all the Spaniards gathered to give thanks to our Lord for the mercies he had vouchsafed."

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Looking back across the centuries you may see how Fate had moved steadily toward that hour.

You see a boy herding swine in the oak forests of Estremadura. He had plenty of time to think while the hogs industriously fattened themselves on the sweet acorns, wasting no time, as though they understood that they must be ready against the butchery of St. Martin's Day.

Every youth of the Spain of that century had his head full of fabulous tales of the New World. Especially this young swine-herd, who was Francisco Pizarro, would have been attracted by adventure and conquest, for that way lay his only chance. In Estremadura there was nothing for the neglected bastard, son of a fine gentleman by a peasant woman. Francisco knew that he must get away. There were his brothers, Gonzalo and Juan, also penniless illegitimates, and his half-brother Martín, his mother's son by the man, Alcántara. And no future for any of them in Estremadura. And if Francisco's ambition needed prodding, there was the older brother, Hernando, legitimate and the son of a great lady. He would be made a gentleman like their father.

These were the things which the boy, Francisco, had to think of among his swine, in the quiet of the oak forests.

The result of thinking enlisted him as a soldier. That at least took him away from the swine.

And then, at last, somehow, Pizarro got to Santo Domingo.

Now it remained only to rise to the heights that every man dreamed would be his provided he could reach the New World. But for long Pizarro found little reward, beyond the accustoming of his body to hardship and his spirit to peril.

In Santo Domingo he had seen something of a cousin, on the Pizarro side, a certain Hernando Cortez. This cousin had everything that Pizarro had not, legitimacy, noble birth, worldly position, education. He could even converse in Latin with the priests and the learned doctors. He was a ladies' man, too, with many amorous adventures to his credit. Altogether this cousin was an elegant personage, and with a rich taste in dress. Pizarro was a crude fellow in comparison.

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In Santo Domingo, the two had parted, Cortez to go eventually to Mexico, Pizarro to Panama.

For Pizarro, encounters with hostile Indians were to continue, slaughter on both sides; he was to face disease and famine, and at last to have nothing to show for it but an unhealthy plantation on the Isthmus, with some Indians to cultivate it. He was then past fifty, and only this had come of his grandiose ambitions, while his cousin, Cortez, had become conqueror of Mexico. Cortez had won gold and glory. And there was Pedro de Alvarado, also from Estremadura. Alvarado had become famous as conqueror of Guatemala.

And since the failures in life feel more bitterly the success of those close to them than that of strangers, Pizarro's envy would have focused upon the exploits of the men of his own province, and especially upon those of his cousin Cortez. For it is natural to lament that if *Tal y Fulano*, born like yourself in such and such a locality, perhaps even related to you by blood, has grasped the glittering bauble of success, why not you likewise? And if in addition there has been similar opportunity, then there is rancor in your disappointment. And Pizarro had had his chance in the New World. Why had he not, like Cortez and Alvarado,—men, be it remembered, of his own Estremadura,—why had he, too, not won the prize of power and riches? Had he not fought with equal bravery? Had he not suffered equal hardship? Had he ever hesitated to risk his life? Yet they had won, and to him there had fallen only that fever-ridden plantation in Panama.

There, in partnership with Diego de Almagro, another disappointed adventurer, also like himself, uneducated and illegitimate, Pizarro had set about the raising of cattle for a livelihood, when the news of his cousin's conquest of Mexico had set his ambition once more afame. The will to conquer had blazed in him again, more compelling even than in the dreaming days of youth when he had herded swine in the oak forests, because there was now added knowledge that the time was short. If he was to triumph it must be at once, or never.

His mind had begun then to play about those rumors of a vast

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golden empire to the south, which poor Balboa had dreamed of conquering, before his jealous old father-in-law had had him beheaded.

Pizarro recalled that the rumors had had their source in an Indian chief who one day, watching Balboa weighing gold, had said that to the south, on the shores of the Pacific, there was a land where gold was so common that people ate and drank out of golden vessels.

Why should not he, Pizarro, conquer this rich empire as Cortez had conquered Mexico?

So it had come about that Pizarro and his friend, Almagro, had entered into a new partnership. Both past fifty, both without wealth, or influence, both looked upon as definitely losers in the great game of conquest, they now determined to sell out the cattle business and to stake all on one last desperate venture. They would conquer this Peru of golden rumor. And fantastically improbable as their plan had seemed, they had succeeded in winning the support of the priest, Luque, who was able to finance for them the outfitting of two small ships.

Their first attempt had ended in failure. In a skirmish with hostile Indians, Almagro had lost an eye, and all had suffered much from disease and hunger, until it had been necessary to return to Panama. But the people they had encountered on the coast had worn gold ornaments, and they had also confirmed the reports of that rich country, ruled over by a powerful monarch, an Inca, who was the Son of the Sun.

And on the basis of these tales a second expedition had been equipped. This time they extended their exploration farther south. They had seen more gold, and more evidences of the reality of the fabulous empire. And it had been decided that Almagro should return to Panama for supplies and recruits, while Pizarro with a small force waited on the Island of Gallo.

But a discontented soldier had sent, by the hand of Almagro, a gift to the Governor's wife at Panama, a ball of wool in which he had hidden a couplet, to the effect that Pizarro retained his men by force and that all were in peril of their lives.

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So that the ship which returned to the Island of Gallo had brought, not fresh recruits, but a command from the Governor that Pizarro return immediately.

It was then that Pizarro had drawn that line in the sand, and defying the Governor's order, had made the fateful speech declaring that for his part he went south to Peru.

After that, with the sixteen men who had dared to follow him across the line, pledging themselves to the conquest, he had moved from Gallo to the Island of Gorgona, to wait there in the hope that Almagro might still come with reinforcements; while the Governor's ship took back to Panama those without the spirit or the stomach to continue.

There, on Gorgona, for months they had waited, hoping, fearing, waiting. . . .

Then at last the ship had come, come, not with the recruits, but to rescue them from their obstinate folly.

But Pizarro's determination had not faltered. He had used the vessel for futher exploration. And with every mile that they had sailed south, they had seen signs of a rich country. At Tumbez there had been an Inca noble, with the lobes of his ears so distended to receive great golden ear-plugs, that the Spaniards from that moment had given to the Inca nobility the name of *Orejones*—Great Ears. They had seen also temples decorated with plates of gold and silver, and sacred vessels of these precious metals.

With such ornaments as these, with a couple of the strange llamas which the Peruvians used as beasts of burden, with some of the native textiles, and with two Indian boys whom he planned to train as interpreters, Pizarro had returned to Panama. Surely now, he had thought, a great expedition might be organized. But still the Governor was uninterested. And Pizarro, Almagro and Luque, in conference, had decided that they must appeal to the Court of Spain. And thus it was that Pizarro, with his Indians and his llamas, his textiles and his ornaments of gold and silver, had set sail for Spain, to lay his plan before the Emperor, Charles V, then in residence at Toledo.

And upon his arrival Pizarro had gone first to pray at the shrine

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of the Virgin in the Monastery of La Rábida, at whose gates Columbus, forty years before, had knocked, begging bread and a drink of water for himself and his little son. There, Columbus had found at last belief in the dream for which he had been eighteen years seeking a patron. And it had been through the Prior of this Monastery that he had finally won the support of Isabella.

So, Pizarro had wished to pray before La Rábida's miraculous Virgin, before going on to Toledo. And at La Rábida, by an amazing coincidence, he had found his cousin, Cortez, on the way from Mexico to lay his case before the Emperor; Cortez, too, praying first to the Virgin of La Rábida.

From the Crown eventually Pizarro had received authorization for conquest in the land called Peru, and with it the rank of Governor and Captain General.

Living at the time in Toledo there had been Pizarro's cousin Pedro, eager, of course, to go himself to the New World. And Pizarro, hard and inflexible always, except toward his family, had taken Pedro to serve as his page. Pizarro's brothers also had been added to the expedition: Gonzalo and Juan Pizarro, the half-brother, Martín de Alcántara, and the gentleman-brother, Hernando Pizarro.

Then, at last, after many vicissitudes, and after quarrels with Almagro, because at the Court of Spain Pizarro had taken for himself the greatest honors and powers, finally Fate had brought Pizarro to Cajamarca, and had at the same time brought Atahualpa there to meet him; Atahualpa, Lord of the great Inca Empire, which in the four hundred years of its existence had extended its rule from Cuzco north to Quito, south to the River Maule in Chile, west to the shores of the Pacific, and in the east, had reached over the Cordillera, down into the jungle country of the Amazon.

As the Empire had grown in size and power its Inca had become increasingly an exalted personage, a monarch more absolute than any the world has ever seen, worshiped, feared, obeyed without question by all, by the highest equally with the lowest. Even

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the greatest of the nobles must enter his presence barefoot, and with a burden on his back. The Empire prostrated itself before him, crying:

“Lord, Most High Lord, Child of the Sun. Thou art the Sole and Beloved Lord. The Whole Earth Truly Obeys Thee.”

It had come to be considered that for such a monarch only his sister, equal with himself in glorious birth, was worthy to be his queen, and to bear the future Inca. As in the beginning the dynasty had been founded by the first Inca miraculously arising from the waters of Lake Titicaca with his sister wife, similarly the Incas of the latter years had married their sisters—and loved their concubines.

So much, in fact, had the great old Inca, Huayna Capac, loved the mother of his son, Atahualpa, that the boy had been dearer to him than Huascar, son by his sister, Rahua, and therefore heir to the throne. And when Huayna, at the end of a long reign, had come to die, he had willed to Atahualpa the northern kingdom of the Empire.

And again Fate was setting the scene for the conflict that was to be; for had Huayna not so greatly loved Atahualpa, he would have let the Empire descend in entirety to the legitimate prince, Huascar. And thus there would never have been that bitter War-of-the-Brothers for supremacy. Pizarro would not, therefore, have found the Empire bleeding from the devastation of civil war, and Atahualpa victorious and arrogant, resting at Cajamarca, his brother imprisoned, and the chief of his enemies executed.

Why should Atahualpa, now supreme, have feared the little band of strangers? Let them proceed to Cajamarca. Atahualpa had been naturally curious to see men so bold and so strange. At any moment, should they become troublesome, he could make an end of them.

Thus, Atahualpa, sublimely confident in the arrogance of a ruling Inca and in the strength of the hosts implicitly obedient to him, enjoyed the mineral waters of Cajamarca, while up from the coast the Spaniards recklessly marched each day farther into the Empire. Let them come. What had Atahualpa to fear?

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There will perhaps never again in the world be so dramatic a racial conflict as that clash between the aboriginal peoples of America and the Spanish *Conquistadores*. For modern communications have so shrunk the earth that it can never be possible now for civilizations to be born and to reach maturity, ignorant of the very existence of other lands.

When, in Cajamarca, Spaniard met aboriginal, two widely different civilizations were opposed. A bold individualism, dominated by two consuming passions—greed for gold, and pious devotion to the Catholic Faith—met in conflict an established system, a paternal despotism, in which the individual was merged in the whole, all power proceeding from the inviolate person of the ruler; a rigorous, oppressive system meticulously organized, in which the highest virtues were industry, thrift, honesty, and blind obedience to authority.

The people of the Inca might not raise their station. The most minute details of life were controlled. Even the highest noble might not choose where he would live, nor whom he would marry. A man's diversions and his occupation were commanded. His dress, the cut of his hair, the size of his ear-plugs, all were determined for him by the system. The population was divided into units of ten households, each unit under the direction of a captain, and these captains in turn were responsible to the rulers over fifty households, and so up to the lords of the four provinces into which the Empire was divided. And at the top, was the Inca, sole and final authority.

If ~~the~~ Inca wished to pick up an entire ~~village~~ and move it to some other part of the Empire, he did so. Perhaps his reason was that it seemed advisable to transplant to a newly conquered territory a loyal village trained in the Inca idea, and speaking the Quechua language which it had been decreed must be the official tongue. Or perhaps the Inca might have had as his motive for the transfer the fact that over-crowded sections must be relieved. But he did not have to give his reasons, for he was above reason. In the same way armies were levied when he needed them, and

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great roads were constructed connecting every part of the realm with the capital at Cuzco, while relays of post-runners conveyed quickly to Cuzco news of what was happening everywhere, even in the remotest parts of the Empire.

The ruling Incas had understood how to keep contented the peoples living under this implacable system. They had succeeded in limiting the wants of the populace to the stark necessities. And they had seen that these necessities were unfailingly provided. They had recognized man's need for amusements and for religion, and these, too, they had supplied.

In return, the lives and the labor of their subjects were completely under their control.

As Atahualpa himself was later to explain to Pizarro, the very birds in his dominion would not dare to sing against his will.

And inevitably the system carried in itself the germs of its own destruction.

Such were the people whom Pizarro had come to conquer, while his own followers recognized no limit to the glory and the power and the riches which each might win for himself; even though, like their leader, Pizarro, they might be illiterate adventurers who had begun life as swineherds. In the Spanish forces there fought side by side courtly cavaliers, unlettered peasants, jail-birds, disgruntled sycophants of the Crown, and eager youths seeking adventure. Each believed that, with a good sword in his hand, and the protection of his God, the world might be his. As for Francisco Pizarro himself, he burned with the fire of frustrated ambition, with the fierce determination of age, aroused to supreme, final effort.

Fate seemed thus through the centuries to have been preparing for what was to happen in Cajamarca.

Had she placed a bet on the outcome? And which side was she backing? The Individualist or the System?

And now that Atahualpa was Pizarro's prisoner, what next? Pizarro must have been uncertain what should be the next

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step, when Atahualpa himself had made the move. He had proposed the ransom. After that, Pizarro's policy was to wait. The Inca bargaining for life and freedom, was easily persuaded to command his people to go about the work of the Empire as though nothing had happened. And his will being paramount, no regiments came to his rescue.

The Spaniards, keeping rigorous guard over their royal captive, simply waited, while gold and silver, borne on the backs of men, flowed in from all parts of the Empire.

The Spanish soldiers found the women of Cajamarca "beautiful and very amorous." And while waiting for the ransom to be assembled these ladies delightfully passed the time. Also there was plenty of intrigue, of quarrels between Almagro's faction and the Pizarros, of gambling, of cross-questioning Indians about possible plots and uprisings, and of receiving those supporters of the defeated and imprisoned Huascar who schemed secretly against Atahualpa. Life was not dull in the Spanish barracks.

To the historic characters, as seen through the chronicles of Xerez, Estete and young Pedro Pizarro, I had added the Indian Tito, shepherd of a llama caravan, and Lorenzo Sanchez de Montalvo, a dark handsome boy, born in the town of Sevilla, and a student under the monks of La Rábida at the time when Pizarro and Cortez had come to pray before the miraculous and blessed Virgin, on their way to Toledo to kiss his Majesty's feet.

Through Lorenzo I could remember that dramatic meeting of the two great conquerors in the lonely little Monastery of La Rábida. Through Lorenzo I saw the elegant Cortez with the diamond ring upon his finger, I heard the suave words upon his tongue and was impressed with the lordly airs of this conqueror of Mexico.

And through Lorenzo also, I saw Pizarro, setting forth at the age of sixty to conquer an empire; black-haired, black-browed, black-eyed, black-bearded Pizarro, a man of few words, but capable of eloquence when there was need, a man of vast energy held in leash for the moment when it would be required, a man of great



A street in Cuzco

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dignity, though without any polish or grace, a hard, stern man.

In Lorenzo I knew, too, the youth of Spain in that far-off century, and then through his eyes, and through those of Pedro Pizarro, I saw Peru, and with them I took part in the tragedy of Cajamarca.

As for Tito, I had brought him to Cajamarca that I might see how the Spaniard impressed a simple subject of the Inca.

And because they were all young I had pictured a friendship between the actual Pedro Pizarro and the imagined Lorenzo and Tito.

And on that Sunday morning when I myself at last sat in the plaza of Cajamarca, it was today which was a mirage, and Pizarro's century which was reality.

The one-eyed Almagro had just arrived from Panama with recruits and with certain officials of the King. And when they saw the ransom gold pouring in, and learned that according to the terms of the contract it was to be divided only between those Spaniards in Cajamarca at the time the agreement had been drawn, they were indignant at having no share in it. They had forced Pizarro to declare the ransom completed and a division made among those entitled to receive it. For in any future treasure all were to have a part.

Pedro says that these King's officials and Almagro had insisted also that Atahualpa should die. . . .

"And they said to Don Francisco Pizarro that it was not fitting that he should live, for if he were released His Majesty would lose the land and all the Spaniards be slain. . . .

"While matters were thus, a demon availed himself of the interpreter, Felipillo, one of the boys who had been taken to Spain, and who was at present enamoured of a wife of Atahualpa's, and in order to win her he gave Pizarro to understand that Atahualpa was causing the assemblage of many troops in order to kill the Spaniards. . . .

"And Pizarro sent Hernando de Soto out to find if any assemblage was being made. . . .

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"Almagro and the officials, seeing the departure of Soto, hastened to Pizarro, and with the aid of the sly Felipillo, convinced him that Atahualpa should die. For Pizarro being very jealous for the service of His Majesty, they filled him with apprehension, and against his will he sentenced Atahualpa to burn at the stake. . . .

"And I saw Pizarro weep at not being able to grant the Inca his life. . . ."

And Pedro describes how when they took Atahualpa into the square to execute him, the priest Valverde exhorted him to become a Christian. Atahualpa then asked whether they would then burn him, and it was agreed that if he consented to baptism they would kill him by strangulation instead of by burning.

So Atahualpa had been baptized into the Holy Catholic Church, before his death by the garrote in the great square of Cajamarca. And it was the twenty-ninth of August, in the year 1533; the sun had set, so that he died by the light of torches.

And Pedro says that at the end, "all the natives who were in the plaza with him prostrated themselves upon the ground."

And on the next day his women sought for him everywhere, calling to him, expecting him, because he had said that if his body was not burned the Sun would restore him to life.

So they went about, calling everywhere. . . .

A few days later Hernando de Soto returned, to find Pizarro slouching about in a great black hat by way of mourning. And De Soto was indignant, for Atahualpa had spoken the truth. There was no uprising among the Indians.

But, it was protested, there had been other charges against Atahualpa. He had been accused of having commanded the death of his brother Huascar, who had a short time before been murdered. And he had been proved guilty of idolatry, and of adultery in having many wives and concubines, and of incest in having married his sister.

Altogether it appeared to them pleasing to God that he should have died.

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At intervals my reminiscence in the plaza of Cajamarca, had been disturbed by something out of the present. A cow had gently mooed her way across the square. There had been the occasional rockets, the drumming and trumpeting for the Virgin in procession about the town. Now, arrangements were being made for an outdoor celebration of Mass. An altar was set up outside the Cathedral, and a carpet laid for the priest to stand upon. Just such a Mass, Valverde might have held for the Spanish soldiers.

Meanwhile, inquisitive about this new creature who had come to Cajamarca, there had gathered around me a pack of small cholo boys, subjecting me to curious examination, questioning my way of life, avid for all that I could tell them of travel by air. Thus young Peru, eagerly alive, came to me in the old square where long ago the great events of which I was dreaming had begun the shaping of the Peru that is to be—the Peru of these quivering young things....

VII

INTO THE HIGH ANDES

AREQUIPA is four hours by air from Lima, south along the coast. If the day is clear you will see the dazzling snows of Sarasara, Solimani, Coropuna and Ampato. At Arequipa there is fortunately at least one night's hiatus in the journey to Cuzco, for Arequipa must be part of what you will take away with you from Peru.

You will pass through a door in a long, high wall, and there you will find yourself in a garden, under whose flowering trees there are lounging chairs and swinging seats heaped with gay cushions, and set about conveniently little tables where, if you like, you may have breakfast. The drive from the airport has been dusty, and the greenness of the garden is astonishing by contrast.

A big, rambling two-story house, obviously built a section at a time to meet increasing demands upon its hospitality, has covered itself with flowers, as though it had drawn about its shoulders a great embroidered shawl, and back of the house rise the symmetric cone of El Misti and the frosted summit of Chichani. It is all as you expect to find it, if you have read Stella May's charming description in her *Men, Maidens and Mantillas*.

And when you arrive *Tia* Bates is standing at the top of the steps to welcome you. For this is the famous Quinta Bates, whose proprietress has made herself and her pension in the garden at Arequipa known and loved all over the world. "If you don't know *Tia* Bates," people say, "then you don't entirely know Peru."

Tia—for at once to everyone she enters the relationship of aunt—has lived most of her life in Peru. Through her doors have passed explorers, mining men, traveling salesmen, scientists, diplomats,

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railroad men and aviators, authors and artists and playwrights, actors and actresses, owners and managers of great haciendas. They have come from the four quarters of the earth, perhaps they spend only a night at the Quinta, but the flavor, the personality of the place is borne away with them. Scarcely a book has been written on Peru in the last quarter of a century that does not mention the Quinta, and the woman who presides over it like a medieval duchess. For *Tia* is a virile, hearty person, a duchess in the manner of pre-Victorian days, when women combined the strength of men with feminine tenderness and feminine elegance. This *Tia* of the Quinta Bates tosses off her whiskies and sodas, berates and spoils her servants, swears when occasion demands, is so generous that the paying of your bill is not made easy for you, and you wonder what keeps the Quinta out of bankruptcy. To the young and the old and the troubled she is gentle and understanding. At the same time she has a gift for shrewd appraisal of the human species. I can't imagine *Tia* reading a printed page, for in her busy life among flesh-and-blood characters there is no time. At the Quinta, people are daily coming and going, up by train from Mollendo; down from Cuzco, from Lake Titicaca and Bolivia; arriving and departing by air from the north and the south. There are train days and plane days, and days when, because of a ship having docked at Mollendo, there may be more guests than the Quinta can contain, and *Tia* then juggles things about so that she may squeeze in as many as possible.

Outside the garden wall there is Arequipa, a typical Andean town with the usual plazas, and churches in whose towers hang bells. I had an upper room at the Quinta, and from the terrace outside my door I could look out over the garden to the city. At night it was so cold that I crept thankfully under the vicuña robe which *Tia* had had spread upon my bed, and then in the morning I breakfasted on the roof among treetops to whose blossoms quantities of hummingbirds came on little whirring gauzy wings.

Arequipa stands at about the same altitude as Cajamarca, acting as a landing on the mountain stairway, where you may draw a deep breath before the steep ascent ahead of you.

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It is when you have said good-by to *Tia* and entrained for the twenty-four-hour journey into the Andes that your preparation for Cuzco actually begins.

The country immediately beyond Arequipa is as desolate as despair. Mighty boulders strew the arid landscape. The boulders are powdered thickly with dust, as though for centuries the land had been abandoned. You decide that this is the most cruel landscape that your eyes have ever rested upon. And then, suddenly, to your amazement, you know that it has become beautiful to you.

The traveler whom Peru thus captures can never reply to the question: "What is Peru like?" For it is a country so varied, so complex in its appeal, the grip that it has upon you, once it has possessed you, is so inexplicable that you grope for words.

There is, I think, but one indisputable statement that can be made about Peru: it never leaves anyone indifferent. You become attuned to its strange beauty, as the eye becomes trained to a new art.

I find my own mind returning again and again to Peru, dwelling upon its regions of desolation as well as upon its regions of conventional beauty, for there is sublime grandeur in its lonely wastes.

It is at Pampa de Arrieros that the climb which is to take you up over the Passes, and eventually to Cuzco, seriously begins. And while the train pauses there, you must walk about, looking widely over the barren Pampa to the stark mountains which encircle it, the highest of their heads snowy against the sky. And if the walls of life hem you in, you will find release as your eyes travel from an adobe corral in the foreground—with perhaps a train of llamas passing under its roofed gateway—out across the wastes to the horizon mountains. There seems infinity between you and those mountaintops, infinity and a great silence.

If you are making the trip to Cuzco entirely by day, you will spend a night at Juliaca, or you may take a "dormitory" train

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out of Arequipa, and thus make only half the journey by day. But whichever you elect, during the first twelve hours, even though you are not a mountain-sickness sufferer, you cannot fail to realize a steady increase of altitude: the chill of the high, thin air, and the travail of the engine, will make you aware of the altitude, even without any soroche to emphasize it.

"Imagination," people tell you, "has a lot to do with whether you have soroche."

I once believed that myself. I had never known mountain sickness. I had even that sense of superiority about it, so odious a trait in the never-seasick.

Then, suddenly without warning, I felt that death would be preferable to life. There is something in this soroche of the Andes that strikes down those susceptible to it. You are too wretched to bother to take aspirin, or to remember that somewhere you've heard that onions are good for it, and garlic, and wine. You are a stricken creature without resistance. You've experienced nausea before, you've had headache before, but this nausea and this headache seem unlike any other. And with your giddy faintness you feel a profound melancholy.

The reasoning part of my mind detached itself from the despair of soroche, reminding that in a few hours the average human organism adapts itself to the new altitude, and recollecting the terrible suffering of Bolívar's soldiers when soroche hit them on their famous march from Venezuela over the Andes into Colombia, and what San Martín's men endured when they crossed the Cordillera from Argentina into Chile.

But though reason may still function, soroche dominates the emotions and the physical body.

Still I had had my heart's wish, I was come up into the Sierra of Peru, and not even the fact that I must first behold it with sick eyes could spoil it for me.

At Juliaca we had dropped down to twelve thousand feet, but we had still to cross the high Pass at La Raya.

We were now crossing the rolling, uneven floor of the Puna, that lofty plain which stretches between the central and the eastern

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Cordilleras. It is a region of enormous ranches—*estancias*. Miles of fencing enclose vast tracts of land over which roam huge flocks and herds, sheep, cattle, donkeys, mules, horses, llamas and alpacas. You wonder that they find sustenance in the coarse dry ichu grass of the Puna. In the rains, people say, the Puna is green, but, as I saw it, it was parched and dusty. Only occasional mossy clumps of clareta were green. The altitude is here too great for the cultivation of maize. Even a gnarled and stunted tree is a rare event in the march of the plateau from one mountain range to another. Railroad stations are small and spaced far apart, and human habitations are few, merely clusters of two or three round huts, with walls of the stones scattered about the Puna, and roofs thickly thatched with ichu grass. But human population is incidental to the Puna whose life is the life of flocks and herds. Vicuñas come fearlessly close to the track, lovely, fawn-colored creatures, taller and more slender than deer, but with deers' eyes and the wide-awake, alert air of deer, holding their dainty heads high on long necks. There are herds of parti-colored alpacas, shaggy awkward beasts with short necks and short legs, and caravans of llamas moving in stately precision with the haughty superiority of camels, style in every move they make. You feel that they enjoy the colored fringes and bells with which their shepherds often adorn them, for they carry decoration with an air, while the alpacas have no more style than the flocks of sheep which trot over the plain, like animated sheafs of ripe grain.

The beasts of the Puna are shepherded, usually by something small with always, somewhere about it, a splash of red. And now and then, there is a galloping horseman in a flopping poncho, or a woman in a great fringed hat, spinning as she walks, her long, very full skirts giving the impression that she is being blown across the landscape, with her small bare feet no more than lightly touching its surface.

It was across this same Puna that my shepherd boy, Tito, used to travel with his caravan of llamas, and across this Puna, too, that my little heroine, Salla, traveled when she went from her father's house on the shore of Lake Titicaca, to enter the Convent of the



A Dominican monk admires the Inca stonework of the Temple of the Sun in Cuzco

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Virgins of the Sun in Cuzco. And in the four hundred years since all that happened, the Puna itself is little changed. To be sure the cattle and the horses, the donkeys and mules and sheep all came over with the Spaniards. The wire fences and the train puffing now so heavily as we approach La Raya, these are of course modern, but they seem unimportant to the spirit of the Puna which remains aloof, untamed; a wild land recognizing no restraint but that of the snow ranges which set a limit to its extent.

At the Pass of La Raya there is a little lake which serves as mirror to one of the loveliest peaks of the whole line of snows. And out of the lake flow two small streams, one running north, to reach by devious ways the Amazon, the other running south, equally fast, as if to pretend that its destination were just as important as that of the Amazon-bound streamlet. My little Virgin of the Sun had spent the night at La Raya, where in those days there was stationed one of the Inca rest-houses—a *tambo*, to give it its old name. The *tambo* looked down upon the lake, and across the Puna to snows of breath-taking beauty.

I remembered how sick for home my little Virgin had been on that night at the Pass, sick for the voice of her father, for her mother's impulsive tenderness, and for the sound of the wind in the tall rushes of the lake.

It had been at La Raya, that she had discovered the tragedy of parting, of change, of the end of the familiar; discovered this, not in words of course, for she was just a little girl, but discovered it in emotion.

And the disruption of the established which had so shaken Salla's little individual life was destined soon to happen in the larger life of that Empire which Salla had been taught was the Universe.

While the train halted at La Raya, I remembered how everlasting the Empire had seemed to its people in the days before Pizarro had first landed on the coast.

Then, when we pulled out of the station at La Raya my eyes filled with tears as I gazed out upon the passing landscape. . . .

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Salla's life, though she was only the child of my imagination, became indistinguishable from my own, and realization of the tragedy of the Conquest rushed unbearably over me. Through dim eyes I watched the Puna, again rolling away to the foot of the beautiful snow range. . . .

The seat in front of me was occupied by a chola serving-maid, nurse to a German family returning to Cuzco from a seashore holiday at Mollendo.

This chola nurse-girl observing my tears, turned to me with compassion:

“The Señorita is alone?”

“Yes.”

“But the Señorita has friends in Cuzco?”

“No, I don't know anyone in Cuzco.”

This was too much. The little figure in its soiled calico dress faded to a dingy pink, in its too long petticoats, its coarse cotton stockings, its unkempt black braids, drooped with dejection for my plight.

“Ah,” the sympathetic voice said, “ah, the Señorita cries because she is sick and she thinks that in Cuzco there is nothing. But”—the voice became reassuring—“but in Cuzco there is a doctor, there is medicine, there is everything! . . . Do not cry, Señorita!”

And I knew that explanation would have been useless, for my new friend could not have believed that a woman in her senses would have chosen to leave her home and travel thousands of miles alone, in order to look upon the scene of the Conquest. Neither could she have understood that it was because of the Conquest—and because of all that has since happened, above all because of the piteous ignorance with which we advance to meet Fate, that my eyes were dim. She would have been bewildered had she been told that I sorrowed for the sorrow of the world, or if she had known that her own name—which was Felicité—was in itself infinitely touching to me in that mood when soroche and history combined to fill me with overwhelming compassion, just as my tears had filled Felicité with sympathy.

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Felicité! . . . and so pitifully little to bring her felicity!

After leaving the Pass the train comes gradually down from that great altitude to a mere eleven thousand feet or so, and still for the remainder of the day the soroche persisted.

But beyond La Raya the country takes on a beauty very different from the relentless beauty of the Pass. Valleys are freshly green with fields of young corn, the surrounding hills are brilliantly red, with, laid upon them squares and rectangles of green, fields of potatoes and of grain. About the villages there are rows of tall, straight eucalyptus trees. Sometimes the red of the hills is repeated in the adobe walls, and in other villages the houses are brown, or whitewashed. And then, in the distance there is Cuzco, its dull red roofs snuggled in a green valley, girdled by red hills, with limitless blue mountains rising above them. . . .

There at last was the Cuzco I had come so great a distance to see.

At a station, not far from the venerable city, the station-master of Cuzco came aboard the train, inquiring for me. A certain Mr. Paterson, one of the company officials in Arequipa, had telegraphed ahead to the Railroad Hotel (the Hotel Ferrocarril) at Cuzco, and here was Señor Fuentes, the station-master, to greet me.

The burden of responsibility dropped from Felicité's shoulders. "Ah," she sighed happily. "The Señorita has friends!"

The train puffed into Cuzco, I politely explaining to the station-master that, soroche being what it is, I found it impossible to be polite, that I must be excused from expressing appreciation, that tomorrow . . . tomorrow I would be polite but not now.

The Hotel Ferrocarril and the Railroad Station, I found to be one and the same. You step from the train into the hotel, where a short flight of stairs takes you, past the dining room and a small bar, up to the bedrooms.

"Tomorrow," I repeated, as Señor Fuentes, plus a room-boy, and plus the *administrador* of the hotel, escorted me to my room, "tomorrow I can be polite, but not now."

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I then put myself to bed, and Juan, the room-boy, brought me supper on a tray, very solicitous, adding the diminutive "ita" or "ito" to every possible word. Soup, on the lips of Juan, is *sopita*, instead of *sopa*, and *café* is *cafecita*.

Soroche, I thought, falling asleep with Juan's pretty diminutives singing in my mind, soroche is a small price to have paid for having arrived at last in Cuzco.

VIII

CUZCO REMEMBERS

The Navel of the World

IN LIMA the present and the hovering future so dominate the past that it has become elusive, haunting, not to be found without seeking. Even in the old town of Cajamarca, the future is on the lips and in the exploring eyes of those gangs of eager urchins who gather in the plaza. In Arequipa, too, the coming and going of air-services, the arrivals and departures of trains, the passengers who pause for the night at the Quinta Bates, all are concerned with today, with the busy commerce of the world. But in Cuzco the little that is modern seems negligible. For Cuzco remembers. . . .

Venerable Cuzco remembers that it was once considered so sacred a city that travelers proceeding from it took precedence over all others on the road. Cuzco does not forget that in the days when it was the brilliant capital of the Inca Empire, men called it the navel of the world; for here converged the life of the four provinces which made up the Empire, and the Empire was the universe.

The soil of Cuzco's Holy Square was the soil of the Empire, for whenever a new region had been brought under subjection, earth from that section had been carried to the square so that every tribe might feel that it had a part in Cuzco. And radiating from the city were the four royal roads, stretching away to the northeast, the southeast, the northwest and the southwest, uniting Cuzco with each of the great provinces. And as the earth of the Holy Square was symbolic of the unity of the Empire, so the city itself was divided into wards representing the provinces, the citizens brought for various purposes to Cuzco living each in his proper ward.

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On this journey in time I always sought as guides those who had been eye-witnesses, who could say to me: "These things I myself saw."

And when eye-witnesses were lacking, because during the early centuries of my journey few were skilled in the business of writing, then I turned for guidance to such as could say: "These things I had from those who themselves had seen, from those of the conquered who survived, while the scenes I have described from my own observations, made soon after the events recorded."

Throughout the sixteenth century, I turned often to Pedro Pizarro as one who had been a part of the Conquest. In matters concerning his Pizarro cousins, Pedro is sometimes partial, but always honest, never, I think, intentionally misrepresenting, and his personal feeling adds vitality to his story. You know that this is how one Pedro Pizarro felt and thought, from the moment of his landing in Peru as his great cousin's page, down through the years, when as a crusty old gentleman dwelling in the city of Arequipa he looked back over three-quarters of a century of living, and told his story.

Other eye-witnesses of the time are Francisco Pizarro's various secretaries, Xeres, Estete and Sancho, though, unlike Pedro, their stories cover only the earlier days.

Among the secondary chronicles there are the priests Molina, Morúa, Father Cabello de Balboa, and the Commentaries of Garcilaso de la Vega, son of a Spanish conqueror and an Inca princess, who having spent the first twenty years of his life in Cuzco, wrote out of reminiscence and out of the tales he heard when his mother's family talked of the old days, before the Conquest. But Garcilaso, born of both the victor and the vanquished, has always a case to prove, so that in spite of my affection for him, it was the young soldier, Cieza de León, to whom I turned when eye-witnesses failed; though my doing so would, I know, irritate old Pedro Pizarro, who used to say waspishly: "Who is this Cieza de León anyway? I never heard of *him* in the early days."

As for Cieza, he was possessed of an intellect, of the gift of

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acute observation, and of a detached sincerity, while my friend Pedro had none of these qualities. Cieza came out to America at the age of fourteen. He went first to what is now Colombia, and from there he traveled overland into Peru, and through the greater part of his seventeen years in the New World he had kept a journal.

“Oftentimes [he says] when the other soldiers were resting I was tiring myself by writing. . . . Neither fatigue nor the ruggedness of the country, nor the mountains and rivers, nor intolerable hunger kept me from this task.”

But when I wanted to know how Cuzco had appeared in that November of 1533 when, marching victorious from Cajamarca, the Spaniards had entered the city, I consulted first the eyewitnesses, Pedro and Sancho.

And from them I learned that it was so large and so beautiful that it would have been worthy of admiration even in Spain . . . “its streets laid out at right angles, very straight, paved, with down the middle a gutter for water, lined with stone, the chief defect of the streets being that they were so narrow that only one horse and rider could go on one side of the gutter, and another upon the opposite side. . . .” And Sancho was impressed with a fortress which crowned the hill to the north of the city. It was of a size, he explains, which “might well contain five thousand Spaniards, and built of stones so large that anyone who sees them would not say that they had been put in place by human hands.”

The Spaniards marching in with Pizarro found the fortress stored with all manner of arms, clubs and axes, lances and bows, shields and doublets heavily padded with cotton.

In those days on the four sides of the Holy Square, there stood the palaces of the Incas, and the Convent of the Virgins of the Sun. Back of one of the palaces was the House-of-Learning, where youths of the nobility were educated; those designed to be the wise-men of the nation were instructed in history, tradition and ballads, for in the Inca civilization there was no form of writing,

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and all culture was carried forward by word of mouth, with only the knotted cords of the quipu to serve as aids to memory.

The buildings of royal and official Cuzco were of stones finely cut and fitted together with exquisite precision. Windowless walls stood twenty feet or more in height, with spaces at far intervals; doors, whose sides sloped inward toward the lintels. The streets between these massive blind walls were like narrow fissures cut in stone.

On the banks of the Huatanay River there was the Temple of the Sun, with a garden terraced down to the water, and in the garden, beautifully worked in gold were representations of the animals and the plants of the Empire. Even the outer wall of this Temple was banded in gold, while within were great plates of gold, and ranged against one end were the mummy bundles of departed Inca rulers.

These palaces, whose architecture was so austere, contained gardens and courts, halls and chambers. There were niches cut into the stone walls, their sides too, sloping inward, as the sides of the doors sloped toward the lintels. And in the niches were the figures of idols.

Of this city of Cuzco, Cieza (who arrived upon the scene shortly after the Conquest) says that it "was full of strangers . . . many different tribes and lineages, each tribe distinguished by its head-dress . . . the Collas wore caps in the shape of a pump-box and made of wool. The Cañaris had crowns of thin lathes, like those used for a sieve. The Huancas had short ropes which hung down as low as the chin, with the hair plaited. The Canchis had wide fillets of red or black passing over the forehead . . . all so clear and distinct that when fifteen thousand men were assembled, one tribe could easily be distinguished from another."

Cuzco remembers how life then flowed in its streets, how caravans of llamas came and went, how runners arrived with news from the farthest confines of the Empire, and "so well was this running performed that in a short time they knew at a distance of three hundred leagues, five hundred, and even eight hundred, what had passed, or what was needed or required. With such



A descendant of the Incas

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secrecy did the runners keep the messages that were entrusted to them that neither entreaty nor menace could ever extort a relation of what they had thus heard."

All over the Empire there were post-houses where couriers watched the road in both directions, so that fresh runners could immediately take over the message from incoming couriers and carry it on to the next post-house, where in turn other runners waited.

The whole life of the Empire had been similarly organized, with the virtues of industry, thrift, honesty, and obedience, supreme.

And the Incas, appreciating man's need to worship, and his need for diversion, had decreed in every month three holidays and three market days; their celebration, like everything else, being obligatory.

On these holidays, all over the land great festivals were held, each in its appropriate month, the greatest of them being the festival in adoration of the sun. Other festivals honored the moon and the earth, and the months of sowing and of harvesting. And there were also the yearly ceremonies of puberty, and the festival to ward off sickness and disaster, which was celebrated at the beginning of the rainy season. Each of these days had its distinctive ritual, with officiating priests in magnificent regalia, and the chosen Virgins of the Sun in white robes, with gold belts and gold diadems. And there were dances and the performance of dramas and the sacrifice of llamas, varying in color and in number according to the occasion.

Looking back upon the Inca civilization, Sir Clements Markham, nearly four hundred years later, reflected; and in the intensive cultivation of the land extending in terraced fields even up on the mountainsides, he saw proof of a people "well cared for and nourished who had multiplied exceedingly. In the wildest and most inaccessible valleys, in the lofty *Punas*, surrounded by snowy heights, in the dense forests and in the sand-girt valleys on the coast, the eye of the central power was ever upon them, and the never-failing brain, beneficent, though in-

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exorable, provided for all their wants, gathered in their tribute, and selected their children for the various occupations required by the State. . . .

"This government existed because the essential conditions were combined in such a way as is likely never to occur again. These are—an inexorable despotism, absolute exemption from outside interference of any kind, a very peculiar and remarkable people in an early stage of civilization, and . . . skillful statesmanship."

Pizarro had thought that he might similarly rule with despotic power, seating upon the throne young Manco, the legitimate heir, and governing through him; Manco to be but his puppet.

Cuzco remembers the pomp of that ceremony in the Holy Square, when, after Valverde had celebrated Mass, Manco received the royal fringe from Francisco Pizarro, the Conqueror.

And the people of the Inca had been comforted, believing that still they were to be ruled by an Inca, by a Son of the Sun.

They were comforted, because they did not know. . . .

The Long Siege

In the year after Pizarro had crowned young Manco sovereign of the conquered Empire, a certain Don Alonzo Enriquez de Guzman, having heard much of the fabulous fortunes to be made in Peru, decided to seek there all that he had failed to win in Spain. The Don Alonzo, upon reaching the age of eighteen, had seriously considered his prospects:

"I found myself," he says, "fatherless and poor, with a mother who was a very talkative, yet honest, good and pious woman. But she was unable to provide for me . . . and so, oppressed with poverty and desirous of riches, I determined to go in search of adventures, and set out from Seville which was my native place, with a horse, a mule, a bed and sixty ducats. . . . I resolved to write down all that happened to me and not to record anything which is not worthy of credit."

In the course of the next sixteen years, Alonzo's pursuit of for-

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tune took him with the army to the Balearic Islands, to Sicily and Naples and Rome. He became a hanger-on at the Court of Charles V, and as he puts it, his mother unable to support him, he had "of necessity" taken a wife.

He was a shallow fellow of showy tastes, and disappointed that none of all this had brought him the wealth he craved.

In fact, at the age of thirty-four, he was actually further from his goal than upon that day when with horse, mule, bed and ducats, he had gone forth to conquer the world. For his pugnacious and scheming nature had acquired for him more enemies than riches, and eventually he had fallen into disgrace with the Emperor, so that once more he had felt compelled to take stock of his prospects, and concluded that there was nothing left but the New World: he would go to the New World. . . .

Alonzo landed in the northern part of Peru, and traveled overland to Lima. There he found Francisco Pizarro absorbed in carrying out ambitious plans for the city he had founded. Already as many as sixty houses had gone up; adobe houses, Alonzo says, "handsomely painted and finished like those of Spain, with good gardens behind them."

And in Lima, Alonzo heard much of the eternal quarrels between Diego Almagro and the Pizarros, especially between Hernando Pizarro and Almagro. People said that from the beginning, those two had been like rival dogs, everlastingly picking a fight. Now that Almagro was gone to Chile there was some hope of tranquillity, but before he'd gone there'd been a great squabble, so that Don Francisco had been compelled to go himself to Cuzco to make the peace. That particular contention had had to do with division of the Empire; what part Francisco Pizarro should rule and what should fall to Almagro.

But that, Don Francisco had said, must be left to His Majesty; Hernando had gone to Spain with His Majesty's share of Atahualpa's ransom—the customary "royal fifth." Hernando would bring the Emperor's decision in this matter of partition of land. And Pizarro had insisted that Almagro await that decision.

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A pact of friendship had then been signed between the two, and Almagro had gone south, lured by rumors that Chile would be as rich a prize as Peru. With him had gone many of the Spanish soldiers who had come down from Guatemala with Pedro de Alvarado.

Hernando was now recently returned, and later there had come the great news that Don Francisco was made a Marquis. As for the division of territory, Almagro's share was to commence where that of the Marquis left off, and to extend south for two hundred leagues. But just where the territory of one ended and the other began was indefinite. And one day Almagro would return from Chile, and then the boundary would have to be decided.

Meanwhile the Marquis appeared to desire nothing so much as to devote himself to the building of Lima. He seemed to wish now to settle down, as was but natural, he being on his way to seventy, and become a family man with a royal princess of the Incas to bear him children. He hadn't married her it was true, for he'd never been of the marrying sort, but the children would be treated as legitimate.

When you looked at it, so the talk ran, Pizarro had won everything. The men of Estremadura could remember when he was just a swineherd. And now he was the Conqueror of Peru, and a Marquis, like Cortez. He had riches, too, as well as glory. There was nothing more to struggle for. Pizarro, the Marquis, had everything.

As for Alonzo, he, also, would be great. And with high hope he said good-by to Lima and rode up over the mountains to Cuzco, all unknowing that he rode toward the long siege which Cuzco so well remembers.

With Alonzo de Guzman and Pedro Pizarro as eye-witnesses, it is possible to know the siege in the words of two who lived through that dreadful time.

If I could have chosen whom I would, to give contrasting eye-witness accounts of the siege of Cuzco, and of what came after it, I would have selected Pedro Pizarro and Alonzo de Guzman.

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Alonzo, vain, frivolous, arrogant in his descent from the Kings of Castile, a cad and a knave, versed in Court trickery, but with a jovial temperament which readily made him the friends his falsity so often converted later into foes, was an entirely different fellow from the brusque downright young soldier, Pedro Pizarro. Danger and hardship had educated Pedro; Alonzo, though he had conducted himself well in what military service he had seen in Europe, was by nature a luxury-loving creature and a snob, with, however, that saving grace of bravery in peril, that physical daring which lifts the Spanish *Conquistadores* to the highest pinnacle of courage.

There was additional divergence in point of view, since Alonzo had taken an instant dislike to Hernando Pizarro, while Pedro quite naturally leaned to the Pizarro side, though never extravagantly glorifying his cousins.

For example, in Alonzo's eyes, Hernando Pizarro was a "great and boastful talker, a bad Christian, with no fear of God and less devotion to our King."

Pedro saw this same Hernando as "a heavy man in the saddle, but valiant, wise and brave."

Of his other cousins, Pedro says that Juan Pizarro was "very courageous, magnanimous and affable," that Gonzalo was "valiant, knew little, had a fine beard and a good countenance, and was a good cavalryman." The Marquis, Francisco Pizarro, he describes as "tall and spare, with a good face and a thin beard, personally valiant, vigorous and truthful, a man who always said 'no,' because he did not wish to break his word; very zealous in service of His Majesty, and a very Christian man."

For himself, Pedro admits to being "a man in the war and a very good cavalryman who had distinguished himself in some things."

Alonzo had scarcely arrived in Cuzco when the siege began, and he was wishing himself well out of it and back at the Spanish Court, for, as he said later, he could "certify that this was the most fearful and cruel warfare in the world."

He explains that in his opinion it had come about because the

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Spaniards had "ill-treated the Indians, over-working them, burning them, and tormenting them for gold and silver," so that one day the Inca, Manco, a youth not yet twenty, had, "under pretence of seeking gold for Hernando Pizarro, left the city and never returned." "He raised the country against us," Alonzo writes, "and collected fifty thousand armed men, the Christians not numbering more than two hundred, half of whom were lame or halt."

And Pedro says that when Manco's troops were all encamped on the plains and the heights about Cuzco, that they "covered the fields, and by day it looked as if a black cloth had been spread over the ground for half a league around the city. And at night there were so many fires that it looked like nothing other than a very serene sky full of stars. And there was so much shouting and din of voices that all of us were terrified. . . . And then one morning they began to set fire to Cuzco. At times they shot flaming arrows at the houses which, as the roofs were of straw, soon took fire. And they soon made use of a stratagem which was that of taking several round stones, heating them red-hot, and wrapping them up in cotton, they threw them by means of slings into the houses, and thus they burned our houses before we understood how. . . .

"And we were in a sufficiency of uneasiness, for certainly there was much din on account of the loud cries and alarms which they gave to the trumpets and the flutes . . . so that it seemed as if the very earth trembled."

Hernando had then conferred with his captains as to what should be done. There were those who thought that they should flee the city, but to do that would only have meant death on the Passes, so that there seemed nothing left but to try to take the fortress above the city, for it was from this fortress that they received most of the damage. And Juan Pizarro was appointed to lead the attack.

Unluckily, on the day before the assault, his head had been struck by one of the large stones with which the Indians pelted the town; and thus wounded it was impossible for him to wear his helmet.

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Pedro described how they went from the city to the fortress by way of the steep cliff, and how, after darkness had fallen, they attacked.

Under fire of stones from the Indians, the Spaniards captured the first barricade. Then under Juan's leadership, they captured the second, and penetrated as far as the courtyard within. There, from a terrace above, the Indians rained stones upon them, and Juan being unable to wear his helmet, one of these stones had broken his skull. But still he fought on, until the terrace was won. And then soldiers had borne him back, down into the city, and at dawn Hernando came up and took his place.

The storming of the fortress continued throughout that day and the next, with the Indians holding the upper levels, resisting as long as their supply of water lasted. But when the water supply gave out, then they began to lose courage and some hurled themselves from the walls, and others surrendered.

"Thus," Pedro says, "we arrived at the last level which had as its captain an Orejon (a great-eared noble) so valiant that the same might be written of him as has been written of the Romans. This Orejon bore a shield upon his arm, a sword in his hand, a cudgel in the shield-hand, and a morion upon his head. These arms this man had taken from Spaniards who had perished upon the roads. . . . And this Orejon marched like a lion from one end to another of the highest level of the fortress, preventing the Spaniards who wished to mount with ladders from doing so, and killing the Indians who tried to surrender, attacking them with blows upon the head with the cudgel which he carried. And whenever one of his men warned him that some Spaniard was climbing up, he rushed at him. . . .

"Seeing this, Hernando Pizarro commanded that three or four ladders be set up, so that, while the Orejon was rushing to one point, the Spaniards might climb up at another. . . . And Hernando ordered those Spaniards who climbed up not to kill this Indian, but to take him alive, swearing that he would not kill him if he had him alive. . . .

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“Climbing up at two or three places the Spaniards won the level. And this Orejon, perceiving that they had conquered him, and taken his stronghold, threw down his arms, covered his head and face with his mantle and cast himself down from the level . . . and was shattered. . . . And Hernando was much grieved. . . .”

With the fall of the fortress the Indians had a little withdrawn, and that had brought some relief to the besieged. Then, at the end of a fortnight Pedro says that Juan Pizarro—Juan who was “magnanimous and affable, popular, and valiant”—Juan died in great agony as the result of that stone which had struck his unprotected head while he was fighting to capture the second barricade of the great fortress.

But Alonzo says merely that Juan Pizarro died, and that he was “a youth aged twenty-five and possessed of two hundred thousand ducats in money.”

Mercenary Alonzo could not, of course, get over those two hundred thousand ducats in money!

And during the long siege certain miracles were recorded: Alonzo wishes to make known what “Our Lady, the Virgin Mother of God, did for us on her own holy day.” . . .

All the five months that they had been besieged in the city of Cuzco, Alonzo says they had known nothing of what had been happening outside. Because the Marquis Pizarro had not come to their rescue, they had concluded that he must be dead. And then, on the day of the Holy Virgin, the Indians on the heights had cast down into the city the heads of eight of those Spaniards whom Pizarro had dispatched to their aid, and with the heads were letters which the Spaniards had carried with them, and from the letters those in the city knew that Pizarro was alive and trying to help them.

And it is still told in Cuzco that in the thick of battle St. James himself descended from Heaven on his white charger, and fought by the side of the Spaniards.



Llamas at the walls of Sacsahuamán

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But the miracle which especially impressed Pedro was the preservation of the church. The Indians had wished to burn the Christians' church, but though it took fire it had extinguished itself. Seeing this, he says, the Indians were dismayed. And as the month of sowing had arrived "they began then to go home to their lands" until finally all were departed, the Orejones and some of the warriors going to join Manco in the great fortress where he was established.

But they said that when the winter had passed and the crops were harvested they would again lay siege to Cuzco. . . .

"Men of Chile"

Cuzco remembers how, when the siege was at last over and those who had withstood it were resting exhausted from the long strain, two Indians captured by Gonzalo reported that Almagro had returned from Chile and was on his way to Cuzco. The same Indians said also that a Spanish Captain had arrived in the town of Jauja with a force of soldiers. These, it was thought in Cuzco, had undoubtedly been sent to their rescue by the Marquis.

As for Almagro's return, that was bound to be a mischievous business. He had been absent for more than a year, and as there'd been no news of him the optimistic thought that he might possibly be dead. Now the wrangling was to be all over again.

Hernando rode out to meet him where he was camped at Urcos, while Cuzco nervously waited:

"What news? What news of the Men of Chile? Had the Men of Chile found the riches they had sought?"

But their great expedition had come to nothing but pain and trouble. They had found no gold. And their minds were set upon taking Cuzco, for Cuzco, they insisted, was within Almagro's territory.

And what of Almagro himself? What had he to say?

But Almagro had not been present: he was gone to confer with Manco in the fortress of Ollantaytambo.

And from that, Pedro says, Hernando knew that Almagro was

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plotting against Cuzco, so that no one was surprised when he sent messengers demanding the surrender of the city.

Hernando urged that the question of Almagro's territory be left to arbitration, and a truce was accordingly arranged.

But Pedro was uneasy. Almagro, he considered, was a man who when he said yes, meant no. In fact Almagro was in Pedro's opinion altogether tricky, "a man who when angered treated very badly those who were with him even though they were gentlemen, a man of bad language, too, and very profane.... But valiant...."

Valiant! . . . that was a quality so universal among the soldiers of the Conquest that it was not denied, even by a man's greatest enemy.

As for Alonzo, who was among the messengers dispatched to Almagro's camp, in his mind Almagro was a prince with every virtue lacking in Hernando. But then Alonzo would have loved Almagro merely for not being Hernando.

Still, even Alonzo concedes that Almagro broke the truce, captured the unsuspecting city in the darkness of night, and imprisoned the Pizarros: though this, he insists, was because Almagro believed Hernando to be secretly fortifying the town.

Meanwhile that Captain, who had been reported as having arrived at Jauja, was marching toward Cuzco.

And Manco, dismayed by the approach of reinforcements, was said to have hidden himself farther in the Andes. He had well chosen the time of his uprising, the Spaniards in Cuzco being weakened by Almagro's expedition into Chile, and many others away on the vast estates which had been granted them. It had seemed to Manco the moment to break the bondage of his people. The attempt had been long planned and was wisely timed, with an Indian rebellion on the coast arranged to prevent the Marquis Pizarro from hurrying aid to Cuzco.

Now, here were soldiers advancing from Jauja, and probably more to follow them. The Indians had failed, without perhaps knowing how nearly they had succeeded. For the simultaneous besieging of Lima and Cuzco had driven the Marquis to write in panic to Cortez in Mexico, and to friends in Central America, beg-

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ging help: the whole conquest of Peru, he'd said, was involved. And soldiers had at once been sent, many of them veterans in war, like the redoubtable old Francisco de Carbajal, who arrived, bringing Pizarro a rich ermine mantle, as a gift from Cortez.

Aid had thus come and Pizarro was hastening relief to Cuzco, with no surmise that the troops were to fight fellow Spaniards, and not the armies of Manco, the Inca.

The Men of Chile went out to meet the men of Pizarro, and battling with a desperation born of the disappointment and futility of the Chilean expedition, they defeated Pizarro's rescue force and returned triumphant to Cuzco.

Almagro now determined to attack the Marquis himself: he would take his men down to the coast and defeat the Marquis. Should he first cut off Hernando's head and Gonzalo's and Pedro's? He wavered. His men urged it, but he was reluctant. Perhaps, after all, they would be more valuable as prisoners than as corpses. It ended by his taking Hernando with him, under guard, and leaving Gonzalo and Pedro incarcerated in Cuzco.

Then, when he was well on his way, a certain Aldana, with whom he had had a squabble, contrived their escape. And of course they at once got together a group of supporters and set off in pursuit of Almagro.

In the valley of Mala, not far from Paracas where the mummies of a vanished people slept unsuspected beneath the dunes, the two old friends, Almagro and Pizarro, partners in the Conquest, met as enemies to negotiate terms.

Before everything else Pizarro demanded the release of his brother Hernando, threatening Almagro's life if it was refused.

Hernando was freed, but in the matter of Cuzco, the negotiations failed. Both sides charged duplicity. Almagro left the conference to lead his men back to Cuzco. The Marquis reassembled his troops, put them under Hernando and sent them after Almagro.

And at Las Salinas, within sight of the valley of Cuzco, Hernando and Almagro engaged in battle. Alonzo says that Almagro was

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so weak from age and illness that he had to be carried on the field in a litter. But for all his supreme effort to animate his men, the day went against him, and it was now his turn to be prisoner.

Of what happened after that, Pedro hasn't much to say: the stark facts were damaging enough to the Pizarros, and it is evident that Pedro shuns the details. But Alonzo tells the story in full:

"Hernando," Alonzo says, "brought Almagro to trial, condemned him to death, and informed him that he should now dispose his mind to think of spiritual things, for that the sentence would be executed. . . . Then the poor old man went down on his knees and said: 'O my Lord, remember that when you were my prisoner, those of my council importuned me to cut off your head, and I resisted and gave you life.'

"And Hernando Pizarro answered: 'Sir, do not degrade yourself; die as bravely as you have lived. . . .'

"But the old man said that he was human and dreaded death. . . .

"But Hernando Pizarro went away, saying that he would send a friar to him that he might confess his sins.

"Then Almagro confessed and made his will.

"And when the executioner was placing the rope around his neck he cried out that tyrants were killing him without cause. . . .

"Then, when the deed was done, they carried the body to the plaza of the city and placed it beside the gibbet where it remained for seven hours, and was afterward buried in the Monastery of Our Lady of Mercy."

According to Alonzo, when Almagro's will was read it was found that he had left his chief fortune to the Emperor, remembering next his beloved son, Diego, born to him of an Indian girl in Panama. And among his other bequests something had gone to Alonzo himself, and something to one Juan de la Rada who had been with him in Chile.

And Alonzo . . . Alonzo concludes the relation of his experiences in Peru by saying, "At this time the said Hernando Pizarro

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and I had become friends, because he was alive and Almagro dead, and it is very disastrous to have any intercourse with the dead."

This belated friendship with Hernando, however, did not prevent Alonzo from later writing to the Emperor to denounce Hernando.

So Alonzo, returning to Spain, passes out of my journey in time.

Certainly he was a scoundrel, at the same time crafty and naïve, yet it is only fair to say that he appears to have been less cruel than most men of his day. Garcilaso de la Vega, born in Cuzco in the year after Alonzo's departure from Peru, heard him talked of as a man of kindness, and one of the bravest and most gallant of the knights defending Cuzco against the Indian army of the Inca, Manco.

Pedro says that his cousin, the Marquis, was full of deep regret when he learned of Almagro's death. And it was thought wise that Hernando should go to Spain to put the whole case before His Majesty. Gonzalo, meanwhile, was ordered to lead an attack against Manco in the Andes.

And before Hernando left, he warned the Marquis that those of Chile were "going about very mutinous," and that if Pizarro should allow "any ten of them to assemble within fifty leagues" of him they would kill him.

Thus the brothers had parted, and Gonzalo, taking Pedro with him, went to attack Manco. But Manco retreated farther into the Andes, and the only result of the punitive enterprise was the capture of some of his people, among them "a woman who loved him greatly."

"And the Marquis," Pedro says, "because of a trick which Manco had played upon him, ordered her to be killed, causing her to be beaten with rods and pierced with arrows. . . . And the Spaniards who were present told that this Indian woman never spoke a word, nor uttered a complaint, and so she died under the blows and the arrow shots which they gave her. . . ."

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To his account of the event Pedro adds that "it is worthy of admiration that a woman should make no moaning even in the pains of her wounds and in the moment of her death. . . .

"And," he later reflects, "I understand that for this cruelty Our Lord punished the Marquis in the end which was his. . . ."

The Marquis Dies

When it was told in Cuzco that the Marquis, Don Francisco Pizarro, was dead, there was no Pizarro there to mourn him. The gallant young Juan was dead. Hernando was in Spain to justify himself before the Emperor. Gonzalo was away on an expedition to discover the Great River. But there were living in Cuzco Spanish soldiers who had been with Francisco Pizarro from the beginning. To them Pizarro was Peru, its Conqueror and its Governor. "The Governor"—they had called him that so long that even after he was become Marquis as well as Governor, the more familiar title clung to him.

And now the Governor was dead.

Why hadn't he heeded Hernando's warning that if he permitted as many as ten of the Men of Chile to gather within fifty leagues of him they would surely kill him?

Now it had happened.

And Cuzco listened to the details. Little Garcilaso was only two years old, but as he grew up he often heard the story as it was repeated in Cuzco.

It seemed that the Spanish Government was sending out Vaca de Castro to pass judgment upon Almagro's death. Should the Marquis be dead at the time of Castro's arrival, Castro was to succeed him as Governor, but if the Marquis was living, then Castro was merely to investigate and pass sentence upon Almagro's execution. Meanwhile Hernando had been imprisoned at Medina del Campo in Spain.

With the news of Castro's coming, Almagro's followers had assembled in Lima to await his arrival. Almagro, the Lad, as

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the Men of Chile called the adored son of their old commander, was with them as was also Juan de la Rada who gave to the "Lad" all the devotion he had felt for his father.

These Men of Chile waited in Lima for Castro's arrival, and while they waited, they had grown increasingly bitter, looking about them and contrasting their own hard poverty with the riches of Pizarro and his followers.

And still Castro did not come to execute justice.

Finally then, they had determined to kill the Marquis, and to seize Peru for themselves.

They had set Sunday the twenty-sixth of June, and the year was 1541. They would kill the Marquis on that day, as he was returning from Mass. And on the day before this was to happen, what they had plotted was confided by a priest to Picado, secretary to the Marquis. But the Marquis took the warning lightly, and though he agreed not to attend Mass on that day, he made no preparations to protect himself. He merely remained at home and entertained at midday dinner a large group of friends.

Everybody was there: the Marquis's half-brother, Martín de Alcántara; Francisco de Chaves who had been one of those to go on record against Atahualpa's execution; Dr. Juan Velasquez, Mayor of Lima; the inspector, Garcia de Salcedo; and the Bishop-elect of Quito. All told there'd been present twenty gentlemen of Lima.

The great door of the house stood open and a young page, Diego de Vargas, was out in the square. It was he who saw the murderers as they came across the square, with Juan de la Rada at their head. And Diego had rushed into the house, shouting that all the Men of Chile were on their way to kill the Marquis.

But already they were on the stairs. . . . And there was no time to put on armor.

Some of the guests escaped by the garden, and of those who remained, Francisco de Chaves, who defended the door, was killed, and Pizarro's brother, Martín, and two boy pages, leaving Pizarro fighting ferociously alone. Between them they had killed four of the assassins, and wounded four more.

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Then Rada had shouted, "Let us make an end to the tyrant!" Then, at last the Marquis fell, a wound in his throat.

People said afterward, and the tale came to Cuzco, that the Marquis had dipped a finger in the blood which gushed from his throat, and that with it he had traced the sign of the Cross on the floor, and that the last word he had spoken had been the word "Jesus." This had happened in the instant before one of the assassins had taken a heavy jar of water which stood in the room, and hurled it at the head of the Marquis, and killed him.

So he had gone. . . .

And after the murderers had left the house, crying, "The tyrant is dead!" a man who served the Marquis, a man from his own town in Estremadura, took the body from the floor and dressed it in the habit of Santiago and wrapped it in a sheet and, with the aid of his wife and some negro servants, buried it in the church which was called "Los Naranjos."

For fear that they also would be murdered no one else had dared come near the body.

And venerable Cuzco added this story of Francisco Pizarro's death to its memory of his arrogant entrance into the sacred city seven years before.

Pedro Pizarro, looking back upon the tragedy, laments: "It was Picado [one of the men from Guatemala], who was the cause of the hatred which the Men of Chile had for the Marquis, and for which they killed him; for Picado desired that everyone should reverence him, and those of Chile took little heed of him, and, for this reason Picado had persecuted them. . . . And this Picado, the secretary of the Marquis, did much harm to many men, for the Marquis, not knowing how to read or how to write, trusted in him, and only did those things which he advised. . . . And the friends of Picado got the best of everything, taking it away from the Conquerors."

Pedro has forgotten that when he wrote of life in the barracks



A man of the Sierra

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at Cajamarca, he recorded the quarrels between Almagro and the Pizarros, saying that he wished to make clear what was the beginning of those troubles which were to cost the lives of more than two thousand Spaniards, and the violent death of the Conquerors, Diego de Almagro and Francisco Pizarro.

And he forgets, too, that he had given the cruel murder of the Indian girl who had so greatly loved Manco as the reason that "Our Lord punished the Marquis in the end that was his . . ."

And, strangely, Pedro fails to remember that, though Pizarro's greed and cruelty were great (and which among the Conquerors was innocent of cruelty and avarice, conquest inevitably involving those qualities?), yet there remained to Francisco Pizarro, over and above his supreme courage, one other virtue, one deep loyalty.

He had been treacherous in his dealings with Almagro and with Atahualpa, he had tortured Indians to obtain information, he had burned his enemies at the stake, and there was the fate of that Indian girl who had greatly loved the Inca, Manco. And to all this cruelty he had, on occasion, added hypocrisy, mourning in his black hat for Atahualpa, deeply regretting the execution of Almagro which he might have prevented. It is probable that he had an affection for his children, but that is often no more than an expression of a powerful ego. Certainly he did not marry their mother, though in his own mother, he had had opportunity to understand what that might mean to a woman.

In this hard, self-centered man, there appears only one warm, human emotion, undeniably sincere and unselfish—his family feeling, especially his feeling for his brothers. Hernando, Gonzalo, Juan and Martín de Alcántara—he had given them their opportunity, from the beginning he had shared with them the rich rewards of the Conquest, and always their safety had come before everything. Hernando's pugnacious temper had made endless trouble. Perhaps, but for Hernando, there might not have been so bitter an animosity between himself and Almagro. Yet Pizarro seems never to have lost patience with Hernando. ,

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But this loyal family devotion is never mentioned by Pedro, the young cousin whom Pizarro brought out with him as page; not even in those passages where he attempts to justify Pizarro, or in his estimate of the man: "A very Christian gentleman, zealous in the service of his King, honest in the keeping of his word—" But no mention of the one unequivocal loyalty, the one generosity.

"Demon of the Andes"

Of all the extraordinary men whom Cuzco has known, none was more amazing than old Carbajal—Francisco de Carbajal. Carbajal was so hugely fat that the credulous believed that he could not have traveled as he did up and down the Andes had not a familiar spirit transported him by air. They considered him, therefore not a mortal being, but a supernatural creature, which had for reasons of its own assumed the vast shape which appeared as Francisco de Carbajal. And because this incarnated spirit did much evil, Carbajal came to be known as the "Demon of the Andes."

Old Carbajal had been born in Spain, and was a man grown when Columbus discovered America. He had done military service under some of Spain's most distinguished Captains and had fought in many famous battles. He had been at the sacking of Rome in 1527, and with the ransom of certain papers which he took at that time, he had migrated to Mexico with his wife, a lady of the Portuguese aristocracy. In himself he combined the stoic valor of Estremadura with the pungent wit of Andalusia. Some said that his wit was so keen that it was "quite a pleasure to be hanged by him."

At the time of the long siege when Carbajal came to Peru with the forces from Mexico, he was nearly seventy years old.

And he had stayed on in Peru. After Pizarro's assassination he supported the new Governor, Vaca de Castro, in resisting the men who had joined Almagro, the Lad, in his fight to inherit his father's territory, a matter which had been decided at the battle of Chupas, when after his defeat the Lad had been captured and

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executed in the plaza of Cuzco; and at his own request buried beneath the bones of his father in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy.

In fact it had been Old Carbajal who had inspired the victorious troops which defeated the Lad at Chupas.

In the crisis of the combat a cannon volley had cut a swath in Castro's army, and Carbajal had thrown himself into the gap, shouting that Nature had made him the biggest target of all. And because he had cast off his shield and his morion and fought unprotected like the common soldier every man had done his utmost to be worthy of so gallant a leader.

Carbajal, then past seventy!

When victory was won Carbajal would have liked to enjoy a prosperous peace. But back in Spain something had been happening.

Bartholomé de Las Casas, the saintly Dominican priest of Guatemala, had published his famous book demanding humanity and justice for the Indians of the Spanish possessions in America. Laws had been formulated which Charles V had signed, and was sending out by the hand of the man who was the first of Peru's Viceroy—Blasco Nuñez Vela.

Nuñez came determined to enforce the Laws. If any thought he would be influenced by the greed of those who opposed the statutes, "let them not be surprised if he beheaded them as traitors." For he would carry out the King's orders if it cost him his life.

And Carbajal, shrewdly foreseeing the tumult that was to be, exerted himself to leave Peru with his highborn wife before the calamity which he knew impended.

For the New Laws declared that upon the death of those to whom grants of Indians had been made, the Indians were to become vassals of the Crown, and not to be inherited by the descendants of Conquerors to whom they had been awarded. The laws further proclaimed that all who had fought, on either side, in the disputes between the Pizarros and Almagro were to be immediately deprived of their Indians, as were also the bishops

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and the monasteries and the officials. And as if that were not enough, no Indians could be compelled to carry loads without pay, to work in the mines or in the pearl fisheries, or forced to perform personal service of any sort.

Carbajal understood well the disturbances that were to follow the proclamation of such laws. And he would leave Peru. But in the crisis no ships were allowed to sail.

Meanwhile Gonzalo Pizarro, broken by his experiences in the jungle wilderness of the Great River, arrived in Quito, and learned of the assassination of his brother.

He had had an impulse to demand for himself the governorship, but he had been wisely persuaded to retire to his rich territory where he had set about operating the silver mines of Potosí.

And then he received letters which contained copies of the New Laws. And from all parts of the land appeals came urging him to lead a resistance against their enforcement; a thing which they said it was proper he should do, since of the Pizarros who had discovered the kingdom, only he was left in Peru. And there were those who reported that the Viceroy had said it was not right that Peru should remain in the power of "pig-drivers and mule-teers." Some hinted that the Viceroy had it in mind not only to confiscate all Gonzalo's property but also to behead him.

These things aroused panic in Gonzalo and he determined to go to Cuzco and assemble forces against the Viceroy. And he began again to say that it would have been only just to have appointed him Governor on his brother's death; in return for all his services it was the least that should have been done.

From every province of Peru pleas came to the Viceroy, imploring him to postpone the proclamation of the laws until the case could be placed before His Majesty, who must be informed that men would die rather than give up their grants of Indians.

And the Viceroy promised that he would delay.

Gonzalo had immediately written to Old Carbajal at Arequipa where he had gone in the hope that there he might arrange his departure from Peru. Gonzalo urged Carbajal to join his

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forces, but not until the old Demon realized that it was impossible to leave the country did he consent. When he finally accepted he said, "Ah, I am like a cat that has been so teased and ill-treated that at last it turns to scratch its own master. . . . Anyway, if His Majesty has sent such Laws it is a decent thing to oppose them."

When news came to the Viceroy in Lima that Gonzalo was preparing for battle, Cieza says that the Viceroy "struck his forehead with his hand, exclaiming: 'Is it possible that the great Emperor, our Lord, who is feared in all the provinces of Europe, and to whom the Turk, master of the East, dare not show himself hostile, should be disobeyed here by a bastard who refuses to comply with his Laws?'"

And he ordered that any who spoke well of Gonzalo should be given a hundred lashes.

Then, in indignation, ignoring his promise to delay, he had the New Laws proclaimed by the common crier in the streets of Lima.

And when the citizens heard, "they were greatly agitated, saying to one another: 'How can a Prince so very Christian as His Majesty seek to destroy us, when we have acquired this land at the cost of the death of so many of our comrades?'"

And very many soldiers joined Gonzalo.

Cieza has been telling the story of this struggle between Pizarro and the Viceroy Nuñez, but there comes a point when suddenly he interrupts the narrative:

"The blessed Gregory," he writes, "says that a great reward cannot be determined without great labor, great knowledge, long vigils. . . . And in putting my hand to a work so difficult as this . . . in no way can I avoid passing these long vigils to make sure that the stories agree one with another. . . . I have felt that my weak judgment is insufficient to decide such great questions, insomuch that I have thought I must

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bring my narrative to an end. . . . However, the hold I have taken of it gives me courage to proceed onward."

Thus Cieza, taking fresh heart, continues. He tells among other things, that after having murdered a man he suspected of treason, Viceroy Nuñez had felt it prudent to leave Lima.

And then Cieza's story of Gonzalo comes abruptly to an end. Yet it is known that when all loyal officers were called on to come to the aid of the royal forces in Peru, Cieza was one of those who had hastened south to join the army marching against Gonzalo. It is known that he was an eye-witness of the tragic end of the struggle.

But he leaves to others the description of the Viceroy's departure from Lima, and the account of Gonzalo's subsequent entrance as Governor, supremely looking the Conqueror's part, plumes in his helmet, a richly embroidered tunic over his armor, and a mantle of cloth of gold, while Old Carbajal proceeded to hang any that seemed to him unfriendly.

News had then come that the Viceroy had landed at Tumbez, and Gonzalo, with Carbajal, set off in pursuit. And there was a battle in which the Viceroy was killed.

Gonzalo now held the power, but could he maintain it without the royal sanction? In his uncertainty, he considered sending a mission to present his claims to His Majesty. And out of the wisdom of his years Carbajal warned and advised:

Because of the death of the Viceroy, Carbajal predicted that Gonzalo could not hope for pardon.

Make yourself a king, he advised. Marry an Inca princess. In that way win the Indian support. Flatter the Spaniards by creating them dukes and counts and marquises and officials. Grant them Indians, but make laws to improve the conditions of their servitude. Thus win the combined support of Spaniards and Indians.

But Gonzalo let the moment pass. And already a new envoy was on his way from Spain. This time it was the priest Gasca, an Inquisitor, ugly and deformed, astute and wily. He brought

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with him revocation of the New Laws and pardon for those who had resisted them. And with that news men began everywhere to desert Gonzalo.

But when Gonzalo retired to Cuzco he had still a following in the city.

There was, however, a certain Señora María Calderón who said that in her opinion Gonzalo was a tyrant. This Señora was, as it chanced, an old friend of Carbajal. They had in fact stood as godparents to the same child, a relationship held to be so intimate a bond such sponsors were in the habit of addressing each other as *Compadre* and *Comadre*.

Carbajal, learning that María Calderón had spoken unfavorably of Gonzalo, warned her: "Comadre, if you do not stop this abuse, you'll have to be killed."

But the Señora went on as before.

Carbajal then came saying: "My *Comadre*, I am here to hang you."

But the Señora merely laughed. Her witty old friend was, of course, jesting.

Then when the unhappy Señora's body dangled lifeless from a window, Carbajal said to it: "My dear little *Comadre*, if you do not profit by this warning, I do not know what I shall do."

Thus ruthlessly everywhere Carbajal disposed of Gonzalo's enemies, but eventually he had to concede that hope for Gonzalo's victory was futile. Strong support had gathered about the canny priest, Gasca, who was marching against Cuzco. But Gonzalo would not let himself know that now only retreat was left.

Gonzalo would still fight. The Pizarros were all used to victory against frightful odds. That was how Peru had been won. Yes, Gonzalo would fight.

On that plain of Sacsahuamán where blood had so often stained the earth, he threw what remained of his army against the forces of Gasca. And fighting with Gasca there were Pedro Pizarro and Cieza de León, both then sturdy, hardened young soldiers in their early thirties.

Now for the first time Pizarro was opposed to Pizarro.

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And Gonzalo had not so much as a chance, for in panic his soldiers were deserting on all sides. Tradition says that in this hour, Carbajal, watching the desertions, hummed over and over to himself the refrain of an odd, old song:

"These, my little hairs, Mother,
One by one, the wind blows away."

Then, as the army vanished before his eyes, he spurred on his horse, and under his prodigious weight the exhausted animal struggled forward . . . but finally collapsed. And Carbajal was captured. . . .

A court-martial condemned to death both Carbajal and Gonzalo.

And Pedro's comment is that his cousin Gonzalo "had some good opportunities to yield himself to His Majesty but with his small intelligence, he did not do so."

So it happened that Gonzalo was beheaded . . . going to his death richly dressed, as became a conquering Pizarro.

And Cuzco remembers that his body lies in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy. . . . "A man," Pedro says, "of a fine beard and a good countenance."

As for the Demon, he died as he had lived.

When the lengthy sentence enumerating his crimes was read, he interrupted to say: "Is it not enough to be killed?" And when they put him into a pannier drawn by two mules, in order to drag him to the scaffold, he exclaimed, "Ah, the baby in a cradle, and the old man, too, in a cradle!" Then as men crowded about to see him die, he commanded: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, permit justice to be executed!"

So Carbajal died, and he was eighty-one years old. "It was a thing," Pedro says, "that I did not wish to see. . . ."

The Christening

Twenty-two years after all this happened, Viceroy Don Fran-



A redoubt of the fortress of Sacsahuamán

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cisco de Toledo came to Cuzco. Cieza had gone back to Spain, published parts of his series of works on the New World, and died. Hernando Pizarro had spent twenty years imprisoned in the castle of La Mota at Medina del Campo. During that time he had been permitted to marry, and his wife was daughter to his brother the Marquis by the Indian Princess, Inez. Hernando's niece had borne him children, and finally he had been liberated and returned to his native town in Estremadura where he had built an imposing home which he called "The House of the Conquest." And at the time of Viceroy Toledo's visit to Cuzco, Hernando still lived, though he was well past ninety.

Pedro had married the daughter of a fellow-conqueror and settled down in Arequipa. In the month of Toledo's visit, he was completing the writing of his *Relation of the Discovery and Conquest of the Kingdoms of Peru*.

Back in his refuge in the Andes, the Inca Manco had received fugitives from the followers of Almagro, the Lad, fleeing from punishment at the hands of the victorious Castro: and eventually Manco was murdered by these men to whom he had granted hospitality. Of the three sons who survived him, the eldest was persuaded to exchange his fugitive sovereignty for a pension from the Spaniards, and an establishment in the Valley of Yucay, where in a brief time he died of melancholy. The second and the third of Manco's sons—Cusi Titu and Tupac Amaru—remained in their mountain fastnesses.

In Cuzco, Manco's brother, Paullu, who had from the beginning allied himself with the Spaniards, lived until his death in the beautiful palace of Colcampata, overlooking the city of Cuzco. Paullu left a son, Don Carlos, who married a Spanish woman, and at the time of Toledo's visit to Cuzco they were about to celebrate the christening of their son, Melchior Carlos.

Toledo had come in pomp to Peru, with enough officials in his train to set up court in Lima. He planned to live in grandiose style and brought a quantity of magnificent furnishings for his palace. He had spent a year, settling himself in Lima, and establishing

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there the Holy Inquisition, and then he set forth for Cuzco, arriving in time for the christening of the baby, Melchior Carlos, whose mother was Spanish and his father of the royal family of the Inca. The Viceroy himself had consented to be one of the child's sponsors.

It seemed as though this were to be a very great day, the first occasion when Spaniard and Indian had united in a happy national festival. It was almost like a return of that departed time when men believed Cuzco to be the navel of the world. For Indian chiefs—those who had survived the Conquest—came from the north and the south, the east and the west. It was said that even Manco's sons—Cusi, now reverenced as Inca by his people, and with him, his younger brother, Tupac—had come in disguise, leaving the safety of their Andean refuge to do honor to this baby who was of their blood.

The christening was held in the little church of San Cristóbal, on the terrace just outside the palace of Colcampata. Against the brilliant color of the Indian dress, the Viceroy Toledo was a somber figure; tall, and elderly, with shoulders that stooped, a face sallow and morose with a high naked forehead, sharp, hard, black eyes, a black pointed beard and upturned mustaches. He was dressed in black, a high-crowned, narrow-brimmed black hat, a suit of black velvet; unrelieved except for the red cross of Santiago embroidered on his cloak, and the glint of his sword. A sinister figure in the festival rejoicing.

As in the time of the Empire, the feasting and merriment had lasted for several days and then quietly Cusi and Tupac had disappeared to return in secret to the mountains.

There, Cusi had had for some months living with him an Augustinian monk and a half-caste interpreter. After his return from the christening Cusi fell ill and was treated by the monk, but disastrously he died, leaving the Indians convinced that his death was the result of the friar's medicines, and the Indians cruelly murdered both the monk and the interpreter.

Then they sought Tupac, the young brother, and made him their Lord.

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But none of all this was known to Toledo, who sent another messenger to Cusi, commanding him to come to Cuzco to swear fealty to the King of Spain. And along the way, Indians murdered Toledo's messenger.

When that news was carried to the grim Toledo, he had the pretext for which he had been waiting, and he sent an expedition against the new Inca, the youth, Tupac Amaru, and captured him with his chiefs and with many others of his people. And Tupac was sentenced to be beheaded, after baptism into the Catholic Church.

Cuzco remembers well the scaffold set up in the Holy Square where so much had happened. It remembers Tupac, dressed in white, a crucifix in his hand, entering the square riding on a mule with a priest walking on either side of him.

And how can Cuzco ever forget the cry of anguished horror that went up from the great crowd gathered there, when they saw the executioner raise his knifel! And it must remember always that startled silence when Tupac lifted his hand and began to speak.

He told his people that his race was run, and he reproached himself, saying that this death was punishment for an act of disobedience to his mother.

The priests had interrupted to insist that his death was by the will of God.

Tupac prayed then pardon for what he had said. And his innocence was so touching that the execution was delayed while Priors of all Religious Orders and the Bishop of Popayan himself, went to the Viceroy and fell on their knees begging mercy for this young Inca.

But there was in Viceroy Toledo no mercy.

And when Tupac's head fell, once more that unforgettable cry of heartbreak rose from the crowded plaza.

Then the Viceroy commanded Tupac's head to be set up beside the scaffold, while in the Cathedral priests, defying Toledo's displeasure, interred the body with all solemnity.

And in the dark of night, Indians crept to the plaza to worship

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the head of their last sovereign. They came so quietly that the thing was not known until one night a certain Spaniard, rising in the night, happened to look out of his window, and in the shining moonlight he saw that the whole square was crowded with kneeling Indians, their eyes fixed in adoration upon their Inca's head.

When Toledo was told of this he had the head buried with the body. And again the priests performed a solemn service in Tupac's honor.

Looking back upon this thing which Cuzco may never forget, the words of Cieza de León—young Spanish soldier of the long ago—echo in that remembering square:

“We must beseech God to give us grace to enable us to repay in some measure those people to whom we owe so much, and who had given such slight offence to justify the injury we have done them.”

IX

TODAY IN THE SIERRA

WHEN I woke in the morning after my arrival in Cuzco, I knew at once just what I would do first.

“Juan,” I said to the room-boy, as I sipped my *cafecita*, “Juan, I want to go to the Church of Santa Ana.”

He seemed surprised. “Not to the fortress?” he reasoned. “Or to the Temple of the Sun? Or the Cathedral?”

“No, to the Church of Santa Ana.”

But Santa Ana was only a poor little church, he explained: the church of the Indians really. Hardly anybody asked to go to Santa Ana. Juan himself had a certain admixture of Spanish blood, and spoke distantly of Indians. *Santa Ana was the church of Indians really. . . .*

But I knew that it contained a series of murals done in Cuzco by an artist of the sixteenth century, who, in painting a religious fiesta, had portrayed also Cuzco and its people, both Indian and Spanish, as they were in that faraway day.

The Church of Santa Ana is on the northern margin of the city, and my hotel on its southern edge, so that in going to the church it is necessary to pass through the town.

Juan elected himself my companion, pointing out along the way what he considered of interest, not realizing how unnecessary that was, for it was all as familiar to me as though I were returning to a place long and intimately known; in some ways actually better known to me than to Juan himself, for I was seeing, not only the present Cuzco, but Cuzco as it had been before the Spaniards had destroyed (wholly or partly) its palaces and temples, erecting often on the ancient foundations their own buildings: for example perching the church and monastery of Santo Domingo upon the walls of the Temple of the Sun.

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In fact, on our way to the Santa Ana, I saw really three Cuzcos. There was the Cuzco of the Inca Empire, the Cuzco of the colonial period, and the present-day city, where to the past there have been added electric light and telephone wires, and a few automobiles.

The Church of Santa Ana looks across a deep gaping ravine, to the hill of the fortress of Sacsahuamán. Through the ravine there runs the road by which the Spanish Conquerors entered Cuzco when they came triumphant after the execution of the Inca, Atahualpa. By that road, too, Cusi and Tupac had come to the christening of the baby, Melchior. And over the same road Tupac had been brought, a captive, to be beheaded in the great square.

Another highway passes directly in front of the church, and along it Indians continually come and go on their way to the Cuzco market, men, women and children, with their beasts, mules and burros and strings of llamas.

From the slope on which it stands the church looks down upon the city, and widely out across the hills to ranges, blue with distance. And ascending the mountains are roads, leading to what in the old days were the four provinces; roads which you might follow northwest to Quito, northeast to the jungle country of the Amazon, southwest to the coast, or southeast to Lake Titicaca and Bolivia.

The church itself gives the impression of gradually sinking with age into the earth. At a little distance from its entrance there is a square squat tower of adobe, roofed with faded terra-cotta tiles. And four ancient bells hang in this tower.

We found the church closed, and Juan went seeking someone to open it, while I sat on the doorstep and watched the stream of Indians, full-skirted women and poncho-clad men, repeating in varied combination strong shades of red and blue.

And then Juan returned with a boy of about fourteen, barefoot, upon whose body hung patched and faded garments; a half-breed like Juan himself, though, unlike Juan, he was almost wholly Indian.

The boy fitted a great key into the lock and pushed open the antique doors.

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Within, the church appears of even greater age than from without. Its sagging floor has been worn by many feet. The heavy beams of its ceiling are dark. There is a very old pulpit in black and gold, and carved confessionals of a dull red. It all appears as much out of a vanished past as a spinning wheel standing cobwebby in a dusty attic. And the murals I had come to see, they, too, were out of the past.

The sun, within that little church, seemed a stranger, and my eyes adjusted themselves slowly to the dim light, but gradually the pigment of the old canvases glowed in mellow color.

On an impulse I turned suddenly to the ragged youth who had opened the church: "Tell me about the pictures," I said, desiring to see them through the eyes of this boy in whom the Indian strain was so slightly diluted by the Spanish. "Tell me about the pictures."

The boy looked bewildered. Perhaps he had never before thought about them. He was accustomed to do no more than lock and unlock the door on those infrequent occasions when that service was required. Certainly, I am persuaded, no one had ever before asked him to describe the paintings.

Juan had remained outside to gossip with passers-by, so that the boy and I were alone in the dim old church, with no audience to make him shy, once he had accepted the eccentric Señora, who, it appeared, could not observe pictures for herself, but must have them explained.

Then, with that gentle docility which made the Peruvian Indian submissive clay under the shaping hand of Inca rule, he attempted to gratify my wish.

He gazed for some minutes at the mural before which we stood, and then he spoke slowly, in a very careful Spanish, as though while he talked he was translating his native Quechua into the tongue of the Conquerors. And he spoke with the simple natural dignity of the Indian, wholly unselfconscious, thinking, as it were, aloud.

"It is a procession of Corpus Christi," he said. "There are monks with a tall cross, and there are priests."

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"Yes," I encouraged, while I noted the full stiff silk gowns of the priests, elaborately embroidered and ornate with lace. "Yes?"

"And there are Indians. . . . An Indian Princess who is old. She has a white turban on her head. Her mantle is fastened with a pin of gold . . . her ring is also of gold. The mantle is red and black, embroidered in gold."

"Her face?" I suggested.

"Her face is round. The skin is a little brown. She has eyes looking up . . . and sad also. Her eyes are full of wonder. . . ." (As he talked I was jotting down the boy's exact words, of which this is a literal translation.)

"Eyes sad and full of wonder . . . watching the procession of Corpus Christi."

The boy seemed to be living now in the picture and scarcely aware of me.

"The old Princess has her little grandson beside her. His face is round also, but it is not so sad."

We passed thus from picture to picture, pausing before each while the boy put into words what he saw.

"And here is a Spanish family. A Spaniard with a hat, large and black . . . and a beard also black and long hair. . . . His eyes—a little angry are his eyes. Next to the Spaniard is an Indian girl with long hair, very long. Her face is round, of a brown color, but not so brown as the face of the old Princess. She is young—*jovencita*. I think she is the daughter of the old Princess . . . but her eyes are happier. . . .

"And here is the image of San Cristóbal in procession. It is a fiesta. There are many people in the windows and on the balconies. Banners are hanging from the balconies . . . blue, green, red, rose-color. Many Spaniards on the balconies, and in the street Indians . . . barefoot . . . some of them are carrying silver candelabra and candles."

We passed on to the next picture.

"Priests of La Merced . . . with the Virgin of La Merced in procession. . . . A grand fiesta . . . many Indians. Mantles of rose-color, embroidered with blue, bright blue and bordered with



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dark blue. And there is the Cathedral and the Temple of Jesús María. And priests in gold embroidered robes. There's a red canopy. . . . And behind all these things there are the mountains. . . .

"And this shows the procession of the Virgin of Belén. She is riding in a four-wheeled cart of gold and silver. Sacristans are following with silver candelabra. Ahead there is walking a Spaniard with an Indian. The Spaniard wears a long black cape. He has very big white sleeves with lace, and a big black hat. The Indian wears a red turban and a tunic of many colors. He carries a red banner in one hand and a wand in the other. There are people in the cart with the image. They are playing on cornets and a harp. And all the windows are full of people who watch the Virgin pass. The Indian with the banner has an expression very intelligent. . . ."

So the sixteenth century in Cuzco moves in procession on the walls of the ancient little Church of Santa Ana. It is the late sixteenth century, because there has been time since the Conquest to build churches and many houses in the style of Spain, with carved Moorish balconies. Spanish families live in the houses, and many monks and priests—even a few nuns—have arrived in Cuzco. While among the Indians, some still survive of the nobility, and the Spaniards are still recognizing certain chiefs, with the hope of controlling the Indians through a few of the former leaders. And the pageantry of Catholicism has been superimposed upon the old worship of the Sun. Catholic fiestas have taken the place of aboriginal festivals. There has been time, too, for a new race to be born in Peru, a race whose skin is less brown, whose eyes are not quite so sad as those of the old Princess of the picture, who had actually herself seen the Conquest.

The murals were perhaps done at the time when Garcilaso de la Vega was growing up in Cuzco, and there was a school for the education of youths born of *Conquistadores* and Inca Princesses. But that was before sinister Viceroy Toledo took measures to exterminate all possible members of Inca aristocracy,

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and accordingly banished from the land many of the young half-caste nobility.

On returning from my visit to the Church of Santa Ana, I settled down to what was to be my life in the weeks that I spent in Cuzco. I was established in the Hotel Ferrocarril, which is in the section called in the days of the old Empire, "the tail of the Puma," at the southern extremity of what may be considered the city. The hotel and railway station are, as I have said, practically one and the same. On certain days in the week the express up from the coast arrives at Cuzco at the end of the line. On certain other days it returns by the way it has come, down to Mollendo, thirty-six hours distant. On other days there may be a freight train, and once a week there is a local.

With the arrival and departures of the passenger trains the station swarms with Indians, diluted with cholos and Peruvians of Spanish blood. There are soldiers, policemen, priests and friars, as well as a motley mass of women, children, babies and dogs, and upon special occasions a very brass band. In the hours between trains the station is deserted, with scarcely a sound but the sputtering tick coming over the wires into the telegraph office.

For some time the hotel had but one other guest in addition to myself. He was a pale, ill young Dutchman, a permanent resident, not a *pasajero*, as Juan called those of us who were visitors. In a dining-room full of vacant tables, laid out as though expecting many customers, the Dutchman and I had our meals at adjoining tables. The room was so quiet that knives, forks and spoons seemed to clatter nervously against the china. Always on entering and leaving the room the Dutchman made a stiffly correct little bow, like the bow of a marionette whose bowing-string has been suddenly jerked.

Finally, after some days I decided to break the monstrous silence in either English or Spanish.

"Do you speak English?" I asked.

"Of course."

After that the knives and forks and spoons resumed the

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subordinate place which should be theirs, while the Dutchman and I exchanged impressions.

He had come to Peru to make a living, and had not found it so easy as the large talk of a friend had implied. He had had a disillusioning experience on one of the great cattle estancias, and was now living in Cuzco, dangling before his own eyes the hope that at any moment one of his various schemes would come off.

Ill luck had made him cynical but he had a sense of humor which salted the cynicism, and he was a companionable someone with whom to talk at dinner, and with whom to hang out of the window and watch the train come in. It was the custom for everyone in the hotel and the station to hurry excitedly to see the train.

Everyone was swept into the excitement—the station master Señor Fuentes, the administrator of the hotel, the hotel cook, the dining-room boy, Juan the room-boy, Juanito the room-boy's son, such citizens of Cuzco as were at leisure, the pale Dutchman and I . . .

Juan and his Juanito undauntedly expected the sort of passengers who would put up at the hotel. As for me, I watched the train, partly because the station-life was really something to watch, and also because the train fed my hope that it brought me a letter from Roberto. My last news from him had been a cable to Arequipa saying that his departure from New York was delayed, but that he planned to reach Cuzco on Christmas night. And of course I was anxious lest his coming should be again postponed. I was especially anxious because I was putting off until his arrival a visit to the extraordinary, long-forgotten city of Machu Picchu. And since this city stands upon a steep mountain-ridge around whose base sweeps a swift turbulent river, it is not possible to reach it after heavy rains have swollen the river, perhaps washed away the bridge, and converted the trail into a mud-flow. Each day was now making the ascent to the ridge uncertain, for the rains had already begun. And Machu Picchu was an essential part of my trip to Peru, because it happened to

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be identified with the destiny of the Tito and Salla of my novel. I must not delay Machu Picchu until it was too late. So in a tense suspense I waited for news of Roberto's coming.

But the trains brought no letters, though I had given explicit forwarding directions both in Lima and Arequipa.

Also this being out-of-season for Cuzco, the train brought no passengers to fill hotel rooms, and Juanito, therefore, had time to wander with me about Cuzco.

And as little Fernandez of Cajamarca had been the child reincarnation of the Tito of my imagination, so Juanito was Tito as he was at the age of fifteen.

Juanito's mother was apparently pure Indian, for he is in every way closer to the aboriginal type than his father. His skin is darker than Juan's, and as smoothly flawless as bronze. His pretty precise Spanish is that which Tito spoke after his months in the Spanish barracks at Cajamarca with Pizarro's soldiers, and Juanito's voice has that vibrance which all remarked in Tito. And Juanito's gestures duplicate Tito's. I used to say that Tito thought with his fluttering hands. And here was Juanito doing the same thing. Tito's spirit was reverent in the presence of Nature. And when Juanito talked to me of these things, he was Tito speaking. There was in his mind, too, the same mystic quality; he had the same gift of poetic expression. In knowing Juanito I was able to enter further into the mind and soul of Tito.

But for all this, I did not always take Juanito with me; for there were moods in which I would be alone in Cuzco, absorbed back into its memories.

I often sat in the great plaza, which was so long ago the Holy Square of the Incas: The *Andén de Uanto*, as it used sometimes to be called—The Terrace of the Fringe; fringe being the Inca equivalent of a sovereign's crown. And as the Inca was holy, so the Plaza of the Fringe was synonymous with the Holy Square.

As I sat in this plaza, bright with the yellow blossoms of a low shrub and with the twittering song of little Andean white-throats, the past was all about me.

High on the façade of El Triunfo, there is a life-sized figure

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of Saint James on his white charger, commemorating the tradition that, at the long siege, he came down from Heaven to bring victory to the Spaniards. Next to El Triunfo is the Cathedral where priests, defying Viceroy Toledo's anger, held solemn Mass for the poor beheaded young Inca, Tupac, who was the last ever to be crowned with the royal fringe.

On the site of the great palace of that Inca who was Atahualpa's father, there is Cuzco's University and the Church of La Compañía de Jesús built by the Jesuits before their expulsion, when they were a powerful Order. And leading out of the plaza is the narrow Incaic street which you may follow past the beautiful rose-grey stone walls of the ancient Convent of the Virgins of the Sun. And these things stand as witnesses insisting upon the truth of what Cuzco remembers.

In the plaza itself the Spaniards set up the gibbet and the scaffold. It was here that Almagro the Elder's body was exposed after Hernando had had him strangled in the prison, and here that his son, the Lad, was beheaded. This son of the elder Almagro was of those born of aboriginal mother and Spaniard, the first to distinguish himself in Peru, fighting bravely for what he believed to be justly due his father as one of the two leaders of the Conquest.

And it was here, too, that young Tupac rode upon a mule to meet the death they had decreed for him; and here that his people came in the dark silence to worship his head: here also that two hundred years later there was the unspeakable horror of yet another execution. . . .

It was so quiet in this plaza that, sitting there, I was conscious of every footfall—even of the bare feet of the Indians. It is as though Cuzco treads softly, fearful of disturbing the tragic past.

God, my spirit often cried, can this place never forget! Four centuries ago, but still Toledo is leaning from his balcony watching Tupac's young head severed from his body! And I felt that still, in the depth of the night his long-dead people gather, worshiping his head.

The plaza's memories seem rarely to go back to the time before

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the Spaniard, when the great festivals of the Children of the Sun filled the square with gorgeous glittering robes of iridescent feathers and with the color of Inca fabric, while to the music of flutes and tambourines, the populace danced, and the mummy-bundles of the ancestors were brought out to enjoy the spectacle.

All that is less real now than the Conquest and what came after it.

In the historic buildings that surround the square there are many of Cuzco's treasures. In El Triunfo, there is the wooden cross which Valverde, the priest, carried in Cajamarca. The great altar of the Cathedral is of lustrous Peruvian silver, the choir-stalls are a miracle of carving, in one of the many chapels is the life-sized image of Our Lord of the Earthquakes, and in the sacristy is the silver cart in which on Holy Thursdays this very miraculous image goes in procession through the street. In the sacristy also are kept the famous jewels of the Cathedral, and in one of the towers hangs the bell, "Maria Angola," whose golden tone may be heard at a great distance. The interior of the Compañía is richly ornate with gold and carving, and among its pictures are paintings of the wedding of the Inca Princess, Beatriz, to a nephew of Saint Ignatius of Loyola. The Princess Beatriz was the daughter of the eldest of the Inca Manco's sons. It was she whom the Spaniards sent to persuade her father to exchange his sovereignty for a pension and a palace in the valley of Yucay, where so soon afterward he died of the sadness in his soul. And in the Church and Monastery of Santo Domingo, just a little distance from the plaza, there are many ecclesiastical treasures, but they fade in importance beside the fact that this building stands upon the beautiful stone walls of the Inca Temple of the Sun, and that within the Monastery are the Inca chambers sacred to the Sun and the Moon—pagan chapels of that stone workmanship which has immortalized the Peru of the ancients. Of Santo Domingo's paintings, I remember only that one in which the Spanish artist turned from orthodox Catholic subjects, and painted the Conquest, with the Inca, Atahualpa, the chief figure on his canvas.

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When the Conquerors partitioned among themselves the buildings and the riches and the women of Cuzco, the Temple of the Sun fell to the gallant Juan Pizarro who was fatally injured at the storming of the fortress. And Juan Pizarro gave the Temple to the Order of Santo Domingo.

Wherever you go in Cuzco, your point of departure is usually the central plaza. It was from here that Juanito and I followed the steep Incaic street which led us to the Fiesta of the Three Kings, which we had been told was to take place in the square in front of the Church of San Blas.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Indians in their colorful best were streaming from all directions to San Blas. Teetering on platforms, unsteadily borne on men's shoulders, a blue and tinsel Virgin and a cherubic Jesus made a circuit of the streets, with banners flying and drums beating, while the square jammed with Indians and half-breeds, waited their return, when the drama would begin.

"It is a play of Herod," Juanito said, "and the three kings coming to adore the Child" . . . the "Child!" Juanito's voice was hushed in reverence when he uttered the word.

For nearly four hours we stood—some thousands of us—on that afternoon, cold because the sun was wanly veiled with gauzy cloud. The performance we watched was a strange compound of patriotism, Catholicism and Paganism. On a high platform, erected just outside the church, school children, one by one, delivered patriotic discourses to the accompaniment of wooden gestures. Those who were frightened by the great audience lost their voices completely, only the gestures remaining.

When this speechifying was done, the play began.

There was the wicked Herod, sending three mounted soldiers with orders to seek out and to murder all new-born males, so that the "Child, Jesus" would surely not survive. The crowd made room for the horsemen to search for Herod's victims, and when paper infants were provided to be decapitated by the soldiers, the excitement was breathless. But of course the "Child" had escaped and, when the decapitating was over, appeared with

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the Virgin on the platform, dressed in white and wearing great white wings.

And now the three kings arrived on horseback, instead of camels, each king attended by a page on foot.

Of the three kings, one represented a Spaniard in the dress of the Conquest period, the second was in the garb of an Inca, and the third was made up as an Ethiopian. Each king made a lengthy oration, lauding the birth of the "Child." Even the pages had speeches, the Ethiopian page delighting the audience with clownish stunts, leaping about in joy that the "Child" was born.

And this adoration of the Savior was followed by scenes from Inca days when in the costume of the Empire, Indians danced as in the old days before their Lord.

When it was over and we returned to the hotel, Juanito told me that the fiesta was in honor of the Sun, as well as of the "Child."

In the cold Andean country, how can the cult of the Sun ever die! For when the sun has set, or is hidden by cloud, the world is altered. Without the sun the mountain chill lays numbing hands upon heart and spirit. More than anywhere else in the world, in the Andes, the sun is life.

In the Cuzco market-place it is easy to recall the days of the Empire. As Cieza de León used to say of the city, the market is "full of strangers." You see there the distinctive types of the surrounding Sierra, with their characteristic head-dress and fashion of arranging the hair; you hear Quechua spoken and little Spanish. But trade is now conducted through the medium of money where formerly it was carried on in the direct barter of goods; so many ears of corn for so many potatoes, so many potatoes for so much llama meat, or so many peppers. Of course in that time there were only Indians in the market, for the new race created out of the Conquest had not yet been born. But for all the changes that have taken place the llama still holds his own as the Andean beast of burden, and no conquest has cowed his haughty manner. And still, those virtues which the Inca system bred in its people



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at the sacrifice of freedom of thought and of action, those virtues, I think, survive, for you must be everywhere impressed with the patience and the industry of the Indian, with his restraint, his dignity and his capacity for worship.

As they sit about the market in groups around the cooking-pot enjoying a hot midday stew you feel that they take pleasure in companionship, for all their subdued, almost hushed, voices, and the look of remoteness in eyes which know the solitude of shepherding flocks on the lonely Puna and the communion with vast spaces and high mountains.

To be exuberant, the Indian requires the copious drinking of chicha, just as, to endure toil at lofty altitudes, he fortifies the physical body with the chewing of coca-leaves, that herb which, as one of the old chroniclers puts it, "any man having these leaves in his mouth hath never hunger nor thirst."

Reformers insist that coca should be taken from the Andean Indians, but I remember the strain of great altitudes upon the physical system. Even bodies with a lung capacity and heart muscles developed through the centuries in adaptation to altitude must to some extent feel that strain. And I remember also the hard terms of Indian life, and I think no comfort, however dubious, should be removed unless at the same time some improvement in conditions is substituted for it. And the chewing of coca is said not to affect the health or the disposition or the morals, as alcohol, morphine, or opium do.

In the Cuzco market, though long ago the Inca aristocracy perished under the Conquest, yet today you see occasionally men who have about them the regal air to which the hard facts of living have added a philosophy, an inner wisdom, and a shrewdness tempered by humor. Such are, however, the exception, for the bitter toil of poverty and the tradition of tragedy has stamped a melancholy resignation upon the Andean Indian which makes a market scene in the Andes strikingly different from the markets of Guatemala. As the civilization of the Inca was a loftier thing than that of Guatemala, so the Conquest in Peru has been a more

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enduring calamity. And the descendants of the Children of the Sun cannot forget.

This, their sadness, pervades Cuzco, even the Cuzco of the Conquerors. Looking through the imposing doors of establishments magnificent in that long ago when the wealth of the Indies was fabulous, you see interior courtyards surrounded by ornate balconies and arched galleries, and beyond the first courtyards you may look into others with similar arches and balconies. You know that in these houses Spanish grandes, some of whom had Inca princesses for wives, once lived in a medieval splendor, served by the Indians who had been "granted" them, and that silks and velvets and plumes and the fine laces of Flanders were at home here. Some of the doors bear a coat-of-arms sculptured over the lintel, and all is on a grandiose scale. But most of them now have an air of abandonment, with only occasional pots of flowers to enliven neglect and poverty where formerly there were pride and life.

Garcilaso de la Vega says that the Cuzco of his boyhood, in the years not long after the Conquest, was gay. But that is four hundred years ago.

Lima—Francisco Pizarro's City of Kings—attracted fashion and wealth from Cuzco to the gentler climate of the coast, leaving Cuzco to remember . . . far away in the high Andes.

One of the roads which ascend the hill to the fortress, passes by what remains of the palace of Colcampata, on the terrace which, under the Incas, was called "The Terrace of Carnations." The palace looked down upon the city, then roofed with golden-brown thatch. Today the city roofs are of henna-colored tile, with only occasionally the hideous intrusion of corrugated iron, and all that is left of Colcampata is the beautiful outer wall into which are set a row of niches where sentinels were stationed, while, within the gardens, there remains but a lovely fragment of the palace walls. A caretaker's cottage is close by, and he has planted gay flowers to bloom about the rose-grey ruin, daisies and roses and sweetpeas.

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Outside the wall Paullu, that Inca Prince who was from the beginning friendly to the Spanish, built the little Church of San Cristóbal to celebrate his conversion to the Catholic faith. It was there that Paullu's grandson, the infant Melchior, was baptized at that gala christening which had seemed to portend brighter times.

But soon Toledo was using the happy palace as a prison for poor young Tupac, before having him beheaded.

On the summit of the hill back of the palace, there is the famous fortress of Sacsahuamán, most of it dating back to a mysterious people who preceded the Inca. The might of its blue-grey walls of cyclopean stones astonishes you, no matter how your reading has prepared you to expect it; for the size of the great boulders is amazing, and the precise fitting of stone upon stone is an incredible achievement. How the stones were transported from the distant quarry without the aid of machinery, and how the cutting was accomplished with only the rudest tools has never been explained. The only answers thus far are—toil, patience, time, laborers, all without limit.

I saw the fortress first on a sunny morning, when from its height the city of Cuzco was brilliant in its setting. A deep Prussian blue painted the sky; the foreground mountain-slopes were done in brick-red, on which were spread, like lengths of lustrous silk, the spring green of fields of potatoes and young wheat and corn, still far from maturity. And there was in the air a blue shimmer, out of which stood the snows of far, high ranges. At the foot of the fortress llamas passed, going in to the Cuzco market, as unchanged as though no centuries separated the present from that day when the great chief had wrapped his mantle about his head and leaped to his precipitous death.

Yet, it was the present, and not the sixteenth century, for chalked in great red letters here and there on the massive boulders was the word APRA—symbol of the *Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana*.

And as we were walking back to the hotel, Juanito talked to me

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of a certain fabulous city, more wonderful, he said, even than Machu Picchu.

Juanito had been himself to Machu Picchu and it could not be compared with this city of which he spoke. "It is," he said, "a city of great houses and beautiful gardens, and much gold. And the strange thing about the city is that there is in it no commerce."

"But why not?"

"Because anyone leaving the city is never able to find the way back."

"Let us go some day, Juanito, and look for your city!"

"Yes, we could do that."

"Do you think we could find it?"

"We might find it."

"Is it near to Cuzco?"

"Oh, no, it is far."

"Near to Machu Picchu?"

"Not near to Machu Picchu either."

I tried the names of various other cities, and the names of mountains and rivers.

"Can it be," I said finally, "near to Madre de Dios?"

"It is possible that it is near to Madre de Dios."

"And so we will go one day and look for it?"

"Yes, we may go. But if ever we come away, we can never again find the beautiful city."

So my days passed in Cuzco, and there was still no word from Roberto. Trains arrived with much noise and show, much puffing and ringing of bells. A swarm of rags would gather to take charge of the luggage of possible passengers. Then the crowd dispersed, and the locomotive went snorting into its shed. But the trains brought no letters.

I became uneasy, at first about possible rain preventing a trip to Machu Picchu. On rainy days I was alarmed for fear that, in my anxiety that Roberto should not miss Machu Picchu, I had waited too long and that now it would end in neither of us getting there. Then when the sun shone, I was in despair for fear all the good

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weather was being used up, and Roberto would have nothing but rain, and continuous rain in the Sierra is a dismal hopeless business. Each day now there was more rain than on the day before, and I always took with me the vast umbrella, which I had purchased in Arequipa; for the rains had a trick of coming on suddenly, though equally suddenly they would be gone, and sun-light would glisten on the tile roof-tops of Cuzco.

If Roberto was not coming I said to myself I must make the trip to Machu Picchu, without delay.

I decided then to send a telegram inquiring what had happened to my mail, and so it came about that I made the acquaintance of the telegraph operator, an unshaved and genial person, who at once adopted my troubles as his own.

We then waited. I say "we" because the telegrapher had made me feel that it was "we." We waited, but no answer came. And a few days before Christmas, I developed a lively sense of disaster.

I began to believe that something must have happened, and I decided to telegraph to a nice British Mr. Paterson in Arequipa, asking him to find out if letters had arrived for me. . . . Hours passed before there was a reply, and when it came it was in English, which I had to translate at once in order to relieve the telegrapher's suspense.

Mr. Paterson was forwarding a package; so the message said.

But it was letters that I wanted! Not a package.

The telegrapher would immediately send another telegram: Had letters or a cable arrived?

But it was now after seven o'clock, and the telegrapher broke it gently to me that, since the office in Arequipa closed at eight o'clock, I probably could not get a response until the morning.

I went drearily to my room. Rain was trickling down the window pane. And it was cold. Cuzco, you remember, stands more than eleven thousand feet above the sea, and it is cold when the sun is gone.

I sat down at the little table in the middle of my room. I was convinced that something must have happened to Roberto. And I didn't know how to reach him. If he was coming, he would

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already be on his way, flying down from New York to Arequipa. If I sent a cable to his office it might not be answered, and then I would have added to my reasons for anxiety. Anyway the cable could not be sent that night. There was nothing to do, therefore, but wait until I heard from Mr. Paterson in the morning. And even then, all he could say was that there were or were not letters or a cable.

I despaired. . . .

There was a knock at the door and the dining-room boy inserted a smiling face: Dinner was ready.

Oh, I didn't want dinner! Just bring me some hot water and whisky. . . . Cuzco was really so far away and anything might have happened!

I put my head down upon the table and wept.

I wasn't fit to be a woman with her dream of Cuzco come true!

Just bring me whisky and hot water.

Then there was excited pounding on the door: "The reply, Señorita! The reply from Meester Paterson."

And in burst the telegrapher with a message in his hand. In English . . . "Meester Paterson" could not, of course, know that the telegrapher, too, was in suspense.

Accordingly I translated: "No cable. Sending letters. But they cannot arrive until Wednesday night."

Actually this told me little, beyond how kind Mr. Paterson was. I had letters . . . but I did not know their contents nor from whom they had come. Still I was strangely comforted, even if without real reason.

Juanito brought the hot water and whisky, and I went hopefully to sleep.

And in the morning it was the day before Christmas, and it was raining, but under my umbrella I went to see what Cuzco did on the day before Christmas, and by the time I reached the plaza a heavenly sun was shining.

I found small booths set up in the plaza, selling all manner of figurines, little images of saints, representations in china and

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papier-mâché and clay of the birth of Christ—manger, cattle, baby and Virgin complete. There were also china animals of various sorts and artificial flowers and dolls' furniture and flower-pots of dolls' size, and tin automobiles, and very small Japanese lanterns, and cakes and candies and buns, and birds in cages, with all Cuzco walking about to see, celebrating Christmas in a plaza full of yellow flowers.

When I returned to the hotel Juan's shouts greeted me: "Telegrams! Telegrams! From Meester Paterson and one from Don Roberto himself!"

The telegrapher exuded joy. But, Roberto's telegram being in Spanish, he already knew its contents, while what "Meester Paterson" had said was an enigma in English. Therefore I was first given the English message that I might translate it for the benefit of all.

And Mr. Paterson said: "Mr. Niles arrived this morning. We are sending him on by *autocarril*."

Why, by *autocarril*? I could not guess. But that did not matter. None of the misfortunes I had imagined had come to pass: Roberto was safe and due to arrive in Cuzco on Christmas night at seven o'clock. Now . . . if the rains permitted the visit to Machu Picchu, I had no more to ask of Fate at the moment.

Juanito had said that I was not to be uneasy about rain, for he would pray to the Sun: he would pray in Quechua, for, he said, he felt that the Sun would give more heed to a prayer in Quechua than in Spanish.

The matter of rain being thus arranged, we held a conference—telegrapher, Juan, Juanito and I. I had the idea that I'd like to surprise Roberto by going down the Line to meet him at some station near Cuzco. But the train schedules made that difficult, and we concluded that I would take an automobile and drive to the little flag-station at Sailla.

All this is perhaps a trivial memory to record in looking back over the centuries in Peru, and yet to me the warm, understanding friendliness of the little Hotel Ferrocarril is a thing I shall always

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cherish; a happy experience which belongs in my particular pageant of Peru.

On Christmas Eve, the night before Roberto was to arrive, Juan and I went to Mass in the Church of La Merced—that Church of Our Lady of Mercy where Gonzalo Pizarro and the Almagros—father and son—had been buried after their respective trials, convictions, confessions and executions.

Cuzco at night is dimly lighted, and silent. No matter what the weather, it is impossible at night to get any sort of cab. Once after a dinner party, my host and hostess escorted me all the way back to the hotel on foot, in a slow heavy drizzle. To be elegant, I had not taken the great Arequipa umbrella, failing to realize that the night life of Cuzco's streets is limited to corner policemen in thick dark overcoats, and to a few noiseless Indians skulking in the shadow of walls, wrapped in their ponchos.

But on Christmas Eve there were automobiles about, and Juan and I rode to Mass.

The Church of La Merced was so packed with people—chiefly Indians—that it seemed at first as though we could not squeeze ourselves in. Each pew was occupied by three times the number of people for which it was intended, for there were people kneeling, people sitting on the seats, and people sitting also on the backs of the seats. And yet courtesy somehow made a way for Juan and me.

The old paintings on the walls, the carved woodwork, dark with the years, the black garb of those who were not Indians, the mellow tint of the faces, all were fused in a picture as richly somber as pigments on some ancient canvas, composed with the aim of centering attention upon a high altar where tall candles blazed and priests in long white robes moved in a ritual centuries old.

Somewhere, out of sight in the organ gallery, there was music which to my ears seemed to combine the cry of trumpets and the clash of cymbals. I felt it to be pagan, Incaic, unrelated to the familiar reverberating Latin of the service.

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And looking into the eyes of those Indians who were near me, I saw that expression which the boy in the Church of Santa Ana had described in the eyes of the Old Princess in the picture—"eyes full of wonder."

On Christmas afternoon the automobile we had ordered came to drive me to the flag station at Sailla, where I planned to board the train which was bringing Roberto. It was raining hard and the road a morass. Then, within a few moments after starting, it was obvious that not all the crazy lurching of the car was due to the condition of the road. The chauffeur, beyond question, had been making Christmas cheery with liquor. We careened from one side of the road to the other, reeling and skidding and bumping every mile of the way.

Then at last there was Sailla. Or to be exact, there was a house, though it was securely locked and its occupants off somewhere, probably celebrating Christmas. And adjoining the house, was an open shed, under which three little Indian girls squatted, each over a cooking pot set upon the ground above small smoky fires. A few dogs, chickens and guinea hens had come into the shed out of the rain. The three diminutive women—for Indian children are duplicates in dress and manner of their elders—paid not the slightest attention to our arrival, being exclusively absorbed in puffing life into their damp smoldering fires.

When I ventured to ask them if the train did stop at Sailla, the chauffeur said: "Oh, you can't talk to them, Señorita! They don't know any Spanish, only Quechua."

The chauffeur announced then that he would leave me and return to Cuzco.

But suppose the train should conclude that really it was not worth while to stop at that shed where three little Quechuas puffed three dismal fires. . . . Suppose. . . .

The chauffeur was firm . . . I equally so.

He, declaring that he must return to Cuzco; I, vowing that I would not be left in the shed, for what if the train did not stop? Then, I explained, my husband would arrive unwelcomed at

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Cuzco and I would have to walk all those muddy miles in darkness back to the hotel.

I had allowed more than an hour's margin just in case we were stuck in the mire along the way. So that now there was that hour to be spent in wrangling about the chauffeur's getting back to further carousing in Cuzco.

Then I saw a little group of people coming across the fields; a man, and two young women, one of them carrying a baby in her arms.

It appeared that they had come to take the train in to Cuzco.

Very well . . . the chauffeur might go. If they had faith in the train's stopping, then I could have faith too.

So the car drove away and left us there, and we sat down together on a bench to wait. And while we waited the rain ceased, the sky was briefly blue, sunset gilded the tops of the close, encircling mountains, and night fell. The train was obviously going to be late.

One of my new friends was a student in the University of Cuzco, a pretty girl, thoughtful and earnest. We talked about Peru, about its troubled history and its possible future. She took its future seriously, and with a shining patriotism.

And then, still far off in the darkness, we saw a great light approaching. The light paused and then came on again. "It's stopping at Oropesa," one of my companions informed me.

After that, it came rushing at us, every minute bigger and more blinding. Soon we were able to hear the throb of the locomotive.

We all got up then, and stood in the track, all but the little Quechuas who never moved from where they squatted over their fires. Now it was an enormous, dazzling bull's-eye of a light, and the force which brought it toward us was slowing down. The train was stopping.

I found Roberto in the last seat of the *coche salon!* Roberto and his camera, just as I had seen them when I had flown away and left him at the airport in Miami. He had traveled, by air and train, more than five thousand miles and here he was only thirty minutes late for his Christmas dinner!

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On the run back to Cuzco he told his story. He, too, had failed to receive letters. On the flight from Lima to Arequipa bad weather had forced the plane to turn back and spend the night in Pisco instead of Arequipa. That meant that he had missed the early train out of Arequipa for Cuzco, and there would not be another for two days. From the air he had seen the train he was to catch moving out of Arequipa!

"If you could get an *autocarril*," the pilot suggested, "there's a chance you might overtake the train, and catch it at Pampa de Arrieros where it stops twenty minutes for the ten-thirty breakfast."

And so Roberto had jumped into an automobile, dashed in from the Arequipa airport to the railroad station, and there, through the great kindness of the Southern Railroad of Peru, an *autocarril* had been put at his disposal.

Hence Mr. Paterson's telegram: "Mr. Niles arrived this morning. We are sending him on by *autocarril*."

An *autocarril* is an automobile which has been adapted to run on railroad tracks. And into such a vehicle Roberto, bag and baggage, set forth in pursuit of that train which he had seen from the air. The *autocarril* had rushed him through that wild desolate mountain country beyond Arequipa. He must reach Pampa de Arrieros before the train left. Otherwise there would be nothing but to return to Arequipa and await the next train.

But the *autocarril*, tearing along in frenzied speed, won the race. And Roberto's telegram which the telegrapher and I had received so joyfully had been sent from Pampa de Arrieros.

Details of the muddle about letters and cables not received until after Roberto's arrival are not interesting. The point of the experience is the adventure in kindness.

Of course, as soon as arrangements could be made, Roberto and I went to Machu Picchu. And the sun shone upon our going.

The miracle—which really was a miracle for we were in the season of heavy rains—Juanito attributed to the Quechua prayers which he had been addressing to the Sun. He talked much of

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the Sun, and of the Indian nature being one of profound thought—of "*mucho pensamiento*." And again I realized the striking identity of Juanito with Tito. For so, with a quaint gravity, would Tito have talked to me.

I was thinking of this when at five o'clock on the morning of December twenty-eighth, we left Cuzco for Machu Picchu.

Our plan was to go by *autocarril* to the end of a single-track, narrow-gauge railroad, intended originally to connect Cuzco with the sugar and coca plantations in the tropical region beyond the mountains. But before the line could be completed, motor buses had been introduced and the project abandoned. At the point where this railroad came to an abrupt termination we would take one of the buses to the bridge at the foot of the Machu Picchu ridge, and from there we would ascend on horseback to the ruins.

For various reasons we had decided to travel by *autocarril* instead of by train. The train runs just one day a week and returns to Cuzco almost immediately, allowing insufficient time to see the ruins, while by *autocarril* you are free to come and go as you please, to stop where you will along the way. Also we wanted to spend a night at Ollantaytambo which is not possible if you go by train. Then in the *autocarril*, you can put down the top of the car, and the world is yours!

And such a world!

In the cold of early morning, our *autocarril* took us up, over hairpin switch-backs, out of the Valley of Cuzco, over a twelve-thousand-foot Pass. Our adjustment to altitude having been made within the first twelve hours of coming to Cuzco, soroche was no more than a queasy memory.

Once over the northern Pass out of Cuzco's valley, we were on a high, wide, wind-swept plain, with—as always in the Sierra—a mountain horizon. The spacious valley is a scene of pastoral plenty with roaming flocks of sheep, and herds of pigs and cattle.

The green expanse was dotted with the red-striped ponchos of shepherds, and Indian women, in enormously full skirts distended by many petticoats, floated upon the sea of green, like

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buoys painted cerise, cherry red and Prussian blue, and topped with the head and shoulders of women wearing little bright shawls pinned about their shoulders, with big, round black hats faced with scarlet precariously perched on their black braids.

And of course there were llamas, standing tall, very chic in their decoration of red fringe and bells. And where there is a village on this plain of fertility, its walls are of adobe—brown or red according to the character of the soil. The thatch of these houses shone yellow in the sun on that morning when we journeyed to Machu Picchu.

As the *autocarril* slid over the rails, I felt an immense and overwhelming gratitude. For I had on that day all my heart's desire. I had come on wings to Peru after months of uncertainty when the very idea had sometimes seemed just about as possible as a trip to the moon. I had come to Peru, and I knew now, strange, unforgettable Cuzco, the Andes were mine to remember forever, I was going upon a golden day to Machu Picchu, and all this was shared with Roberto, who had come so close to having had to renounce it.

When we left the spacious valley, we plunged into a ravine so narrow that there was room only for the railroad and a river which flowed along beside it. On the left a trail zigzagged up mountains over which wisps of cloud drifted high. When the valley widened a little there was a group of huts, no longer made of adobe, but of roughly piled stone, and thatched almost to the ground. It was early summer in the Peruvian Andes, and everywhere birds were singing and flowers blooming. Yet because we were still ten thousand feet high, the air was cold and fresh, dancing air.

And again I remembered the words of Isabel Paterson's farewell letter: "*I don't want to go to heaven, do you? To be footloose in the world as it is—what more could anyone want?*"

If there could be in life but one such day as that of our journey to Machu Picchu, it would be enough to make the whole adventure of existence worth while.

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The chauffeur of our *autocarril*—a charming person in an absurdly long-visored jockey cap—entered into the spirit of the occasion, as if he, too, were aware of an enchantment which proved perfection possible of realization.

It was a gay, eager, free day, set in a world incredibly lovely.

Peru is a land of superlatives, of exaggeration; where shadows are deep, and light is brilliant, where green fertility is contrasted with stark aridity, where at the same moment you may look upon the Pacific rolling in to break upon the beach while in the east the snows of majestic mountains appear to reach the sky.

And in the journey to Machu Picchu there is similar contrast, for the glistening peaks of the Cordillera are reflected on the surface of pools and streams which mirror also golden flowers, arranged like gladioli on tall stalks, and blooming in great clumps along the way. The rivers alternate between a swift calm and excited rapids.

Sliding through the village of Ollantaytambo, we made hotel reservations for the night by shouting to a nondescript urchin who stood staring beside the track. "We'll be back for the night," our chauffeur called, and on we went.

At intervals along the way, on both sides of the river there were the grey stone ruins of Inca buildings, fortresses on great cliffs where the valleys narrowed, and spaced what was once a day's journey apart, the Inns which they used to call tambos. Fuchsias and verbenas and geraniums grew among these ruins. And on all arable hillsides, terraced fields supported by stone walls rose, like the steps of great staircases. The old chroniclers had not exaggerated the huge population of the Inca Empire, for it had been necessary to make literally every possible inch of soil produce.

Since leaving the high valley above Cuzco, we had been, by degrees, descending, and I began to notice a difference in the air. There were bamboos now, as well as willows, along the river-banks. The trees and the cliffs were decked in moss and orchids. Trumpet flowers hung like white bells over the shrubs which

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bore them. Another shrub bloomed in a pendulous scarlet fringe, and miles of clear yellow blossoms flowed like a stream of gold along the river banks. The chauffeur said they were called *retame*.

We had come down to that most delightful of all altitudes—six thousand feet in the tropical zone. The mountain slopes had become a velvet green, rocks were mossy, forest trees grew to the river's edge, banana leaves rustled about a little hut. Cascades hurried down the hills to join the river, and it, too, flowed fast, fast, as when it had been a mere streamlet born out of that cold little lake at the high Pass of La Raya. The strumming of insects could be heard, even above the foaming rush of the river. And a great flock of green parrots flew chattering out of a tree.

So, we arrived in the tropics and at the end of the Santa Ana Railroad. There, we took the Santa Ana motor bus, over that road which Hiram Bingham had ridden twenty-five years ago when he discovered Machu Picchu. It was at that time a recently built trail, following, more or less, a very old footpath. None of the Inca highways had passed through the narrow perpendicular canyon of the Urubamba River, so that the secret of Machu Picchu had been well kept. And Bingham, in fact, did not even have Machu Picchu in his mind as he rode through the gorge. He was traveling about that part of Peru seeking to locate the refuge to which the Inca, Manco, had fled after Gonzalo Pizarro had attacked him at Ollantaytambo. The chroniclers had said that Manco took refuge in a place called Viticos, which place, Bingham says, had been "lost for nearly three hundred years."

Yet it was known that certain of the Spanish soldiers, escaping punishment after the defeat of the Lad, Almagro, had gone to Viticos, had actually lived at Manco's court, and that there they had later murdered him. At this same mysterious lost Viticos, Manco's son, Cusi, had maintained his court and, like his father, had been much reverenced by his people. Also it was from there that Cusi is said to have gone in disguise to see his relative, the baby Melchior, christened in the Church of San Cristóbal, at Cuzco. And at Viticos Cusi had died, as the result, his people

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believed, of those remedies administered by Friar Diego.

Bingham in 1911, traveling over the newly opened trail through the spectacular Urubamba gorge, was inquiring of everyone about the presence of ruins, hoping to locate Viticos which the chroniclers had said was "near to a great white rock over a spring of water."

And falling into talk with an Indian who sold fodder for the horses of any passing travelers, Bingham was told that there were ruins on the top of the ridge, in the saddle between the two peaks—Machu Picchu and Huayna Picchu.

Forty years before, the French explorer, Weiner, had reported having heard of these ruins, but he had evidently not visited them.

Now, at last they were to be made known to the world. With the Indian as guide Bingham crossed the Urubamba over a dubious bridge of logs lashed together and supported on the boulders round which rapids boiled. Once over the bridge, they climbed through massed, matted jungle, and up perilous rocky steeps, until they finally arrived at the top of the ridge. And there—overgrown with forest trees and heavy vines—Bingham found the ruins of Machu Picchu! From all but an occasional Indian they had remained hidden for nearly four hundred years. Bingham had not yet found that refuge described as "near to the large white stone which is over a spring," but he had discovered something which was to amaze the world. He was later to find the Viticos he sought, but it was not to compare in interest or in beauty with this Machu Picchu to which he had been led, casually, by an Indian selling fodder for horses passing over the new river-trail down to the sugar plantations of Santa Ana.

Then, in 1911, 1914 and 1915, Bingham conducted scientific expeditions, which, after clearing away the destroying jungle, studied in detail all that was found at this astonishing citadel.

Since that time a substantial new bridge has spanned the agitated waters of the Urubamba. And at this bridge we took horses for the ascent; patient little bay-colored horses.

Before the jungle was cleared away the ruins were invisible from

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the river-road, but now, you may see high on the ridge a white gleam which you know must be Machu Picchu.

A well-made trail twists up the once difficult face of the ridge, making the ascent an easy matter except in the months of heaviest rainfall when I could see that, even if not actually impassable, it would be a slippery wretched experience. And it would be too bad not to have a serene mind with which to enjoy the matchless beauty of the scene.

Far below is the river, roaring through a narrow canyon whose sides tower thousands of feet, and in every direction mountains stand like clustered spires. Sheer walls of rock are tinted with the lichens that grow upon them and with the orchids blooming in the crevices. Other slopes are mossy green and others are wooded to their conical summits. These cones tower above the ridge, their shape making them seem immensely tall. You feel yourself to be an insect just flown out of space and alighted on the surface of the earth. You are the minutest possible insect, and you are merely poised for an instant there on the trail which leads up to Machu Picchu, enjoying the bright white light of the sun shining in a deeply blue sky, and marveling, as you look about you, at the breath-taking loveliness of the scene.

And then the fancy passes, and you are again a human being mounted on a docile little bay horse which must pause now and again to rest with great heaving breaths, for the trail is steep and you are climbing from the level of the river, up two thousand feet to an altitude of between eight and nine thousand feet.

In forty-five minutes we had arrived at the lowest level of the ruins, where we swung off our little beasts, and entered a maze of buildings, all of pale stone, some grey and some white. The streets which separate the buildings are so narrow that you must sometimes walk in single file. The houses stand on terraces, one above another to the summit. Their doors face the streets, their windows look out upon the wonder of the view. "A window," in the language of the Incas, "a window is a hole that sees." Therefore the beauty-loving Incas who selected always for their

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sacred places—their sundials and their temples—sites commanding the most beautiful panoramas, also gave to their windows what was most lovely in the surrounding scene.

Arrived at the city, I hurried eagerly through the streets, like one returning at long last to a well-known place. I would go first to the sundial on the height above the Sacred Plaza. I mounted by the Staircase of the Fountains, passed in front of the Temple of the Three Windows, and up a flight of stone steps. I felt in that moment as if I had traveled all the miles from New York, just to that sundial. For here, in the end, had come the people of my novel—Tito and Salla, the “Ugly Abbess,” and the Amauta, wise in the culture and philosophy of his time. There, I would look out, as they had, upon that scene which had influenced the decisions they had had to make.

The sundial is of grey stone, chiseled out of solid rock, with a central finger of stone—some two feet tall. The shadow of this stone finger records the movements of the sun, and upon it the Incas based their astronomical observations. The sundial was a holy place to those worshipers of the sun.

From its elevation I looked down upon the city-on-the-ridge, some thirty feet below. Back of me, dominating the city, rises the sheer, rocky cone of Huayna Picchu, and upon it, too, are ruins. Just in front of the sundial is a little temple of white stone with windows, and beyond this are the steps going down to what remains of the beautiful buildings of the Sacred Plaza. Beyond that, the Staircase of Fountains descends on the eastern slope of the ridge, down to the first level of buildings, and at the foot of the stairway are a lovely semicircular tower, and a row of gabled houses, protected by an outer defensive wall.

As I saw the city, of course it was roofless, the thatch which once covered its buildings, having long ago disintegrated and gone. So that both the inner and the exterior structure of the buildings were visible, and as if to compensate for the vanished paraphernalia of living, there were flowers blooming everywhere, within and without the walls, dahlias and begonias and enormous yellow lilies. On the western slope of the ridge, less rocky and precip-

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itous than the eastern, stone walls supported terraced plots where the long-ago inhabitants once had gardens to supply them with grain and vegetables. The terraces, too, could have served as points of defense, in case of attack from below, an improbable event, for the river, sweeping around three sides of the ridge was a moat provided by Nature. Far away, I could see its foaming current and faintly hear its roar.

Across the gorge, on the east, there is dense forest to the summit of the foreground mountains, and occasionally a flowering tree makes a splash of carmine or yellow in the green, and in the distance are snow-capped ranges. In the west, the nearer mountains are treeless, but green, as though clothed in moss, while the further slopes are thickly forested. In the southeast and the southwest, are the stupendous and precipitous crags. And guarding the city on the south and on the north, are the cones called Machu Picchu and Huayna Picchu; it is on the saddle between these two peaks that the city stands, on a site almost impregnable, and from most directions invisible.

Bingham has called Machu Picchu "the city of a hundred stairways," and looking down upon it from the sundial, I saw that these many stairways—some of them of not more than three or four steps—connect one with another the various levels at which the houses stand on the steep slope of the ridge.

The pale stone walls were dazzling in the clear light for which Juanito had prayed in Quechua to the Sun. Black-and-yellow heliconia butterflies flapped on unhurried wings as though life were for them everlasting. Hummingbirds quivered before the flowers, and a flock of brilliant green parroquets flew low over the city, and out across the gorge. Below me I could see Roberto with his camera moving about among the buildings.

The beauty and the grandeur of Machu Picchu, I thought, can never be forgotten by anyone who has seen it.

Philip Means likes to think that the young Inca, Tupac, whom Toledo beheaded, spent his youth here. "Certainly," Philip says, "no one could ask for a more gorgeously beautiful environment in which to pass his days." And Bingham thinks it probable that

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when the Augustinian monk, Father Calancha, wrote (centuries ago) of "Vilcabamba, the Old," he was speaking of Machu Picchu.

"In Vilcabamba, the Old," Father Calancha says, "was the University of Idolatory, where lived the teachers who were wizards and masters of abomination. . . ." "There," Bingham explains, "the Inca, Manco, treasured the remains of his religion and restored the University of Idolatry, and kept the Virgins of the Sun who had escaped from the ravages of the Spanish Conquerors."

And when the burial caves on the ridge beneath the city were opened the scientists of Bingham's expeditions discovered that the large majority of those buried in the caves were women, and that the male skeletons found were of an effeminate type "who might very well have been priests." These facts point to the inference that Machu Picchu and Vilcabamba, the Old, may have been the same. Father Calancha says also that Vilcabamba was three hard days' journey from Viticos, and Bingham, when he later located Viticos, found that this applied as well to Machu Picchu. Bingham further describes how "Calancha relates that the Inca used every means in his power to tempt and try the monks and to endeavor to make them break their vows of celibacy . . . selecting some of the most beautiful Indian women not only of the mountainous districts, but from the tribes of the coast valleys, who were more attractive than those of the mountains." And scientists studying the contents of the burial caves at Machu Picchu found that among the skeletons of the women there were many of the coast type.

Looking down from the sundial it is obvious, even to one who is not an archæologist, that Machu Picchu was constructed at two distinct periods; some of the buildings are of finer stone and more precise workmanship than others somewhat carelessly put together. Perhaps, in establishing here his "University of Idolatry," Manco had found it necessary to add to the accommodations of the abandoned citadel, and so had hastily erected additional buildings.

Considered as a whole these various facts make it easy to be-

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lieve the interesting theory that Machu Picchu was that Vilcabamba of which Father Calancha heard so much, but which he never actually saw with his own eyes.

And while I sat on the sundial dreaming of these things, the two small boys who had carried our lunch baskets up from the bridge, arrived. They had stopped by the way to decorate the baskets with daisies, with dahlias of many colors, with rosy begonias and yellow lilies, the Indians of today loving flowers as did their ancestors, the Children of the Sun.

I sent the two boys to summon Roberto, and the watchman in charge of the ruins, and together we lunched at the sundial, on the good food prepared for us at the Hotel Ferrocarril.

And after lunch I explored the buildings of the city, in imagination covering the open roofs with golden thatch and furnishing the interiors, as Philip Means describes, with "curtains hung in the doorways, llama-pelts and vicuña pelts scattered about the floors." I lined the walls with tinted plaster. I laid down "beds of coarsely woven materials, finished on the top with finer fabrics." Then, in fancy, I put into the niches such articles as were found during the clearing of Machu Picchu, and when the burial caves were opened. I could therefore set forth pottery jugs whose handles represented the heads of jaguar and llama, and dishes decorated in geometric design, or in the stylized figures of butterflies, and my mind might place ready for use, various ornaments, silver rings and bronze bracelets, necklaces of bronze and silver disks, ear-plugs for the men, and the shawl-pins with which every woman fastened her mantle. One of the pins was decorated with the long-beaked head of a hummingbird, and on another there was a miniature Indian boy lying on his stomach with his heels in the air, playing tug-of-war with a fish, large in proportion to himself, the fish tethered at the end of a little bronze rope. (For thus was one of the pins described by Bingham.) And I laid out bronze tweezers with which the men used to tweak out superfluous hairs. I had little bronze mirrors, too, in which the result of all this might be admired. There were also to be ar-

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ranged ready to hand, needles of bronze and bone, ax-heads and spindle-whorls, terra-cotta flutes, little bronze bells, and a medicine-man's jar, filled with the materials of his profession—bits of shiny rock, bits of bone and charcoal, teeth, seeds, the skull of a small animal, and a tiny corncob not two inches long.

I may furnish Machu Picchu thus, since all these things were collected there by the exploring scientists. I was free also to imagine the fountains on the staircase, glistening water flowing from level to level and women going to fill their water-jars; Incaic water-jars designed to be carried on the back by ropes slipped through the jug-handles; that side of the jar which showed while it was carried, being decorated in colored design.

The city now reconstructed and furnished in my mind, I returned to the sundial, to picture its inhabitants coming and going in the streets, priests in rich trappings, Virgins of the Sun in white robes with girdles and tiaras of gold: all fugitives from the Conquest, and among them, perhaps, was the youth, Tupac Amaru.

It might have been so.

And suddenly then I recalled the ragged boy and the murals in the church of Santa Ana at Cuzco: "The Indian," he spoke slowly, as though really observing the paintings for the first time, "the Indian has a face, very intelligent. . . . And the eyes of the Old Princess are sad."

The *autocarril* took us to Ollantaytambo for the night. It was dusk when we arrived and the snows of the mountains were a cold blue-white, and the mountains themselves black. The rooms which we had commandeered as we passed on our way to Machu Picchu were ready, and as we had been up since four o'clock we decided to rest before supper. Then, when I saw that our room looked over the river, I thought it would be pleasant to have supper served there.

"We'll have just a light supper," I said to the three very small and untidy boys who appeared to be managing the establishment. "And we will have supper here in the room. Just soup and toast, some guava preserves and manzanilla tea."

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The three managers agreed and withdrew. And we lay down to rest. Night fell in the room, but I could not sleep. There was an exaltation in the experience of Machu Picchu which would not let me sleep. I lay in the darkness re-living the day, while under the window the Urubamba River rushed over the boulders in its way.

After a while, with an infinite softness, the door of the room slowly opened. And three little figures entered. The first carried a lighted candle which seemed very tall because the figure itself was so very small, the candle, moreover, gaining height by being stuck into the mouth of an empty beer bottle. This figure was followed by a second—smaller still—bearing the largest tray I ever saw. And in the center was, of a size proportionate to the tray, a rack holding glass cruets: salt, pepper, vinegar, oil and mustard. The child with the tray was, in turn, followed by a third child, carrying a large plate heaped with great chunks of toast.

They were the three managers of the hotel!

They entered speechless, on silent bare feet, and proceeded in procession around the room, as though they had no idea what to do now that they were there, with no notion how to go about serving a meal in a bedroom. In the darkness, lighted by a single candle, the effect of that strange little procession was as of some solemn religious ritual. It seemed a pity to interrupt it with directions about where to place the candle and the tray.

In the morning there was Ollantaytambo. In the hotel patio you looked from pink roses and honeysuckle straight up to a peak of eternal snow.

To reach the primitive sanitary arrangements of the hotel, you must go through the patio, and past the entrance door which was presided over by so ferocious a dog that guests are warned not to attempt visiting the plumbing without first summoning one of the three infant managers to protect them against the dog; this being accomplished merely by the small boy putting his hands over the animal's eyes.

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"Why do you keep a beast so dangerous to your guests?" I questioned.

"Well . . . you see, Señorita, there are plenty of robbers about and the dog is the sole defense."

"Hay bastante ladrones, y el perro es la única defensa."

When we went out into Ollantaytambo, we found it to be largely an old Inca village with very narrow, cobbled streets, often passing between typical Incaic walls. Most of its roofs are thatched as in the ancient days. In some of its buildings there are the sloping Inca niches, and on the mountainsides rise the terraced fields of Inca industry. Beside the river, lie two enormous cut stones, monoliths, planned for some building begun centuries ago, and never completed. The stones wait abandoned by the river side. "Tired stones," the Indians call them because they never succeeded in arriving at their destination.

The river itself—suddenly I realized this to be the river down which there was floated the body of that Indian woman whom in the long-ago Francisco Pizarro had had so cruelly killed because she was the favorite wife of Manco, and Manco had, in a certain matter, betrayed him; in fact murdering two messengers whom Pizarro had sent to him. For this the woman had been killed. I remembered how they had shot her with arrows and beaten her until she was dead, and how Pedro had said that she had uttered no moan in the pain of her death, and how he, Pedro, had believed that it was because of the cruelty to this woman that God had "punished the Marquis in the end that was his."

When she was dead, Pedro says that, because Pizarro would have Manco see the vengeance he had taken, he had ordered that the woman's body be put into a basket and set upon the river to float down to Ollantaytambo where Manco was living in the fortress. But Cieza says that it was the woman's own wish—her last request—that when she was dead they should put her body in a basket and set it afloat upon the river, that she might in death return to the Lord she had so deeply loved in life.

However it had happened, I stood, remembering beside the river



She wears her hair in the style of Chincheros

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whose current had borne her poor mutilated body down to Olantaytambo. And there, high on a great precipitous yellow cliff above the river I saw the massive fortress where Manco had taken refuge when he first fled from Cuzco, before he had retreated to that Viticos where eventually he had been murdered.

The way to the fortress leads up from a cornfield where, under a cluster of trees at the foot of a terraced hill, there is the tiled bath which they call "the bath of the Princess." Heavy stone walls support the terraces which climb steeply up to the fortress. And at the top stands the "*adoratorio*": six mammoth slabs of rose granite, exquisitely fitted together to form an unbroken surface. And no one knows how these stones, weighing as much as twenty tons each, were transported from the quarry across the river and up to the fortress, nor what tools were used in fitting them so perfectly together.

Now that the visit to Machu Picchu had been made it did not greatly matter whether it rained. And many of the delightful excursions which we took from Cuzco were in alternate showers and sun. As I look back upon them, I see wayside trees full of singing birds, hedges of organ cactus, bearing starry white blossoms like water lilies. I see wide, placid, fertile valleys, terraced mountains, little villages of adobe houses, smoke oozing through their thatched roofs, and bouquets of flowers attached at the end of long poles and hung out over the street—like flags—wherever chicha, the native liquor, is for sale. Wherever there is a plaza, no matter how small, it is full of flowers, and always on one of its four sides there is a church, as a rule a very old church, dating from Colonial days, with a chunky little tower where bells hang. And on the doors of houses that mourn a black cross is painted. I remember, too, when I look back upon our excursions about the Sierra, llamas and llamas and llamas, with necklaces of bells and red woolen fringe tassels in their ears. There are molle trees with bunches of green berries ripening red, and willows, and tall straight eucalyptus trees. And everywhere Indians, women, in great hats whose upturned brims are faced with scarlet,

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spinning as they walk, women with babies on their backs, men and women chewing coca, and young men who have stopped by the wayside to put flowers in their hats.

It is thus that I remember Chincheros, the village of Urubamba, San Sebastian, Hambutio, Urcos, and Pisac where high on the brow of a hill there is an ancient sundial; everywhere the remains of Inca civilization.

These were days full of beauty, whether the skies were blue or swept with rain-clouds.

And always in Peru I found myself remembering my friend, Harriet Adams, who, better than any other woman, knows the land; for in her unique achievement of (as she puts it) "following each of the *Conquistadores* from the cradle to the grave," she has journeyed to every country where the flag of Spain ever flew.

So it was that the memory of all that had gone before enriched my personal experience of Peru.

Then at last our time in the Sierra had come to an end, and we were leaving Cuzco for Lake Titicaca. Tito and Salla had been born beside that lake, twelve thousand feet above the sea, and I would explore its shore until I found a suitable spot for their birthplace. Also I must see the great reed balsas in which Salla had always wanted to sail, and I must hear the rustling of the tall rushes in the wind that blows across the lake and I must hear the music of the shepherd's flute beside the lake. And of course I would remember that out of the waters of Titicaca the mythical first Inca had risen with his sister-wife, commanded by their father, the Sun, to rule over the land.

It was on the shores of the lake that I left the sixteenth century. We were returning to Lima.

X

THE DIARY OF SERGEANT MUGABURU

I PRESENTED my passport into the seventeenth century. The friar who opened the door of the Monastery of Santo Domingo in Lima undertook to deliver to the Prior of the Monastery that Latin letter of introduction which had seemed to me such an anachronism in the equipment of a passenger by air.

While the Friar was gone with my letter, off down the cloisters, I waited, sitting upon an antique horsehair sofa in a vast somber salon furnished with many chairs and sofas, arranged in sedate precision beneath dark pious paintings, the whole presided over by a heavy carved ceiling. And my eyes strayed from the dim room, out through a window opening on the cloisters.

An arched corridor encloses a large square patio. Columns in a mosaic of blue and yellow and green support an upper gallery, where there is a similar repetition of arches. And surrounded by beds of flowers, there is, in the center of the patio, an old stone fountain—the fountain where Martín de Porres had performed his miracle of washing brown sugar white.

I gazed idly into this patio, and finally the Prior appeared, a cheerful little man, comfortably rotund under his white gown. He was glad to have the letter from his ecclesiastical colleague in New York. If he could give me information, he would be delighted. There were tiny packets of earth from the tomb of the Blessed Martín . . . he was sure that I would like to have one. And there was a miniature replica of a broom. Did I know that one of the Blessed Martín's tasks had been to sweep the cloisters? Also I must have the booklet giving an account of the life of this, Peru's "Great Miracle-Worker . . . the Blessed Martín de Porres." These things acquired, the Prior proposed to accompany me from the cloisters into the church.

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There, on the left of the altar, is the shrine of Santa Rosa—Lima's patron saint—the first saint of the New World, and so far, I think, the New World's only woman saint. And of all feminine saints anywhere Santa Rosa has the most romantic allure, more even than that twentieth-century saint—the "*poilu's* saint"—who came to be called "The Little Flower," because she had said of herself, "I am just a little spring-time flower, the little flower of Jesus."

But Santa Rosa is unquestionably more romantic, perhaps because she lived and was canonized in a century which has now the accumulated glamour of three hundred years of Lima.

Her image, represented in life-size, stands high in her shrine in the Church of Santo Domingo, with on her left the image of holy Friar Masias, while the niche on her right belongs to the Blessed Martín de Porres. The Prior explained that Martín's niche was vacant because the image had been temporarily removed to the body of the church. The Blessed Martín, it seems, is passing through the tedious stages leading to sainthood. "Virtues in heroic degree" must be proved, there must then be established "confirmation of miracles of the first order," and finally proof of "miracles wrought by the relics." Martín has reached the stage of beatification, but Rome has still to be convinced of his qualifications for the status of saint.

Now, while in Lima a Novena was being said for him, his image was taken from its niche. We would see it in just a few moments, the Prior said, after I had sufficiently admired Rosa.

Rosa is shown as a young girl, so pretty, so softly rounded, so ardent and girlish that it is easy to believe in the many chances that her mother had to marry her off advantageously. But Rosa had at the age of five determined to dedicate herself to God and to lead a life of chastity; for all that she was so pretty and the family so poor.

That is, however, more than three hundred years ago, and Rosa is now an image of shining triumph with a golden halo about her head, pink roses heaped at her feet, candles burning before her, and people coming to pray.

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“Qué linda, Rosita, no? Qué preciosa . . . La Santa Rosa!”

In an urn at her feet are her mortal remains, and in a glass case is her effigy done in alabaster. And I was told that this was the first image ever to be made of little Santa Rosa. Capa, the Italian sculptor, had done it by order of Pope Clement IX, who had sent it as a gift to Lima at the time that Rosa was made a saint.

When we turned away from Rosa's shrine I saw that the church was filling with people come because of the Novena for the Blessed Martín. Many had brought sick children in their arms to implore for them his aid.

Meanwhile the Prior talked in a soft undertone, explaining all things, pausing only when a genuflection was necessary.

He pointed out, in a glass case, the skull of the Blessed Martín—and the image . . . I must note the Dominican robes. The Blessed Martín, as the robes told me, was a Dominican. I would observe, too, that he was a mulatto. Did I know that his father had been a Spanish knight, and his mother a negro slave?

Of course, without any letter of introduction to the Prior, I would merely have had to go into the church to see for myself these images of Santa Rosa and the Blessed Martín, but the presence by my side of a similarly white-robed Dominican, was a link in the mighty chain of Catholicism, and I like to remember the day the Prior and I stood together before the images.

And yet my guide in that century when saints were in the making was not the Prior, but a certain Sergeant Mugaburu who has been dead for nearly three hundred years. Sergeant Mugaburu was a child when the saint was just “Pretty Rosa Flores.” Her story was familiar to him. He knew how her mother had said that of all her children—and she had eleven—only Rosa's birth had been entirely painless. And it was often told in Lima how it happened that the child was called Rosa, for she had been christened Isabel after her grandmother, but when she was three months old, her mother, pausing one day to look at her as she slept in her cradle, was so overcome by her beauty that she caught her up in her arms and, covering her with kisses, exclaimed: “You

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are a rose, and you shall never be known by any other name!"

"Pretty Rosa Flores!" Mugaburu would have remembered all about her. He, of course, knew that she did fine sewing to help in the support of those many brothers and sisters. And he knew—for it was no secret—that Rosa's mother had dreamed of a marriage of riches and position for Rosa. Through Rosa the whole family was to be lifted out of poverty. Rosa was the sole hope. And Rosa—pretty Rosa—was so gentle and docile. She would certainly understand that she was the one hope, and that nothing could be expected from her father, an old man and in poor health.

And since the girl's beauty proved to be of the sort irresistible to men, it became but a question of selecting for her the most desirable among the many. Mugaburu knew, too, that when this matter of marriage was proposed, and Rosa explained that since the age of five she had been vowed to perpetual chastity, her whole family had been indignant. It was even said that her mother had thrashed her; and that she had forbidden the cloistered life her daughter wished so much to lead. Without Rosa's earnings, her mother had said, the family could not live.

It was then that Rosa had decided to put on the habit of the Third Order of the Dominicans, for in the Lima of that day it was a very usual thing for the pious to assume the habit granted to laymen by the Religious Orders. It has been said that the Lima of the seventeenth century became "one vast cloister." Thus would Rosa live the monastic life in her own home, even though prohibited from becoming, in the literal sense of the word, a nun.

Pretty Rosa Flores! Oh, yes, Mugaburu certainly knew all about her. Her father, the old Sergeant, over sixty when Rosa was born, lived to be a hundred, and was a familiar figure in Lima. Mugaburu would have been only a child when Rosa died, but not too young to have remembered her, perhaps to have seen her little figure in its white habit and black veil hurrying to help and comfort all who suffered or sorrowed. He would have heard the older people tell that when Dutch pirate ships were reported on their way to attack Callao, and to sack the city of Lima, people

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went in fearful despair to little Rosa, crying that she must save them, and that Rosa, smiling and tranquil, had assured them that the Dutch would not so much as set foot upon the land. It was because this prophecy had come true, they said, that Rosa is often pictured with an anchor in her hand.

Even while Rosa lived, it had been understood that she was a saint.

For Rosa slept on a bed of rough logs covered with fragments of broken glass and earthenware. She mixed ashes and bitter herbs with her food, and rinsed her mouth with gall. Three times a week she fasted, and three times each night she scourged herself with an iron chain, until the very walls of her room became blood-stained. Under her black veil, she wore a ring of metal with sharp points pressing into her temples, and over her heart an iron cross which lacerated her flesh. Beneath her white robe was a tunic of haircloth, and wrapped three times about her waist, next to the skin, was an iron chain. And because there were times when the flesh rebelled against this torture, Rosa threw into a well in the orchard back of her home the key which locked the chain around her body.

And yet, all day she sang about her work. She delighted in the perfume and the beauty of the flowers in her orchard, and in the butterflies and the birds. Her heart was full of love and charity toward every living thing. And her kindness to the sick and the unfortunate was so great that they came to call her the "mother of the poor."

When Rosa died, all said, "A saint has gone," and women, so the talk went, came with scissors hidden under their *mantos*, that they might cut from Rosa's robe a miraculous fragment, and so many such sacred bits were cut that it was reported that six times it had been necessary to re-clothe her corpse. And when the coffin was carried through the streets roses had been showered upon it from the balconies.

With all these things I was familiar, but without Mugaburu's diary they would never have lost their mythical character. I

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would have heard from the Prior of the Monastery of the “prodigious” lives of Santa Rosa and of the Blessed Martín. I would have visited in Lima the Sanctuary of Rosa, and seen the well into which she dropped the key that locked the chains about her waist, and seen the little hermitage which she built for herself in the orchard in that corner which she held sacred to Jesus, her “spouse.”

But none of this would have told me what was the day-by-day life of Lima in the century of its saints. The tradition of saints is easily perpetuated but it comes down to us isolated from the life which produced the saints, for it is rare to find any chronicle of the ordinary life of that distant time.

So would the saints of Peru—Santa Rosa, Santa Toribio, the Saint Francisco Solano, and the Blessed Martín who is not yet quite arrived at sainthood—have been no more than myths to me, but for the diary of Sergeant Mugaburu, this merely average fellow, this man-of-the-street in that far-past Lima.

The diary begins in the year after Martín de Porres’ death, and as Mugaburu was at that time not far from forty years old, Martín was not to him a childhood memory as in the case of Rosa, but a man of his own period. And everyone then living in Lima knew about Martín, who was a lay brother in the Monastery of Santo Domingo, and before that, by trade a barber and doctor in the street called Malambo. There, the difficulty had been that he would insist on doctoring the poor without charge, giving free his skill in the healing of wounds and ulcers, and in bleeding when the sickness indicated that treatment. Because of his trade Martín was known to both the rich and the poor, so that all classes could testify to his virtues and his miraculous powers. There were many, like Isabel Ortiz de Torres, whom he had cured after hope had been abandoned by physicians. Merely the touch of his robe was felt to possess healing power, and simply by calling three times aloud, he had raised Friar Tomás from the dead. He had also the gift of prophecy, and of levitation. There were those who swore that they had actually seen him suspended in the air in the attitude of prayer, both in his cell and in the church



A llama and his Indian

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before the Crucifix, where he drank the blood from the wounded side of the image of Christ. He had, too, many said, the power of invisibility and of passing miraculously from place to place; from the Monastery to a plantation outside Lima owned by the friars, returning at will in the same fashion. But most wonderful of all was the report that by means of this "gift of agility" he was able to fly to China and Japan and other distant places where he converted the heathen to Christianity. There had come a man to Lima, one, Don Francisco de Vega Montoya, who insisted that when he was a captive in Barbary he had seen Friar Martín de Porres going about healing those of the prisoners who were ill, clothing those who were naked and comforting those who despaired. In fact this Francisco de Vega Montoya declared that he had himself been one of those whom Martín had thus ministered to, and he added that at the time he had not known what was Martín's native land, since possessing, by a miracle, the gift of languages Martín had spoken to each in whatever happened to be his tongue. Then, coming to Lima after his release from captivity, Vega Montoya had been amazed to see there this very Martín de Porres, whom he had known in Barbary. Martín had begged him to say nothing of their former acquaintance, but when Vega Montoya was later told that Martín never left Lima, except to go to the Monastery plantation a few miles out of the city, he realized the magnitude of the miracle, and broke his silence in order that people might praise God and do homage to His servant, Martín de Porres.

But for all these wonders, Martín was a man of deep humility, of much prayer and so given to the mortification of the flesh that each night he flogged himself through the cloisters, accompanied, so it was said, by four angels carrying lighted candles. And in Martín's hours of recreation, which he was fond of spending with Friar Masias, the two companions would go into the orchard, there to scourge themselves with such ferocity that their blood watered the earth.

As for the love in Martín's heart, it was so great that it overflowed to include the smallest and meanest of God's creatures.

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Coming one day upon a rat imprisoned in a trap, he had entered into a contract with the animal:

“ ‘My dear little rat, if you will but agree to go to your friends and persuade them not to do so much mischief in the Monastery, then I may be permitted to set you free.’ ”

“ ‘Which is all very well, Friar Martín, but after all, rats must live.’ ”

“ ‘Rats must live, it is true. Very well, if the bargain is kept, I will bring food to you, each day here in the orchard.’ ”

As for the cat which the Monastery had acquired, Martín, people said, had actually made friends between cat and rats, so that they fed amicably from the same plate; a singular sight, something certainly never seen in the Old World from which the Conquest brought for the first time to America the rat and the cat.

This, and much more, Mugaburu must have heard of Martín de Porres, for it has all been handed down, and is included in that *Vida Prodigiosa* with which the Prior of Santo Domingo supplied me.

And to men’s faith in such things, Mugaburu, just an ordinary man, just a sergeant-at-arms, gives the color of reality.

Mugaburu was a simple, hearty fellow with an enormous zest for life. His interest in the world in which he lived never languishes in all the forty-six years of the diary. It is a frank, ingenuous chronicle which as it proceeds does not age. The Mugaburu of its beginning is the same Mugaburu who at the age of eighty-four, just before he dies, sets down its last entry.

For many years after his death the diary remained unknown. None of the writers of the century which followed Mugaburu refers to it. And then the manuscript, so obviously written without thought of publication, came into the possession of the historian, Carlos Romero. He describes it as a notebook of two hundred pages, bound in parchment. And in Lima, in 1935, Doctor Romero published the diary.

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It opens without preamble of any sort. Mugaburu does not even hint who he is. Actually he has been keeping the diary for four years before you know that he is a sergeant, a fact which he then mentions casually in connection with an official procession in which he takes part among other sergeants.

The chronicle begins simply with the statement that "On Saturday the first day of September, 1640, nuns entered the Convent of Our Lady of Prado," that "the five first nuns came from the Convent of the Incarnation," that, for Abbess, they had Doña Angela de Zárate, and that there came with them various distinguished personages whose names are given.

And this, Sergeant Mugaburu's first entry, strikes immediately the note of the century: Nuns entered a certain convent, and it was an occasion at which distinguished personages were present. The selection of such an item is significant because of having been chosen, not by an ecclesiastic, but by a military man, a sergeant-at-arms.

From that beginning the items follow one another through the years, months sometimes passing without record, so that you feel that the author has set down only those matters which seem to him of especial interest and importance. In its style the diary is written as objectively as the Bible and as simply. Yet it is an extraordinary revelation of the spirit, his own, and Lima's in that far-off day. Although emphasis and analysis are lacking in the narrative, they are supplied by the repetition of the subjects selected for recording out of the passing years.

Nuns, for example, entered the Convent of Our Lady of Prado. The Community of the Jesuits, carrying a Christ with many lights went in procession through the streets, in penitence, praying that the city might be forgiven for sin and delivered from temptation. The Inquisition met and there was an auto-da-fé, with men whipped through the streets, the most guilty hanged and garrotted. A fiesta was held in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, with banners hanging from the balconies, ladies in carriages, the Viceroy and many gentlemen, very elegant, wearing much scarlet and plumes in their hats, and in

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the plaza a bull-fight, with fine, ferocious bulls. "Truly a happy day with much to see." And all in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of Christ. But, alas, in the rejoicings, no Dominicans, for those of that Order refused to admit that the Virgin had been conceived without Original Sin!

From time to time, Mugaburu sets down also the news that was cried in the plaza:

An armada was leaving with treasure for His Majesty. An armada had arrived with news from Spain, what had been happening in Madrid and who was coming out to Peru. Proclamations, too, were cried in the plaza. For example, it was proclaimed that no mulatto, or negro, or any born of Indian and negro, might carry a knife, or arms of any sort, either by night or day, under penalty of one hundred lashes and four years at the galleys, with a fine of fifty silver dollars to be paid by his master, whether that master be an ecclesiastic or a layman.

The diary records, too, the various earthquakes, especially that which "lasted for a space of four credos." And it describes the procession of the Penitents who after an earthquake scourged themselves through the streets.

Then, there is the description of a certain Novena in honor of the Virgin of Rosario. And this image that was carried with much solemnity, possessed diamonds and pearls to the value of more than two million dollars. Many sermons were preached at her Novena, and all were concerned with the Mother at the foot of the Cross. For two days there was much coming and going, both on foot and on horseback, in the City of Kings. (Mugaburu loves to speak of Lima by its title of the City of Kings.) And there was the firing of many guns, the squadrons being reviewed by the Viceroy and the grandees of the city, and with them were many sergeants, "of which," Mugaburu concludes, "I was one."

Has a diary, I wonder, ever before been kept for a period of four years without a word to say even who its author was! And then nothing more than that there were many sergeants, of which he was one!

In the course of the chronicle there are at rare intervals bits of

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personal information about the family Mugaburu. It appears that there were ten children, whose doings are now and then set down. Antonio, for instance, aged eleven, was angel in the Archbishop's procession. The son, Joseph, grew up and entered the priesthood. A daughter was married. Joseph sings his first Mass. Joseph goes with much "luster" to Cuzco to take charge of a parish. Mugaburu visits him there. Joseph, his "dear son," dies, and Mugaburu returns to Lima.

But these intimate events are briefly related and Mugaburu's emphasis is upon the recital of great public events.

A Viceroy's arrival, with His Excellency riding in a carriage drawn by six mules, very elegant, with twenty lackeys all in scarlet, and four dwarfs. Knights, too, in a livery never before seen in Lima, "the plaza seemed liked a garden of flowers." Grand salvos from the artillery, and in the square many games of cañas and tilting with lances and bulls who were "*muy bravos*. . . .

"And every one was delighted to have seen a thing so grand and prodigious."

There was also a most scandalous event concerning the election of the Abbess of the Convent of the Incarnation. To pacify the nuns, whose difference of opinion in the selection of their Abbess had led those religious ladies to physical blows, His Excellency had sent cavalry and infantry. The trouble had begun on a Sunday night and on Monday the Convent was surrounded by armed men and a proclamation had been cried to the effect that no person of whatever quality might communicate with, or aid the militant nuns, under pain of exile; and, if the offenders were mulattoes or negroes they would receive two hundred lashes. This order was to remain in force until the election of the Abbess was over.

In the meantime, the authorities decided to remove to different convents four of these mischief-making "Señorita Nuns." And throughout Sunday night and Monday, there had been great noise, because the nuns had incessantly rung the Convent bells. But at last all had been tranquilized by the Abbess whom they finally elected.

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Already Mugaburu's diary has made it plain that religion was the chief preoccupation of that century. Most events were linked to the great absorbing subject of religion. Almost all games, bull-fights, and fiestas in general, were pious in character, honoring the many saints and images, celebrating the laying of corner-stones in some ecclesiastic establishment, or the raising of bells to a newly completed tower, or the festal days of the Church.

Someone has said that in the Lima of that time it was the "function of a soldier to be elegant and decorative in processions and fiestas." And in all such matters Mugaburu delighted.

He was pleased also by the festivals of the various trades, of the plasterers and the masons and the painters and the metal workers, the makers of tile, and the confectioners, the brewers and the grocers. The Indians had special fiestas, as did the mulattoes and the negroes. They gave masquerades and dramas which Mugaburu found diverting. There were companies of professional entertainers, too, who performed comedies in a corral which served as a theater. But practically everything was arranged to be in some way linked to religion. And because Lima was by night so dark a city, with only here and there a lamp flickering before the street-corner image of a saint, every festival was an occasion for fireworks and many lights.

Mugaburu revels also in the regal and ecclesiastical dress of the functions, and in the display of courtesy. Many of his descriptions end with the words: "And there was much courtesy."

Even the funerals played a decorative part in the life of Lima. Mugaburu speaks of coffins draped in black velvet, of portals in mourning, of the Archbishop preaching very well, of the procession as "sumptuous." And he lists always the distinguished among those present, concluding with the modest little phrase: "And there were sergeants of which I was one."

The whole diary is charged with its author's capacity for unselfish, impersonal happiness. He glories in every honor received by someone else. He is fascinated by luxury and grandeur, and it does not in the least matter that these things are for others, and not for himself. To Mugaburu life is a gorgeous experience.

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The bulls are always "the fiercest and finest ever seen." A fiesta is invariably an occasion when there is "much joy and much to see." Sermons are good. Wafers and chocolate and cool drinks are appreciated.

Even hangings and floggings are not allowed to cloud the delight of living. These matters are recorded as briefly as may be. There is nothing sadistic in Mugaburu, but as a conscientious author he will not omit any event of importance. So it is that he includes the sitting of the Holy Inquisition and the auto-da-fé which follows upon such sittings: sorceresses are flogged and heretics burned or hung. The ordinary crimes of murder and thieving are duly punished. A grocer's shop, for example, has been robbed, and the thieves—two mulattoes, a negro and two zambos—are hung in the plaza. Indian uprisings are punished by hanging, flogging and sentence to the galleys. For bringing "bad false news" from Chile an Indian receives two hundred lashes through the streets, and is sentenced to carry rock for six years.

Just what was that "bad false news" Mugaburu does not say. Nor does he allow himself to dwell upon any of these dismal things, accepting them cheerfully as part of life, and concentrating his attention on such happy matters as the Vice-queen's attendance at Mass after the birth of her child, dressed in white and carried in a "hand-chair."

The only real distress that runs through the diary is the Dominicans' obstinate refusal to concede the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. As for Mugaburu, he was a valiant champion of the Virgin's conception without sin. "*Nuestra Señora*," he would say fervently, "*Nuestra Señora concebida sin pecado original. Amen. Jesús.*"

The controversy on this subject of the Immaculate Conception depressed even the spirit of Mugaburu. Over and over he describes processions and bullfights in its honor, concluding his account sadly: "But no Dominicans." Or of a sermon he laments: "But the Dominicans refused to say 'conceived without sin.'"

And then, at last, in December of the year 1662, the Prior of

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the Monastery of Santo Domingo had paused in the midst of his sermon to praise the Holy Sacrament. And those listening had added, "And praises be to the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, Our Lady, conceived without original sin."

Then the Prior had said: "And that I say, and to that I submit." But it was felt that the words were lukewarm, spoken with the lips only; even though at the close of the sermon, he had again repeated them.

But that night, in "such a procession as had never been seen," when ten thousand people marched in the streets carrying lighted candles and singing, "*Concebida sin pecado*," there had still been no Dominicans. Church bells had rung, and with those marching, there had been the friars of San Francisco, of San Agustín, and la Merced, but the bells of Santo Domingo had been silent, its doors closed, and in the procession no Dominicans; for all the words their Prior had spoken that day in the pulpit.

It was not until two years later that Mugaburu's triumph had been complete. For then, at last, the friars prostrating themselves before the altar of the Dominicans had cried aloud: "Blessed and praised be the Virgin, Our Lady, conceived without sin from the instant of her conception."

And when the people crowded in the church, hearing this, went out and told what had happened, Mugaburu says that "all the city was filled with solemn joy."

It was when he was seventy that at last an honor came to Sergeant Mugaburu whose life had been so given over to rejoicing in the renown of others. A new Viceroy had come to Lima, a Count Lemos, whose father, back in Spain, had been the patron of Cervantes. And this new Viceroy promoted Mugaburu, the sergeant, to a captaincy.

"I was given," Mugaburu says, "the degree of Captain of Spanish infantry in the Presidio of Callao. . . . And they announced the title and the honor which the Viceroy made to



Pre-Inca stone-work at Ollantaytambo

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me—José de Mugaburu y Hontón. . . . And, wearing a very magnificent suit of buckskin, I marched carrying my lance.”

But he is no happier, you feel, in this personal glory than all along he has been in celebrating the honors that have come to others.

And he has soon a new excitement, for “Pretty Rosa Flores” has been declared a saint, and an image of her done in alabaster is coming from Rome. Mugaburu, stationed as Captain at Callao, is present on its arrival.

The Viceroy, he says, came down from Lima to welcome the image. He was dressed in crimson and carried the baton as insignia of his rank as captain-general. When he reached Callao the artillery fired its guns, and the Viceroy commanded that there should be a salute of three guns when the crate containing Santa Rosa’s image was landed on the dock.

Then, on the following morning, with volleys from the artillery, the image was borne on the shoulders of men while the women of Callao followed on foot carrying lighted candles. And at Lima the friars came out to meet it, with crosses. And that night there was grand illumination all over the city, in the windows and on the streets. The next day, after High Mass, the image was carried in procession to Santo Domingo.

“And it was an afternoon very much to be seen.”

So the diary proceeds to the final entry. It was a Wednesday, the second of October, the year 1686.

The entry describes the arrival in Lima of a certain General who had gone in charge of the Armada when, in the previous year, it had sailed with treasure for His Majesty. . . . “Whom (Mugaburu prays) God preserve. . . .” And on the day of this General’s return to Lima, he adds, “There was much rejoicing in the city.”

Such is the end of this chronicle faithfully kept for forty-six years.

Six weeks later, Francisco, Mugaburu’s son, records in the diary

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that, after two months of great suffering his father died. And that in his illness he twice received Extreme Unction, that he many times confessed, and that he left them with sure hope of his salvation, "by reason of his good life as well as of his good death."

Francisco goes on to say that his father was buried in the early morning, the hour having been selected because in the afternoon there was to be a bullfight in the plaza. . . .

A bullfight! But without Mugaburu to declare that never were bulls more "*bravos*," and that it was an afternoon of rejoicing with very much to be seen!

Thus as his century moved toward its close, Mugaburu had died, but his having lived gives to it reality: he sets the stage for the making of saints.

For some time after his father's death Francisco carried on the diary, and twelve days later, he entered this item:

"On the twenty-third of November, 1686, a request was made to the Monastery of Santo Domingo, for information concerning the servant of God, Friar Martín de Porres. Many illustrious persons accompanied the request, and there went ahead mulattoes with banners, dancing and rejoicing in honor of Martín, the glorious servant of God. . . ."

This was the beginning of the beatification of Martín de Porres, a man known to all in the town in the years when Mugaburu was growing up and marrying, and becoming sergeant in the guard.

Yet, more than two hundred and fifty years later, Martín has gone no further on the road to sainthood.

"I wish he could be made saint," I said to the Prior as we stood together before his image in the midst of the flowers and the candles of a Novena. "I wish he could be."

There was on the face of the image a gentle patience. That, I thought, he would have had from his slave mother. But I remembered also that his Spanish father had been a proud Knight of Alcántara. "I wish they'd make him a saint," I repeated. "I think it would make him happy."

XI

THE VICEROY'S MISTRESS

THE chauffeur—he who was so busy paying for a Plymouth car on the installment plan that he had no time to concern himself with political matters—drove me, on a bright December afternoon, straight into the eighteenth century.

And we conversed along the way:

“Are you Señorita or Señora?” he asked. (On our various excursions about Lima he had been addressing me as Señorita.)

Now I confessed to being Señora, adding meditatively that Señorita was a pretty word; thinking, as I spoke, of its tender quality, its implication of enduring youth and romance, of the picture that it conveys of a lover singing to his guitar beneath the window of his lady.

“Señorita,” I repeated, “is a pretty word.”

“*Verdad, pero Señora es muy decente.*”

We drove through the modern Lima, where pink crêpe myrtle bloomed in the handsome new plaza of San Martín, and across the bridge over the Rimac, into a Lima not after all much altered by the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The chauffeur was taking me to the house where tradition insists the famous actress La Perricholi once lived; and, with the comment that Señora is a highly respectable word still idling about my mind, I was thinking how incidental the conventions had been in the Perricholi’s life, how she had valued other things above what was meant by the chauffeur’s “*muy decente.*” Her profession, for example. To be an actress, that to the Perricholi had stood beside her religion, while to be mistress to the Viceroy, that, too, was a glamorous thing; marriage a matter so secondary that it might be indefinitely deferred.

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The Perricholi knew precisely what she wanted of life which is, of course, the first, and the longest step, toward achieving it.

As I journeyed through the centuries in Peru, certain personalities stood out in time, as though in life they had lived with such intensity that they may never wholly leave the scenes which once knew them.

So the Perricholi lingers on in Lima. And when I arrived in her century she was the person that I most wanted to know. For to know the Perricholi is to know Lima of the eighteenth century.

And the rose-colored villa to which the chauffeur took me is so exactly the sort of thing that she would have loved that I accept as fact the tradition that it was hers.

The viceregal coach would have looked well waiting before its imposing gates, and on the balconies overlooking the entrance court a lovely actress would have shown herself to such advantage to a worshipful crowd following her home after a triumphant performance at the theater.

The villa would have been to Perricholi a *palacio*, with its huge high rooms, its black-and-white tiled stairway, its vast carved doors, its enormous windows with their ornamental gratings, the long mirrors reflecting her adorable self, her costly velvet furniture, her brocade hangings, her bric-à-brac from Europe and China, her exquisite hammered dishes of Peruvian silver, and at night the many flickering candles in her chandeliers.

Even yet the villa retains an air of splendor and that gaiety which the Perricholi loved; although now a wing of the building is used as barracks for a garrison of soldiers, and the rest is but one deserted room after another, with an occasional piece of furniture, seeming, in the bare rooms, as though forgotten by the moving men of long ago.

Yet it seems so much the villa of the Perricholi that it is easy to fit into the house and the garden whatever may be your own conception of Lima's enchanting Perricholi.

Prosper Merimée, out of a vague traveler's tale, created the Perricholi of his *La Carrosse du Saint Sacrement*. Thornton

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Wilder, in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, has another, the authors of the libretto for Offenbach's opera *La Perichole* have a third, who is later revamped and elaborated for the Moscow Art Theater's production. These various versions all give her the name "Camila" Perichole, and all call the Viceroy "Don Andrés de Ribiera."

There remains, however, the real Perricholi, Micaela Villegas, the Perricholi of Lima, perpetuated in those traditions which Ricardo Palma gathered so carefully from survivors of her time. And these traditions are further enriched by the Perricholi portrayed in 1776, by an anonymous contemporary in a pamphlet attacking the Viceroy who was her patron. And there are in the archives of Lima a few stray documents, which reveal something more of the actual woman.

From these traditions assembled while some still lived who knew her, from evidence quoted from that suppressed and scurilous pamphlet written while she was at the zenith of her fame, and from the factual testimony of the documents, I have shaped the Perricholi whose image flashed for me in the glittering mirrors of this house where perhaps she lived ever so long ago. When I walked in the great walled garden back of the house, this Perricholi seemed to move among the bright flowerbeds, or to come toward me between green clipped hedges along a flagged walk shadowed by quivering palm fronds and the foliage of fruit trees, and sometimes I fancied that I saw her plunge into the big tiled pool under the pavilion.

The sunny garden is fragrant with roses and heliotrope and great starry white jasmine, and there is always the soft rushing music of the waters, long ago diverted from the Rimac River to supply the pool and to keep the garden always freshly green even in the driest months.

I never went into this garden of enchantment without the conviction that it was the Perricholi's. And certainly the soldiers now quartered there have no doubt that it was hers. They take you about and graciously fill your hands with her flowers. They show you a marble bust of her, discovered, they say, in 1934, in the course of some excavation about the place.

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The bust stands on a pedestal back of a circular stone fountain, at the end of the flagged walk which bisects the garden. The fountain is so choked with the leaves and the blue flowers of water-hyacinths that its flow has dwindled to the merest trickle. Over this fountain the marble Perricholi looks down the walk to the house with its wide, second-story veranda.

The face of the sculptured Perricholi is lovely and seductive, the head crowned with marble grapes and grape-leaves, the hair soft even in the cold medium of stone. I remember that it was in life profuse and of a lustrous black, and that it was the fashion of the day to wear the black hair in long curls, or to plait it into several braids so looped that they hung to the shoulders, held together at the neck by a gold dagger set with diamonds or pearls.

On the pedestal is engraved the information that the bust was found in June of 1934, and with it a document stating that it had been executed at the order of Viceroy Amat, by a Genoese artist, and that it is a representation of one, Micaela Villegas.

As I read the words the Peruvian army officer who accompanied us was explaining to me how it came about that Micaela Villegas was given the name of "La Perricholi."

But that is anticipating the story, which is of the sort that should begin in the dear familiar manner of "Once upon a time—"

Once upon a time then, there was a little girl named Micaela Villegas. She was a chola child which means that both Spanish and Indian blood went to her making; she was born in the Sierra at a place called Huanuco.

But when she was five years old, in the year before the "Great Earthquake," her mother brought her down to live in the capital city of Lima, not far from the sea, where you are never too warm and never too cold, a place gentle and balmy, where the act of living is pleasantly easy.

And this was in the city's proud days, when its streets were full of gilded carriages, paneled in florid design and lined with brocade in brilliant colors, while for the nobility there were magnificent coaches drawn by four mules. People used to speak of Lima as

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a city of more than four thousand carriages. There were cavaliers, too, in graceful capes which swung with the motion of their horses.

Pleasure was the business of life, and there were so many slaves that no one of them was overburdened.

But to support the luxury of Lima, on the haciendas of cotton and sugar cane slaves were slaves, and in the mines of the Sierra, Indians toiled that Lima might live in this picturesque pomp, where only those predisposed to sainthood ever thought of saying "no" to the flesh.

This was Lima in the voluptuous eighteenth century, the century of Madame du Barry and La Pompadour, of Versailles, of Marie Antoinette and the Petit Trianon.

Great caravans of mules brought into Lima what the city required from the haciendas, and from the port of Callao the fine merchandise arrived by sailing ships from Europe and the Orient. So many caravans of mules that the streets were full of their dung, which in the dry season disintegrated into a dust which drifted like smoke, with the passing of carriages and coaches and mounted gentlemen.

To a little girl from the Sierra the fine ladies of Lima were astonishing in silks and velvets which opened in front to show petticoats flounced in the best laces of Europe, lace bodices low over their bosoms, and jewels sparkling in their ears, in their necklaces and their bracelets; even in their girdles and in the buckles which adorned their tiny shoes. Equally fascinating these ladies were, too, when they shrouded themselves in black *mantos* and went about the city showing just one great dark eye, so that you did not know who they were, and were kept guessing.

Travelers of long ago have described this Lima to which little Micaela had come down from the Sierra. And invariably they were impressed with the Moorish quality of the city. The domes of its churches reminded them of Mohammedan mosques, while the patios, the flowers, the trickle of fountains, the flat roofs, the horseshoe arches, the stretches of blind, mysterious walls, the gratings, even the veiling of women when they walked in the

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streets, these were all Moorish legacies transplanted from Spain to Lima, far away in the New World.

A child never tires of the life in the streets and to one like Micaela, with a genius for mimicry, the street cries of Lima would have provided never-ending diversions.

There was the milk-seller calling in the very early morning. At that hour, too, there was the woman selling herb teas; maté from Paraguay, manzanilla, native to Peru, and baldo which comes from Chile; each tea claiming to regulate human ills and to prolong life.

La lecheral! La tisanera! Calling up and down the streets.

You could tell the time by these street cries. The tea-woman and the milk-woman—that meant six o'clock. And it would be eight o'clock when you heard the man calling buns-for-sale. At ten, there was the tamale-woman; at eleven, the melon-woman sang; at twelve, the man with fruit, oranges and figs, alligator pears, the fruit of the passion-flower, chirimoyas and grapes. And at the same hour a man who sold peppery little mincemeat tarts. At one, men with alfalfa to feed Lima's mules and horses, little donkeys so loaded with alfalfa that they seemed like moving stacks of grass, to each of which had been attached a donkey's head and tail. At two o'clock there were maize-cakes, at three the taffy-man, at four the pepper-woman and at five a man who sang of the flowers he carried:

"Here is a garden! A garden! Lassie, don't you smell it?"

And when his cry had died from the street there came at six o'clock the poultry-man, at seven the caramel-man, at eight a man who sold ice-creams and another with wafers rolled very thin.

Then at nine, at the bell to cover up the fires, there came, each in a red cape and each with a lantern in his hand, those who begged alms for the souls in Purgatory.

Then it was time for Micaela to go to bed; to sleep until the milk-woman and the tea-woman came to wake the world.

And if a little girl was born an actress she could reproduce these cries of the hours.



The gorge of the Urubamba

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It was a period when women got on with small education; elementary religious instruction and some training in music was thought sufficient. But Micaela's talent was an impetus to go further. She learned to play with skill on both the harp and the guitar. She had a voice so full of harmony that inevitably she sang to their accompaniment. And her memory was so quick that while she was still a child people were delighted with her recitations. Even as a little girl she could give scenes from the gallant *capa y espada* dramas, and from the comedies of Lope de Vega, Calderón de la Barca, and Juan de Alarcón.

Naturally the lines which she so early memorized from these authors had a part in the fashioning of her mind and her spirit.

Lope de Vega stimulated her own wit, and taught her to live in the world of the imagination. He appealed to her natural gaiety, and introduced her to the history and legends of Spain.

The Corpus Christi plays of Calderón de la Barca were full of a mysticism which could not fail to appeal to the Indian in Micaela, to the capacity for profound worship so strong in the race.

While Alarcón, the hunchbacked, red-bearded genius of Mexico, spoke to her in the spirit of her native America as well as of Spain. That exotic quality in his work which his fellow writers in Madrid had found so disturbing, so irritating, because unfamiliar, would not have been strange to Micaela with her fusion of the two bloods.

As she grew older she must have felt it a bitter thing that he had been so cruelly attacked by the Spanish writers, that in their dislike they should have ridiculed even his physical deformity; and that it should have been left to the great Frenchman, Corneille, so to value his work that he said he would have given his own two best dramas to have been the author of Alarcón's *La Verdad Sospechosa*.

Alarcón had been dead a hundred years when Micaela was born, but all that he had suffered seemed still to endure in the lines he had written:

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*"Próvida naturaleza,
Nubes congela en el viento,
Y repartiendo sus lluvias,
Riega el arbol mas pequeño."*

Thus Alarcón would have taught Micaela compassion for the unfortunate. While the artistry of the lines which he so carefully composed and polished, with such regard for restraint and for style, must have influenced her great respect for her art, which is a thing remote from any vanity of the ego.

When Micaela was twenty the thing happened for which she had been created. She got her chance to appear on the stage, and immediately she was the sensation, the darling of Lima's one playhouse: in return she gave to the theater a love of her art which never knew any rival.

And of course her mother, and the brother Felix who all his life adored her, exulted in her instant success. Their Miquita—in the pretty diminutive of intimacy—their Miquita was all at once become the first actress in Lima, to them the first actress in the world.

If proof were needed, there was the contract with Maza, impresario of the theater. . . . Imagine Miquita with a contract and a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a month!

So glittering a thing is success, a sun in whose warmth those who love you, who have believed in you, may bask content, justified.

Now when Lima was not talking of "La Villegas," as they called Micaela, they were speculating upon what sort of man would be the new Viceroy, expected soon to arrive. The beauty of La Villegas, her latest rôle, her newest song, alternated with exchange of information about the Viceroy, Don Manuel Amat, who was on his way from Chile.

Everyone wanted to know if he was married. And when it was learned that though he was past sixty he was still a bachelor the news sped through Lima. "Though what good it does you all, I can't see," said a shrewd old marquise, "since you know

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perfectly well a viceroy is forbidden to marry within his jurisdiction. And a good rule too, or the mothers with daughters in the market would claw each other's eyes out."

It was in the lovely month of December that the new Viceroy arrived; at the beginning of Lima's summer, when the crêpe myrtles are blooming like rosy clouds drifting through green foliage, and the jacandra trees border the avenues with bouquets of lavender, and in the roadside willows, flocks of small birds twitter and sing all day, and the air is clear, with no more mist to veil the city until May shall come again.

To welcome this new Viceroy, the balconies were hung with banners and tapestries, and triumphal arches had been set up along the way by which he was to pass. The cavalry led the procession, followed by the artillery, the city militia and the troops of the line, the university professors in their robes, the members of the Audience on horses covered with trappings of black embroidered velvet, the magistrates on foot in scarlet velvet robes, and then the Viceroy. . . .

What would he be like, this Don Manuel Amat, who was come to rule Lima?

Micaela looked at him certainly with the eyes of a woman used to appraising men.

The Viceroy came on horseback with two of the city aldermen in their official robes, on foot, leading his horse, while eight members of the Corporation, also on foot, supported a crimson and gold canopy over his viceregal head.

They had said that he was past sixty but his face seemed younger than that. It was a round plump face, smooth shaven beneath grey hair worn long enough to be curled up over each ear in a soft roll.

The outgoing Viceroy's hair was longer and curled under. Amat's shorter, upturned cut raised the lines of his face and at the same time lifted the years, directing attention to his dark wide-spaced eyes under their well-marked brows. His figure, too, had a young upstanding air. After all, he had been an army man from the beginning.

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As for his dress, even the King could not have been more impressive than this Viceroy riding with royal pomp under a canopy of gold and crimson, while in the plaza, the Archbishop waited to receive him with all the honors of the Church.

And when the days of celebration were over, and there had come at last an end of speech-making and feasting and bull-fights, it appeared that the new Viceroy's favorite diversion was the theater.

And upon sight he loved Micaela Villegas to madness.

Was she so beautiful?

Not, Ricardo Palma says, if by beauty you mean an orthodox regularity of features, but if you find beauty in supreme grace, then Micaela was irresistible.

She is described by one who knew her as being very small, with a rounded figure and the tiny hands and feet so characteristic of the Peruvian Indian. Her bosom was full, "*turgente*," as her contemporary puts it, and such a bosom was the fashion of her day. She had exciting shoulders and a beautifully turned neck. Her face was a delicate oval of pale olive, lit by bright black eyes and tiny brilliant teeth. Her lips were full, like her bosom, and on the upper lip was a provocative little mole. For her nose, he does not say much, and he adds that, here and there, her skin showed the marks of smallpox which she managed skillfully to conceal with the aid of cosmetics.

She understood how to dress with a taste extremely restrained in spite of the flamboyant tendency of the time.

This Micaela Villegas possessed evidently the magic of creating that illusion of beauty which is a thing, after all, more potent than mere beauty itself. Without having been born in Lima she had succeeded in making her own all the seductive charm of the Limenian which through the centuries has led men to devote pages of serious Memoirs and Histories to the fascinations of the women of Lima.

And Micaela had them all, the tang of a salt-and-pepper wit, the lively fancy, the vivacity, the coquetry, the tenderness, and the

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gift of making people happy, making them pleased with themselves. To these qualities she added a great love of the beautiful and the noble, and a spirit deeply religious. The combined traits were essentially Spanish, while the necessity to worship was profound in her Indian blood. For Micaela was a chola of the Sierra as well as a seductive Limenian.

To the Viceroy, Don Manuel Amat, in his box at the theater, she was more even than all this: to the dying fires of his age she was tremendously alive. His experience showed him at once how vivid an intelligence and eager an imagination she brought to the rôles she played.

And he loved her with the extravagant folly of maturity.

His infatuation could not have been concealed, and he made no effort to hide it. All Lima knew that the Viceroy had fallen in love with La Villegas.

Micaela's mother, whose temperament can be inferred from just one sentence in Palma's *Tradiciones*, had been of course inflated with the pride of her Miquita's success on the stage, but that her child should be loved by a Viceroy—that was something!

His very titles made the mind dizzy:

His Excellency, Viceroy and Captain General of Peru, President of the Royal Audience, Superintendent of the Royal Finances, Director General of Mines, Knight of the Order of San Juan—

It was quite impossible to remember them all. But in a word he was representative of the King himself and responsible only to him.

And he loved her Miquita to madness. The whole of Lima knew it.

The aristocracy, not then sufficiently intelligent to pride themselves upon any save royal Indian blood, raged that their Viceroy should be the slave to a chola actress, a half-breed girl from the Sierra, but their raging did them no good.

Actually the Viceroy was building a palace for Micaela, and it was not long before she was riding in his retinue when he drove out in the viceregal coach.

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God be thanked, they said, that a Viceroy was prohibited from marriage within his jurisdiction.

Nevertheless Micaela gave Amat a son and had the effrontery to name him Manuel Amat.

The hope that he would tire of the girl passed with the years. Micaela went on acting and the Viceroy went on adoring her.

As for the grandmother of the little Manuel, her airs were infuriating to the haughty grandes. She had a habit of calling from the balcony: "Keep out of the sun, child. Remember that you are not a nobody. . . ."

"Quitate del sol, niño, que no eres cualquiera, sino hijo de cabeza grande."

And this arrogant presumption which so exasperated Lima was handed down through the years until Ricardo Palma perpetuated it in print.

Meanwhile the Viceroy was growing a crop of enemies. For, as though his imbecility in the matter of Micaela were not enough, he made himself further detested by his strict carrying out of the King's every edict, being especially offensive in scrupulously collecting the King's revenues.

But nobody could say that Amat did not work hard for the good of Lima. He had reorganized the army. He had under construction a new bullring and a cockpit. He was himself personally directing the building of the Church of the Nazarenes and restoring the tower of Santo Domingo so greatly damaged by a great earthquake, and he was planning new avenues and plazas. He saw Lima as the Versailles of the New World.

But he continued to love Micaela, and that was not forgiven him.

Meanwhile Micaela laughed and sang and delighted her Viceroy. She might so easily have given herself up to luxury and pleasure, and to lolling on the low, cushioned dais—another of the Moorish legacies transplanted to Lima. For her diversion she would have had her guitar and her harp, and there were the parties at the palace where she met the most distinguished men of Lima. But none of these compensated for the theater. First

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and last Micaela was an actress. The Viceroy's adulation never touched that. It was perhaps this fact that she might never be wholly possessed that held Amat.

And in her devotion to her own profession of course she understood his ambition to excel as a viceroy.

Through all that troubled time of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Peru, Micaela's companionship must have been his comfort. The banishment of the Jesuits was a business of immense difficulty, and Amat knew well enough that it would increase the already disturbing number of his enemies. But the command had come in the hand of the King himself, sent out from Spain by a special messenger, and it was Amat's duty to carry it out in every detail. The Jesuits were powerful, with many relatives and connections. It was necessary to act with complete secrecy, arresting and assembling members of the Order all over the country, at the same time that a ship was made ready to take them out of Peru. It was a difficult, dangerous business, and the Viceroy needed the comfort which was Micaela's to give. The mere presence of such a woman is like the hypnotic touch of tender stroking fingers driving out care, refreshing the mind, preparing it to resume its burdens.

In all Micaela's life these must have been the happiest years. Amat was still a fine specimen of a man, with a shapely leg inside his silk stockings, a figure which set off well his embroidered jacket and waistcoat, and under their fine lace ruffles his hands were not yet aged, while his upturned rolls of grey hair crowned the whole man with distinction. True he had lost some teeth, but Micaela's admiration of achievement could overlook a mere matter of teeth.

Meanwhile the eighteenth century was advancing toward its close. In France the Pompadour had died, the King had replaced her with Madame du Barry, and in the Colony of Virginia, Patrick Henry was beginning to talk about liberty or death, though few yet dreamed of such a thing as freedom for slaves. Still his words, like far off thunder, presaged a storm.

But in Lima it seemed as though life would go on forever as it

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was, "*ancha y lenta*," a broad leisurely stream of pleasure, with gallantry the supreme business of existence.

Micaela's life in those days seemed cloudless. She knew, naturally, that aristocratic Lima detested her, that it would hurt her if it could. But what of it? Even the sneer of "chola" could not touch her. What did the taunt of "half-breed" matter while on the stage she could still fascinate, by her every word, her every movement, by her song and her beauty? After all, in spite of their jealousy of her they, too, were her slaves really.

Surely nothing could ever alter her radiant life. The Viceroy had loved her for eleven years. She was not afraid of losing him, for he had not so much as listened to the cabal against her. And to the prestige of his patronage, to the glamour of their relationship, there was added the deep satisfying joy of acting.

Then, in a moment, she herself shattered her own paradise, as the great earthquake had suddenly without warning destroyed the Lima she had first known. As quickly, as unexpectedly as that, her paradise fell into ruin.

It happened at the theater. The play was Calderón de la Barca's *Fuego de Diós en el querer bien!* Maza, the impresario, had the rôle of the gallant. Micaela played the lady rôle.

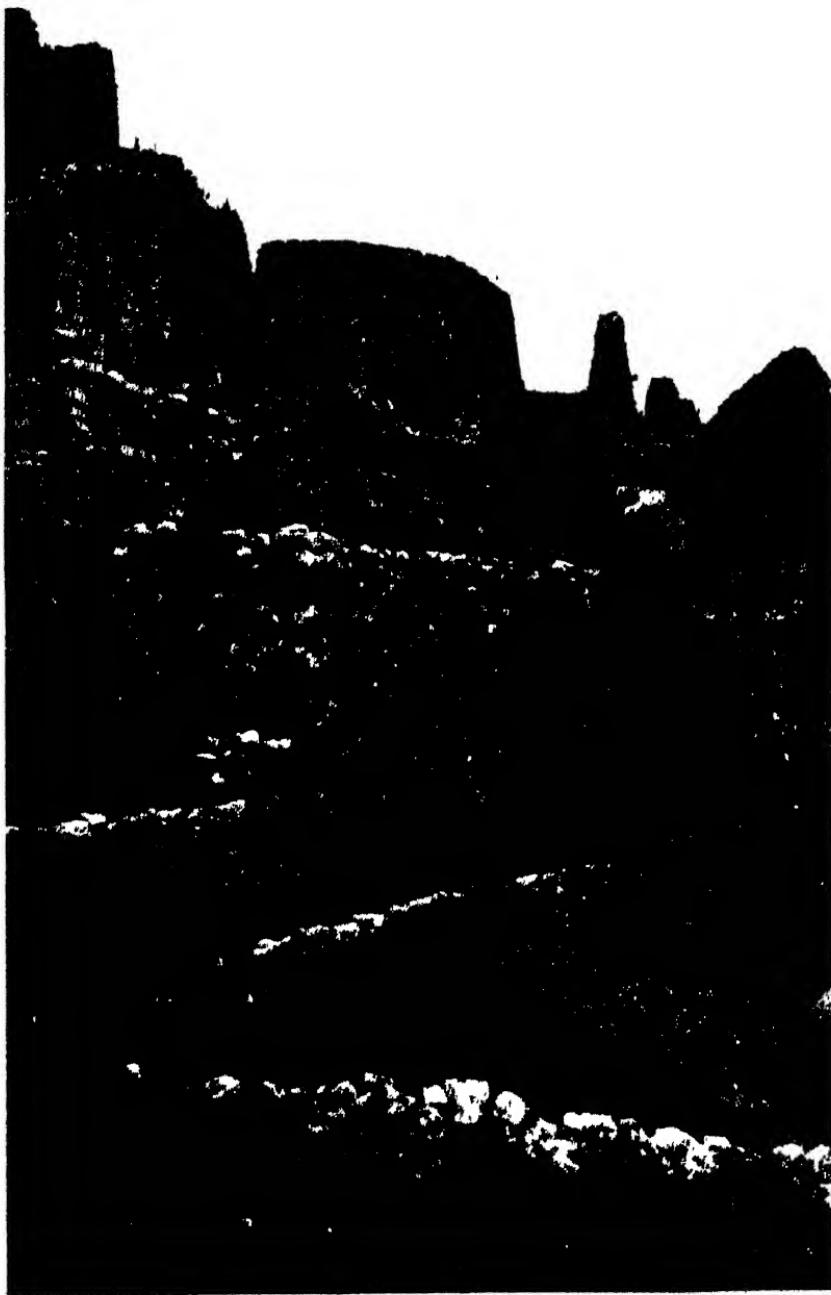
For some time past she had suspected that Maza was showing partiality to a new actress, a certain Inesilla. Now, as Micaela was reciting her lines, Maza murmured low in her ear: "More spirit, woman! More spirit! Inesilla would play it better."

Micaela then forgot everything; forgot the audience, the Viceroy in his box, everything but the injustice, the insult of Maza's words. And instantly she raised a whip which she carried in her hand, and struck Maza across the face.

The curtain went down upon a house shouting, "To prison with her! . . . To prison——"

In his box the Viceroy turned the red of a crab. It was long told in Lima, and recorded by Ricardo Palma, that the Viceroy was as red as a crab when he left the viceregal box.

And with his going the performance for that night was abandoned.



Terraced streets in the city of Machu Picchu

A JOURNEY IN TIME

So it was that Micaela Villegas destroyed herself.

She had done what was to the Viceroy an inexcusable thing; she had made a disgraceful scene, and she had been justly hooted by the audience. He, the Viceroy, as her lover, felt that the insult was his as well as hers. He had ignored the enmity brought upon him by his love of her, but, as representative of the King of Spain, he could not condone that outrageous scene. Micaela had put herself in the wrong.

Late in the night, when the Viceroy thought that Lima slept, he went with a lantern, cautiously through the dark streets to Micaela.

"It is all over," he said. "All that has been between us is over. And you should be grateful that I don't order you to go tomorrow to the theater on your knees to beg pardon of the public."

And then he said good-by: "Good-by, Perricholi."

He would have flung at her the scornful taunt, "*Perra cholá*"—"half-breed bitch." But the words emerged as "Perricholi."

Afterward it was said that in his anger, what with the absence of certain lost teeth, and what with his Catalonian accent, the *Perra cholá*, the insult he would have hurled out of his sore heart, became Perricholi:

"Adiós, Perricholi!"

So Micaela, who had been the petted actress, La Villegas, came to be known as La Perricholi in disgrace with the Viceroy and not permitted to appear on the stage of Lima's playhouse.

"That's the end of her," people said, as the months passed and Micaela went no more to the palace and rode no more in the Viceroy's retinue. All the best rôles were now Inesilla's. La Villegas was forgotten. La Perricholi was that ignominious thing, a fallen favorite.

Thirteen years the first actress of Lima, eleven years mistress to the Viceroy, she was well accustomed to the enmity of the jealous, but enmity sweetened with envy is a different matter from triumphant contempt.

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And because the bitterness of failure lies much in its effect on those most dear to you, Micaela must now have heard with agony her mother's voice calling from the balcony to the little Manuel: "*Quitate del sol, Niño.*" . . . "Remember you are not a nobody—" The familiar words were uttered with a plaintive attempt at their former arrogance. And Manuel, Micaela was ambitious for him. He was to have been educated, taught Latin even; perhaps one day to be a viceroy like his father.

And always she must suffer the thought that at the theater Inesilla was playing her rôles, singing her songs.

The theater was Micaela's life and she had lost it.

But for her comfort there was Felix, the brother who had never failed her. . . . Surely there must often in those days have come to her the lines from the hunchbacked poet who had known how deep scorn cuts into the soul.

*"Dios no lo da todo a uno. . . .
Próvida naturaleza
Nubes congela en el viento,
Y repartiendo sus lluvias,
Riega el arbol mas pequeño."*

*"God does not give all to one. . . .
Beneficent nature
Gathers into winds the clouds,
And dispersing the showers,
Refreshes even the smallest tree."*

What folly to have believed that God would give all to one! Just because for a time all had seemed to be hers.

But it was beyond question difficult for one who had been La Villegas to become used to being only La Perricholi.

In her banishment there were inevitably tongues to bring to Micaela news of the Viceroy. The Viceroy, so these gossips said, was much concerned that robbers were grown so bold that nobody dared go out at night without sending ahead several slaves

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with lanterns. And Amat had set himself to arrest the whole brazen gang.

However sad of heart he might be, a viceroy could go on with his work, but for an actress without a stage, without an audience, there was nothing. The days were long without new rôles to learn and rehearse, the nights were intolerably lonely. Perhaps the Viceroy had forgotten.

Lima buzzed with the Viceroy's prosecution of crime, and then it was known that the criminals had been arrested, proved guilty and sentenced.

In the great square then, the convicted were hanged, and the women who had been accomplices, their heads shaved, were made to walk three times under the gallows, and sent then to the prison to receive each fifty lashes.

The Viceroy was tireless. Now he announced that Lima must be properly lighted, and he made it compulsory that a lantern should burn all night before the door of every private house, and that, at the expense of the shopkeepers, there should be lanterns burning on every street-corner.

Perhaps, Micaela must often have thought, in all this activity he had no time in which to miss her.

But it was not easy to forget Micaela. The theater was not the same without her. The palace rooms which she had filled with laughter and with the rustle of taffeta were as rooms whose light had been put out. Lima itself . . . of what use to have lanterns burning before every door and at street-corners, when for him, the light of it all was gone?

And then there was Manuel . . . he would see his little son.

Finally thus Amat came to the end of his endurance. Viceregal indignation, viceregal pride could no more hold out against his longing for Micaela.

And Amat went back to Micaela.

"Keep out of the sun, child," Manuel's grandmother called from the balcony; once more the happy number of a Viceroy's titles, spinning like a merry-go-round in her brain: Gentleman of His

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Majesty's Bedchamber, Superintendent of the Royal Finances, Knight of the Order of San Juan, Lieutenant-General of the Royal Armies, His Excellency the Viceroy of Peru, representative of the King himself....

And all this had come back to Miquita, her Miquita, just a chola child, born far up in the Sierra.

Was there ever more noble a sight than the Viceroy stepping from the viceregal coach, coming back to Miquita? The very dung that his six mules deposited before the door while they awaited His Excellency was royal dung.

But Micaela was thinking of the theater, which was her life, explaining to Amat that she must return to the stage.

She would make the name "La Perricholi"—that contemptuous gibe which had fastened itself upon her—she would make it as brilliant as ever "La Villegas" had been.

La Villegas—that was the past. La Perricholi should be the shining future.

But for all her high spirit Micaela came trembling upon the stage on the night of her return. Then it was Amat himself who cried encouragement from the viceregal box:

"Courage and sing well!"

And never in Lima had there been anything like the ovation that was La Perricholi's on that night.

Micaela was intoxicated with the success of the Perricholi.

There had always been in Lima an unwritten law that only the nobility of Castile might ride in coaches drawn by as many as four mules; others, no matter what their wealth, must be content with a lesser number. And there now came to Micaela the idea that she would scandalize this aristocracy by setting up for herself a coach-and-four. The coach should be decorated in gold, with panels elegantly painted. Postilions in a livery trimmed with silver should mount the mules, and there should be lackeys too, also in livery. So would she drive through the streets to the dismay of all who had gloated over her humiliation.

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This had been perhaps a fantastic dream, fashioned in an hour of despair. Now, down to the smallest detail, it came true. And Micaela, in silks and laces and jewels almost as costly as the wardrobe of the image of Our Lady of Rosario in the Church of Santo Domingo, set forth in her coach-and-four to ride through the streets of Lima.

But there, in the street of San Lázaro, went the Parish priest on foot, taking to one who lay dying the last Sacrament—the *Viaticum*. Following the priest was an acolyte with a tinkling bell to announce their coming, so that all might fall to their knees in homage to the passing of the Host.

Micaela then felt her heart break that she should ride in the pomp of four mules, while the body of Christ was carried in humility, and she stopped the coach and ran to the priest begging him to take her place in the carriage.

So, in the end it was the Sacrament that drove in the magnificence of coach-and-four, while Micaela, her triumph washed in tears, followed on foot.

The coach, its mules, its postilions and lackeys in livery, she gave to the Parish, to be used only when the Sacrament was summoned to the dying.

The individual life falls into epochs, much as the life of the world is separated into centuries; both in turn further redivided into smaller units of experience. And now Viceroy Amat was being retired; he would go back to Spain for what of time remained to him on earth.

And Micaela? People wondered about Micaela. Would she go with him? Or why didn't Amat himself remain? He was old and had been absent many years from Spain.

But the Viceroy sailed away forever and Micaela stayed on, the famous Perricholi of Lima's theater. Perhaps they both realized that what had been between them had gradually faded out of existence. And it was not in Amat's nature to live where he must see a successor ruling in his stead, while for Micaela it was too late to risk establishing herself as an actress in a new

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country. She clung to the city where she had made her place. It was better so for them both.

The fourteen years of their union thus came very quietly to its end. Yet, though it passed from the visible and the actual, it still survives in the ghost-world of Lima.

Change was coming, too, to the aging eighteenth century. As it approached its close it broke into fragments, as though shattered by some missile hurled with deadly aim out of space, destroying much that had long been familiar.

In North America a Revolutionary War had been fought and won by Colonies which then formed themselves into the United States. In Venezuela a child named Simón Bolívar had been born. In France heads were falling under the guillotine. But in Lima, beyond the outgoing of one Viceroy and the incoming of another, the life-stream flowed still wide and slow.

The young Manuel de Amat was having his Latin lessons, Micaela was playing at the theater, and there was a new actor, Don Fermín Vicente de Echarri, who had become her friend. She had entered upon a period devoted to the quiet satisfaction of work.

While, far away in Barcelona, her old lover, Amat, had amazed all who yet had any interest in him by the astonishing fact of marrying his niece.

How old was he?

Lima computed. Why, he must be nearly eighty.

Already it seemed long ago that he had madly loved Micaela. And when he at last died the news was not important to Lima. For he was become merely a romantic tradition.

Then, in his turn, the Viceroy who had succeeded Amat was retired and Ambrose O'Higgins, Marquis of Osorno, took his place.

Micaela could remember that when she was a girl this O'Higgins, a young Irishman, had come to seek his fortune in the New World. He had been just a peddler with a stall in the row of shops under the Cathedral, a stall and a mule, and Riquera, a young Spaniard, for partner. But their business had failed. The young Spaniard

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had gone back to Spain, and O'Higgins had ridden his mule down into Chile where he had joined the army.

Amat had been Captain-General of Chile at the time, and he had assigned O'Higgins to the task of building stone huts on the east and west approaches to the Pass over the Andes, to serve as shelter for travelers between Mendoza and Chile.

Now the foreign peddler O'Higgins was come back to Lima as a Marquis and the Viceroy of Peru. How greatly this would have astonished Amat! And Riquera who had been his partner in that shop under the Cathedral had got himself educated and was become Archbishop. They'd been just a couple of itinerant peddlers, and were now the greatest men of all South America, since Lima was the richest and most important city of the continent.

But her own Manuel, who had had every advantage her money could give, was a worthless young sport, hanging forever about the women of the town. Micaela sent him to Europe in the parental delusion that a far place works miracles, but he returned unaltered and she had later to shut him up in a religious reformatory to prevent his marrying a strumpet, a proceeding which made an unfortunate scandal, for both Manuel and the girl tried to bring legal action against her, as is shown in the archives of Lima. But really Micaela couldn't let Manuel marry out of his rank like that. After all, as her mother used so often to say, he was the son of a Somebody. It was a duty to Viceroy Amat to get his son properly married.

Micaela was nearly sixty when she herself finally took on the "*muy decente*" title of Señora, by marrying her fellow-actor, Fermín Vicente de Echarri. It was toward the end of the century that she entered this epoch of her life, and with her husband signed the lease for a new theater of which together they were to be the managers.

So Micaela's life flows over into the nineteenth century, the century of South American independence. She was beginning to hear talk of Simón Bolívar and San Martín. People said that Bolívar had freed Venezuela and New Granada from Spain, and

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that in Buenos Aires and in Chile San Martín had done the same.

Strange talk, that would have seemed insane in the time of Amat! Slaves, too, it was said had been set free. But strangest of all, she, Micaela, had become an old woman. Now after the names of so many that she had known, her mind wrote the words, "*ya difunto.*"

The Viceroy, Amat, now defunct.

Her mother, now defunct.

Then her husband, also defunct.

But the brother Felix—dear faithful Felix—remained.

Then—it seemed to have happened all at once—the time came when she was too old to act.

Nothing was now the same, but Felix, and the coach-and-four which she had given to the Parish, still passing on its way to the dying.

This new century seemed to move more quickly than the one in which she'd been born, for as the time shortens it appears unaccountably to speed up. It was hard to believe that Manuel had settled down to a proper marriage and that she had a granddaughter, grown already to womanhood.

Then before Micaela knew where the time had gone she was sending for a notary to draw up her Will:

"In the name of all powerful God, I, doña Micaela Villegas . . . believing in the mystery of the Holy Trinity . . . trusting in our Holy Mother, the Apostolic Church, in whose faith I have lived. . . . Begging the intercession of the most serene Queen of the Angels, María, Holy Mother of God, and the intercession of all the Saints of Heaven. . . .

"And because to die is natural, and it must not find me unprepared, I commend my body to the earth and my soul to the most precious Blood, Passion and Death of our Redeemer. . . . And when I am dead I would be dressed in the habit of the San Franciscans, and have my funeral held in the Church of the Recolección . . . but with no more than four candles, for I would give the cost of pomp to the poor. . . .

"I bequeath to my brother José Felix Villegas, for the great



The tower at Machu Picchu

A JOURNEY IN TIME

love and affection with which he has served me eight hundred dollars, and a room in my house for the rest of his days. . . .

"Of what remains, two thirds goes to my son, Manuel de Amat, and a third to his legitimate daughter, *doña* Tomasa. . . . With my blessing and the benediction of God. . . ."

And now all was ready. But there remained yet three months in which life might slowly ebb away:

"Felix, do you remember?" . . .

"Miquita, I was thinking of the time that——"

Outside, the street cries told off the hours:

The tea-woman—teas for every ill but that final inevitable death, hourly creeping nearer.

The flower-man: "A garden! A garden! *Muchacha*, don't you smell it?"

Ice cream and wafers rolled thin.

Those who went begging alms for the souls in Purgatory.

Night now, and because of Viceroy Amat, lanterns burning before every door and at the street-corners; Amat the first to give Lima light throughout the night. . . .

"Felix, do you remember?" . . .

Then the trotting feet of mules, the rattle of the coach. . . . The Sacrament coming in a coach-and-four. . . . Why did it rattle like that? . . . The coach, too, was getting old. Yes, of course, the coach was old. . . .

Three years later Captain Basil Hall of His British Majesty's ship, *Conway*, chanced to be in Lima and saw a "great lumbering old-fashioned coach drive up to the entrance of the Cathedral where it received the priest charged with the Host, and then moved slowly away to the house of some dying person."

And in answer to his questions he was told that the coach had belonged to a certain Perricholi, a famous actress now dead. It was she who had given the coach to the Parish. . . . Oh, it was a long time ago that she'd given it.

XII

GALLANT MRS. PROCTOR

Across the Pampa

A CERTAIN Mr. Proctor went out to Lima from England as agent of the contractors for a loan just negotiated with Peru. He took with him his wife, an infant son, a man-servant and two maid-servants. The party shipped to Buenos Aires aboard the *Cherub*, a brig of two hundred and six tons.

And it was more than a hundred years ago that they set sail.

King George IV was Proctor's sovereign, and the painter, Deming, was doing a portrait of the little four-year-old Princess Victoria; wearing a vast plumed hat, a fur piece sedately crossed upon her bosom, and a very full velvet frock right down to her ankles. Pedro The First had just been crowned Emperor of Brazil, Thomas Jefferson was approaching the end of life and James Monroe was President of the United States, when the brig, *Cherub*, sailed from Gravesend for Buenos Aires, with Proctor and his family en route to Lima.

I eagerly turned the page!*

This man Proctor was actually to see what my imagination was struggling to recreate. He was on his way to the Lima of a century ago.

The voyage was long; sixty-three days from Gravesend to Buenos Aires. Then, from Buenos Aires to Lima there were two routes, one by sea around the Horn, the other overland across the Cordillera of the Andes into Chile, where the journey was continued by boat. There were plenty of people in Buenos Aires to describe the discomforts and dangers of the voyage around the

* *Narrative of a Journey across the Cordillera of the Andes and of a Residence in Lima*, by Robert Proctor, Esquire. Published 1825, Edinburgh.

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Horn, and plenty of others to say that the trip over the Andes was "impossible for females." But after sixty-three days aboard the brig *Cherub*, Proctor fancied the way over the mountains. And, after all, there had been previously two Englishwomen who had crossed the Cordillera with their children.

Therefore it was decided to travel by way of the Andes. And Proctor began immediately to make preparation, for the Cordillera winter was near at hand and there was no time to be lost.

A carriage must be purchased, for, as Proctor says, there were "females to be conveyed." Also there would be needed a cart for luggage. The carriage was a light two-wheeled affair, with a pole instead of shafts. Each horse carried a postilion, and the pole was attached by leather thongs to their saddles. It was explained to Proctor that this method prevented the horses' upsetting the carriage, "however they might rear and kick." And he was advised to take along wine and spirits and biscuits, since on the road even the necessities were scarce.

All other arrangements he might safely leave to the courier who, for the sum of a hundred and fifty dollars, would take complete responsibility for the trip; across the Pampa to Mendoza, over the Cordillera, and down to Santiago. Postilions and the necessary relays of horses would be provided by him. The couriers were under the government and were fully experienced, having been, as it were, born and bred upon the road.

Then, when all was ready, the Proctor family had galloped forth from Buenos Aires, bound for Mendoza, at the foot of the Andes, a thousand miles away over the level Pampa.

And at Mendoza they would find General Don José de San Martín. Proctor carried letters to him. San Martín would be able to make clear all that had been happening in Lima. Far away in Buenos Aires it was impossible to know what to credit and what to reject.

Quite naturally Proctor was anxious for detailed information. He was charged with ratification of the Peruvian loan and with the power of drawing for the amount on London. It was of importance to him whether the Royalists or the Patriots would

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be in control of Lima when he arrived. Much had happened that was not easy to understand. But General San Martín—who was at Mendoza—would be able to explain out of personal knowledge. General San Martín was a remarkable man. To him, more than to anyone else, Buenos Aires owed her independence. Then he had marched an army right up over the Andes that he might help to free Chile from Spain. Later it was San Martín who had first carried the word of independence to Peru.

After that, what had occurred was not clear. The Royalists had been driven out of Lima, but now there were rumors that they were regaining lost territory. It was known that San Martín had gone to Guayaquil to meet and confer with Simón Bolívar; to ask his help in Peru, people said.

But Bolívar had not yet come, and San Martín had left Peru and retired to Mendoza.

Why?

Who could explain that but General San Martín himself?

Proctor would find him in Mendoza, at the foot of the Andes, a thousand miles away over the Pampa.

And San Martín, out of personal knowledge, could explain all. Therefore Proctor would reach Mendoza as soon as possible. Moreover winter in the Cordillera was coming on. So they had galloped out of Buenos Aires.

They were to cover fifty, sixty, seventy miles a day, depending upon the condition of the road, and upon whether or not the expected relays of fresh horses were waiting. They were to travel all day from early morning, and their nights were to be spent in post-houses.

As I turned the pages I had sought some word which would make Proctor's wife come alive for me. But not even her name was given.

I would like to know whether she was Ruth or Elizabeth, Violet or Isabel or Marjorie. I would know, too, what she looked like—this woman who so long ago had traveled out from England to Lima; whether she was a tall, long-faced blonde, or a brunette,

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small, but not too small, and with the face of a wild rose. The more I thought about her, the more persistently she appeared to me as the wild rose. And by the time I was convinced of that I was sure that her name was Dorothy, because more than a hundred years later I knew a wild rose British Dorothy—Dorothy Popenoe—who would have undertaken just such a journey of hazard and discomfort, in the same gay eager spirit which I felt was Mrs. Proctor's; and she also had never found a baby a handicap. Guatemala and Honduras, the later Dorothy had known them well, and when she went from the earth, had left behind her, not only a quiver of babies, but a pictorial and a written record of her knowledge.

Erudition I could not bestow upon Mrs. Proctor for it was only in spirit that I found a resemblance in her to the Dorothy who was my friend.

My conception of Mrs. Proctor's character was drawn more from all the things her husband does not say in his narrative, rather than from what he says. I was confident that she loved that galloping forth from Buenos Aires, that she was both serene and merry, and that she possessed the gift of conveying these qualities to others, also that she was resourceful and practical. For had all this not been the case Proctor's narrative could never have been the carefree chronicle that it is. The scene was set for endless trouble. There were, for example, the maid-servants who might with good reason have complained every inch of the way; and there must not be forgotten the complications that might well have arisen from the fact that there were two maid-servants and but one man-servant. And how perturbed Mrs. Proctor might have been about that infant son, and how much she might have grumbled on her own account.

Yet there is in the narrative no hint of any of this.

As for Proctor himself, I found him a gentleman of integrity, observant of detail, conscientiously recording events precisely as they occurred, but never seeing around, or beneath or into anything. I imagined Mrs. Proctor (with that sparkle of humor

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It was obvious that the writer's motive was jealousy. But to strike at such a moment, at a time of momentous crisis, when, with dangers and difficulties on every side, the General was preparing for that conflict which was to decide the fate of all, to strike thus was an infamous thing.

O'Leary understood that the blow had gone deep into that region of the heart which never forgets. It was the sort of injury for which, whatever joyful thing the future may hold, there is no healing.

It has happened, and nothing can ever be done about it.

There is only to call together what remains, and with that to carry on.

Bolívar thought of Sucre, tireless, selfless, loyal. He must write to Sucre at once. Sucre must understand that the great final battle for liberty was now to be his, and not Bolívar's. The responsibility and the glory would be Sucre's. Only he must not fail to realize that the Patriots could not afford to lose so much as one battle. Any repulse would be fatal. There must be nothing but victory. Therefore Sucre must proceed with the greatest caution. And he, Bolívar, would forward reinforcements and money.

In calling upon what remained to him he summoned the blessed solace of work. He could still work for the great cause. In Lima there was much to be done, and as he traveled back to the coast he mustered along the way a thousand additional men, as well as supplies and horses; sending them back to Sucre's army as it marched over the Sierra in the wake of the retreating Royalists.

Yet all the time there was heavy in Bolívar's heart the unbelievable fact that command of the Colombian Army had been taken from him—his own army, the thing he had created, which was part of himself.

It could not be. . . . Yet it was.

I wondered if at that time he knew, if a letter had come to tell him, that Manuelita Sáenz was on her way from Quito to Peru. But whether he expected her, or whether her arrival was a surprise, there she was, meeting him in the village of Haura, on the coast

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And often a gaucho pursued his herd, galloping widely across the Pampa, his poncho streaming vivid, his lasso, an aerial serpent, descending unerringly upon that particular beast which he would capture. I can see Mrs. Proctor pointing out these riders of the wind to her dumpling of an infant son (he must have been that sort of a child), while her husband is methodically recording that "the most valued horses to the gauchos are the roan and the pye-balled. They do not like black horses."

Then fertile pasture lands gave place to flat arid country and there was a day when the wind was high and the dust thick. Mr. Proctor had a bad horse and was five times thrown. In the dense dust it was difficult to see or to speak, and Mrs. Proctor must have been alarmed waiting for assurance that he had not been injured.

In that desolate and melancholy country there had been no habitation save the wretched post-houses marking off the landscape into lengths of a day's journey. Sometimes the desolation was peopled by herds of small deer which scurried away from the noisy approach of the carriage. And there were armadillos and lizards, locusts of enormous size, quantities of little bizcochos grunting around the underground burrows they share with the small grave owls which Mr. Proctor saw standing solemn guard at the entrance of the burrows. So much for Mrs. Proctor to point out to the child on her lap! Ostriches, too, the ostrich of the South American Pampa, and often gauchos hunting them.

When there had been rain the country was flooded, and once or twice the carriage was mired and they had had to send for aid. And it happened that sometimes they found a post-house abandoned, and had to drive on to the next to find their relay of horses.

But Mr. Proctor passes lightly over their disappointment, as though no weary females had murmured.

When they had come again into fertile country the posts were better and it was even possible to get eggs and milk. And there was a region where the landscape took on the bizarre aspect of delirium, because of the native custom of storing grain in the hides of oxen; sewed together in pairs, suspended between up-

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right beams, and stuffed tight with corn; so that the land seemed inhabited by a monstrous species of beast, of which, curiously enough, none was living. It was a country where grass and thistles grew so tall that they might well have nourished gigantic beasts. It was a region, Mr. Proctor says, where Indians from the north and the south frequently raided the haciendas, murdered the inhabitants and carried off their cattle. Near the deserted post-house of Barrancas he found the stark fact of vengeance in the "perfect but quite dry corpse of an Indian, hanging by his wrists in a stunted tree." Mr. Proctor "cut off one of the arms and kept it as a curiosity."

And how did Mrs. Proctor feel about that, I wondered.

And then I decided that she must have been the sort of woman who accepts her man as he is.

He was her man, that was enough. Still, it is possible that she did object a little for Mr. Proctor comments, "after all, it has no odour."

The fact of the arm led me to speculation about the female servants. I concluded that they couldn't have been Irish, or Welsh, or even Scotch, or they would have had qualms about traveling in company with the arm of an Indian who had been hanged to a wayside tree. There were dangers enough in the visible world, they would have felt, without inviting the Lord knows what from the spirits. The master might have been better occupied than cutting the arm off a dead Indian.

But even though they were apparently without superstition they must have been glad that as they neared Mendoza the post-houses were larger, and gayer, with grog-shops where the gauchos came to drink and to gamble. It must have been cheering to see some life even though it were the life of what they would have called barbarians; barbarians in red ponchos with knives at their belts. It was something for any woman to watch men like this; to see them stick these knives into the counter of the bar, as a pledge that there was to be no blood over the game; or to see them when in anger they forgot the pledge and fenced fiercely with the great knives, as though they had been foils.



The lofty sundial at Machu Picchu

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Truly these were men! In the eyes of mistress and maid alike. And how they could ride! Why, they thought it nothing to be able to pick up a dollar from the ground at full gallop!

Sometimes they would bring their women with them to the post-house. Creatures less savage than the men, and full of curiosity about the dress of this Mrs. Proctor and her female servants. Did they have things for sale? And if there was nothing for sale, why were they traveling through the country?

Often at the post-houses there would be someone who played the guitar. And to music which spoke of the desolate melancholy beauty of the Pampa, Mrs. Proctor must often have fallen asleep.

Sitting under a green-shaded light in Room 300 of the New York Library, I had thus turned the pages, forming my picture of Mrs. Proctor—of her little son and her maid-servants.

And then at last I had come to a paragraph in Mr. Proctor's narrative which proved me right in at least one of my conjectures.

Crossing a wide plain, Mr. Proctor saw in the distance the encampment of a caravan of mules, and rode over to investigate. They were carrying wine from Mendoza to Buenos Aires; red wine, a cask of it balanced on each side of every mule. Securing some of the wine Proctor went with his prize at full speed to rejoin his own party, and from the summit of a ridge of rolling ground he saw with anxious dismay that the carriage had been overturned.

His wife, his infant son, the two maid-servants. . . . What had happened?

Spurring on his horse he dashed forward, to find when he pulled in his breathless animal that his females were making very merry together over the accident, and that no one was hurt.

Yes, I had known she was like that; glad of heart and with the gift of imparting her gladness to others.

At Mendoza

The Proctors had been twenty days on the road when they

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saw rising up before them the stupendous wall of the Andes, so high that to look up at the snowy peaks it was necessary to strain their necks. Staring up at those prodigious mountains it must have seemed to them incredible that they could ever cross over into Chile. They must have had to remind themselves again of those two English women who, with their children, had safely made the journey.

Now, as they neared Mendoza, at the foot of the mountains, the post-houses had become more comfortable; luscious Muscatel grapes were hung from the beams, and all about were vineyards and fields of verdant clover.

And finally there was Mendoza itself, its domes and spires shining among the trembling green of poplar trees.

A thousand miles of Pampa lay behind them, a mosaic of memories; wide horizons drawing a circle about a flat world, where gauchos galloped, whirling the sinuous writhing coils of rope which at their will lassoed cattle and horses and ostriches; the Pampa punctuated with post-houses, gauchos there too, sticking their knives in the counter of the bar, drinking, gambling, fighting, sometimes singing to the soft twanging of a guitar; sleep then, and another long day's journeying over the wild free Pampa; and once an Indian, hung by his wrists in a low scrubby tree—"quite dry, no odour."

And now at last Mendoza.

There the Proctors were guests at the house of an English "medical gentleman." What a change from the post-houses on the road! It would be good to rest there for a few days.

A traveler just come down over the Pass had reported the first snowfall, and the Proctors were counseled to allow time for this to melt before going on. It seemed that before the Cordillera winter actually set in, there were these preliminary falls of snow. And while they waited for it to melt Mr. Proctor could be making the necessary preparations for their journey.

The traveler had brought news that Lord Cochrane, Commander-in-Chief of the Chilean Navy, had been invited by the Emperor, Pedro, to take charge of the Navy of Brazil, and

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that some weeks ago Cochrane had sailed—around the Horn—bound for Rio de Janeiro. Also the traveler brought a rumor that the Royalists were about to regain possession of Lima.

Because of this, Proctor was impatient: he must get on as soon as possible to Lima. But to occupy his impatience there were the preparations and the letters which he must present to General San Martín.

Of course everyone in Mendoza knew General San Martín. They called him the Lion of the Andes because he had led an army over the Pass. Now the Lion had come back and settled down on an estate not far from the town. Why had he left Peru just when he did? Naturally Mr. Proctor wanted to know.

As to that, people explained, the General himself said that his part was over when he had delivered to Peru the great message of independence. That done, he would leave the future conduct of the country in the hands of its citizens. He would not have any accuse him of scheming for the power of dictatorship. His youth, he reasoned, had been given to Spain; his middle years to the cause of independence for the South American colonies; his old age he wished to spend as he pleased.

Now, on his hacienda, they said, he was making many improvements, and in Mendoza he had established a library and a school. And he was making plans for his daughter. His wife had died—gone like his youth and his middle years. He would take his daughter to Europe for her education; to Miss Phelps' English school at Brussels. Then he would travel; visit his friend, Lord Fife, in Scotland, and William Miller's mother at Canterbury.

Of all that unhappy business in Lima the General seemed to speak with reticence. It was known that Lord Cochrane blamed him; had Martín had a stronger policy, he said, the Patriots might not be now in danger of losing what they had gained. But others thought the General a hero. He had left Peru, they argued, because he had felt that only Simón Bolívar could bring victory to the Patriots, and that Bolívar would not share with any the glory of that achievement. Therefore San Martín had withdrawn. Also, it was believed that they had differed in opinion:

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San Martín had favored a monarchy for Peru, ruled by some European prince, and that against such an idea Bolívar had been everlastingly opposed.

But these matters, freely gossiped about in Mendoza, San Martín himself seemed reluctant to discuss.

At Mendoza there would also have been many to explain to the Proctors the causes of the furious struggle to free South America from Spanish domination. "Spain was to be great," they said, "at our expense. It was money that they wanted of us, always more money. Do you know that they forced Spanish goods on us at their own price? We were not to traffic with foreign nations; not even with other Spanish-American colonies! And we were not to grow anything that would compete with what was grown in Spain. As for the Indians—hundreds of thousands have died in the mines to supply the gold that Spain demanded. Spain was ruining us—and at the same time scorning us as Creoles.

"Some years ago there was an Indian of the royal family who rose up, calling himself Tupac Amaru II. He had tried in every way to help his people without bloodshed, and then he rose up.... But in the square of Cuzco they tore him to pieces. Yes, literally tore him to pieces. What they did to him there, and to his wife and his children, and many others of his followers, is too horrible to be told. We heard about it here because they sent asking troops to help put down the revolt. And this that happened in Cuzco was so dreadful a thing that it helped to rouse the Peruvians to independence.

"But all this you will hear when you get to Lima...."

And at Mendoza, the Proctors would have been told something, too, of the sort of life which they themselves would live beyond the towering mountain wall, and something of the people they would meet.

It was a pity that Lord Cochrane was gone to Brazil. Things would not be so gay without Lady Cochrane. No one who had been present at their arrival in Chile would ever forget it. Lord Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, with his spectacular record in the British Navy had come out to organize and command the

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Navy of Chile. Matchless, intrepid Lord Cochrane! Valparaiso had made him a welcome that none could forget. And he had given in return a great banquet where he had presided in the full regalia of a Scottish chief.

And after that what a place Valparaiso had been while San Martín and Lord Cochrane had been preparing for the expedition to free Peru, for they had agreed that with Spain ruling in Peru there could be no safety for a Republic in Chile. Peru also must be free. And while they were organizing this expedition, Valparaiso had been gay; every day a picnic, or a ball, a dance, or a dinner. Fascinating Lady Cochrane had loved all this. She and the Chilean wife of Commodore Blanco had been the very heart of it; each beautiful, each supreme in her own type.

Now, perhaps, life would be less brilliantly gay. But there remained many whom the Proctors would enjoy knowing; Captain Basil Hall of his Majesty's ship, *Conway*, cruising up and down the coast in the interest of British trade and the rights of British subjects. True, the *Conway* might, by this time, have been ordered elsewhere, but certainly they would meet their countryman, Colonel William Miller (there was talk now of his being made a brigadier general). Born in England at Wingham in the County of Kent, he'd been a soldier in the service of his own sovereign until there was peace. Then he'd come out to Buenos Aires full of enthusiasm for the struggle of the Americans against Spain. He'd come out six years before—in the year that San Martín had marched the army over the Pass into Chile.

Everyone liked Miller. He'd been popular when he was in Mendoza: a young man, tall and good-looking and very fond of parties; especially the big Sunday gatherings when people rode in from the haciendas to dance and sing and play at forfeits. And in Chile it had been the same; everyone had liked William Miller. San Martín was devoted to him.

So, in its delight at the arrival of new ears, would Mendoza have immediately poured out the story.

And then the Proctors met San Martín.

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"He often joined us without ceremony," Proctor writes, "and amused us much by his interesting anecdotes. . . . He had a happy method of relating them; his features animated, especially when conversing of past events."

In this talk of the past, San Martín must certainly have explained to Mr. Proctor, as he had to Captain Hall of the *Conway*, the methods he had used for the winning of independence in Peru. He could not fail to be anxious that Proctor, sent out to Lima on the important matter of the loan, should understand. . . .

"The contest in Peru," he would have explained, "was not of an ordinary description; not a war of contest and glory, as I saw it, but entirely a war of opinion; a war of new and liberal principles against prejudice, bigotry and tyranny.

"People used to ask why I didn't march to Lima at once; so I might have, and instantly would, had it been suitable to my views, which it was not. I did not want military renown. I wanted solely to liberate Peru from oppression. Of what use would Lima have been to me if the inhabitants had been hostile in political sentiment? . . . I did not choose to advance a step beyond the gradual march of public opinion.

"Thus, patiently, I brought about the Royalist evacuation of Lima."

As to what had happened since, Proctor must see for himself.

But the talk could not have been all serious, for according to Captain Hall "San Martín could be playful when that was the tone of the moment." He could turn from "that flashing energy with which he spoke of those political matters close to his heart, and he would then enchant his listeners with stories of his past."

So long and varied a past; Paraguay where he was born, that Spain which had claimed his youth, South America again, and the great dream of independence.

How was it that Miller had put it? "The object of the Independence," Miller had said was to "assure the political existence of a vast continent and to ascertain whether or not the time had yet arrived when the influence of South America upon the rest

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of the world should be rendered commensurate with its extent, its riches and its situation."

Ah, but that was getting serious again—

Perhaps now Mrs. Proctor might be interested in the story of an extraordinary old dame who owned an hacienda near to Lima. It might be that Mr. Proctor would meet her. When he—San Martín—had been in Lima this lady had come asking him for a safe conduct pass. She wanted to go to Pisco. Owing to the upset conditions of the revolution, there was a shortage of Pisco brandy in Lima, and it was the old lady's idea that she would take a matter of fifty mules, go to Pisco, buy brandy at something like eight dollars a jar and return to sell it in Lima. If she could get in ahead of other speculators she might sell her brandy for as much as eighty dollars the jar.

The lady and her mules had turned up near Pisco at just the moment when Miller was direly needing transport animals. He'd pressed her mules into service, told her the emergency was great and that he could not respect the General's safe conduct papers. She'd called him "a wretch who could never hope to reach the gates of heaven"; she'd gone further and said he was the "very devil himself."

But Miller had calmly appropriated the mules. Then, vowing not to let her beasts out of her sight, she'd gone along with the army, in pursuit of the Royalists. There wasn't a man who could manage a horse better, and not a muleteer who could beat her throwing the lasso. She'd ridden beside Miller through long exhausting marches, riding astride and wearing big silver spurs. You'd have thought she'd passed her whole life in the army. Now she said she didn't give a whistle about the brandy, or whether she ever got her mules back, provided only the Patriots put the Royalists to rout. Miller said she had a voice like a boatswain's, and that she'd shout encouragement to the men, until the desert rang with her words.

When it was over, and the Royalists driven back from the coast, Miller returned her mules and offered to pay for their use, but she wouldn't accept a penny.

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And a year later Miller heard that the lady had willed her hacienda to him!

A remarkable woman! Perhaps Mrs. Proctor would meet her, for the hacienda was near to Lima.

Ah, there were so many stories! It was a pity the Proctors were going on so soon to Lima.

After these days in Mendoza Lima must have taken on for the Proctors the color of reality.

But, barring the way, there stood the Andes.

And in Mendoza there were not only stories of Lima, but of the Andes. Travelers who had met death on the desolate summits were reported to haunt their unburied bones, and there were also the demons of the mountains. Things happened up there that you couldn't explain.

Yes, but remember the two Englishwomen—with their children. . . .

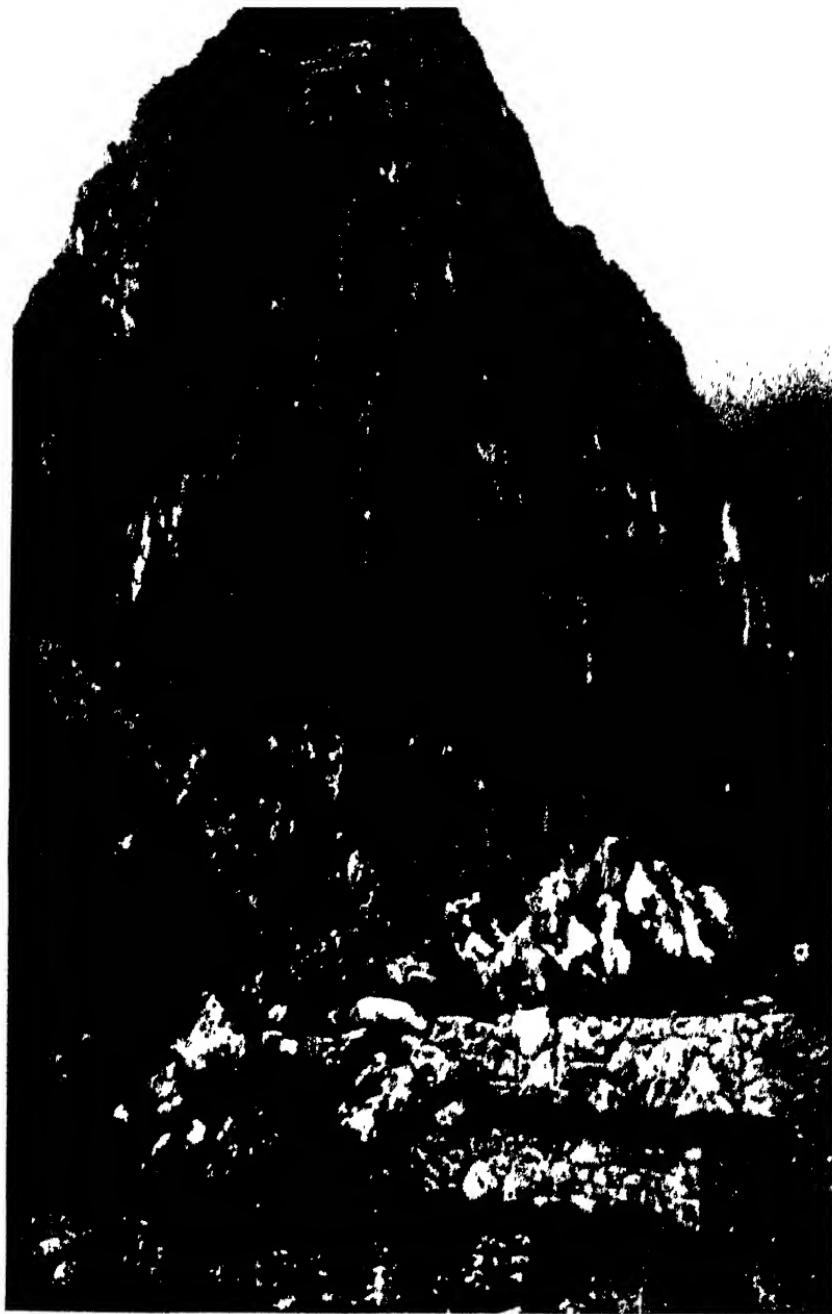
Over the Cordillera

The number of mules, Mr. Proctor says, were thirteen, and it was necessary to take everything that would be needed; beds, blankets, provisions, cooking utensils—as along the way there would be nothing. All must be foreseen in advance. As for the transportation of the females, they were to ride, he explains, "upon pillions with straps to support the back; the women sat with legs hanging down and resting their feet on a small board attached to the saddle. And the infant rode in the arms of a mounted peon."

In this fashion they set out from Mendoza to surmount the Andes.

I could fancy Mrs. Proctor again reminding the maid-servants that two Englishwomen with children had once made the journey.

Proctor had perhaps been too impatient to get under way to dwell upon the difficulties. His mind was heavy with the responsibility of ratification of the loan to Peru and with fear of the delay which might be caused by snow on the Cordillera. Travelers,



The peak above Machu Picchu

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he knew, had been forced sometimes to spend the winter in Mendoza because of snow in the high Passes. And then the Lord only knew what might at that moment be happening in Lima! Every hour's delay might mean that he would find the Patriots—the revolutionaries—deposed, and the Royalists in power.

But now at last he saw his expedition ride out of Mendoza.

They spent the first night at a farm, only six miles from the town, and from there made a very early start the next morning, for they must that day cover forty miles.

The road for some distance skirted the edge of mountains, barren, sandy and hot, with not a tree to give shade. It passed then over rugged ground piled with stones; a wearying road for beasts and men.

In the late afternoon they entered the Sierra and began to climb, winding up and up between two high ridges until they came to water, to a brook where at last they could drink, could moisten lips parched in the high dry air. But it was dusk before they reached the hut where they were to stop for the night.

"The females," Mr. Proctor says, "were so wearied as scarcely to be able to walk, besides being stiff with the falls of which they had several during the day." The little boy, however, bore it remarkably (I'd known from the beginning that that child was a happy dumpling of an infant!) "and at the end of the day did not even wish to quit the peon who carried him."

The rest were too fatigued to eat, too exhausted to do more than take reviving drinks of hot white Mendoza wine and get at once into bed.

Again, on the following day the mules climbed, the mountains ever more and more precipitous, and Proctor increasingly admiring the sagacity of mules.

And at that page I had ceased for a moment to read; meditating myself upon the wisdom of mules. If there is any earthly creature of which it may be said that he is always right, that creature is a mule. If you might say of a man that he was strong of body, and

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of an industrious energy; that he never took a step without weighing the conditions, testing the feasibility, assuring himself prudently in advance; that once having made a decision he then proceeded with confidence however hazardous the way; that he was sure of himself and not to be turned aside; then, if all this were true, you would have described a superman, a man fitted to live, to survive all others, to triumph.

Yet this describes the merely average mule.

“The mules [my mind had returned to Mr. Proctor’s page], the mules stopped frequently to look how they could best avoid a chasm or reach a rock on the other side. Standing firmly on their hind legs and trying with their fore feet. . . . After winding in this manner for a few hours, the valley was closed by a mountain, and the road struck to the right, up the face of the range.”

(Oh, I knew it would do just that!)

“The road,” Proctor resumes, “struck to the right, up the face of the range. The ascent was accomplished by a zig-zag pathway worn by the feet of mules in the shape of a staircase . . . the animals’ heads all turning different ways as they were passing different angles of the road.”

At the end of that day there was a miserable hut for travelers where the Proctors spread their beds in a shed, hanging up all the blankets they could spare, as windbreaks.

And the day after that was one of those days which, as you look ahead, appear impossible.

A tremendous snow-crowned mass blocked the way, but the mules descended into the dry bed of a river which in the rains was furious enough to have cut a great chasm through which it might rush unfrustrated. Beneath a sun which parched and blistered, the mules followed the path of this river, the trail winding up and down, sometimes no more than fifteen inches wide, the mountainside falling steeply away hundreds of feet below, the

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path at times so precarious that it was necessary to dismount and lead the mules.

"The situation of the traveller," Proctor explains, "if not dangerous, is certainly extremely awful. Below is the precipice . . . above, the mountain, in many places overhanging, and consisting of such loose substances that the traveller is fearful lest they give way and overwhelm him. Small wooden crosses stuck in the side of the mountain, here and there, tell the fate of some poor wretch thus destroyed."

And all the time the Proctors' mules, mule-fashion, kept to the very edge of the trail, remembering that if the burdens they carried should strike against the mountain, they would be dashed down into the great gaping abyss on the other side.

When this perilous day had at last come to an end the Proctors spread their beds close to a roaring torrent. The muleteers made a fire of the dried dung collected along the way. Arrow-root gruel was prepared for the small son, slices of boiled beef were fried, and in a kettle there was brewing that comforting fragrant drink of white Mendoza wine. The muleteers drank maté tea and smoked. And all about towered black peaks pointed with snow. And a bright moon shone down upon the tethered beasts, upon the group around the fire, while, in the shadows, their beds waited.

"And thus," Proctor says, "we spent the evening pretty merrily, our eyes every now and then directed to the stupendous mountains, reclining calmly in the light of the moon."

And the strange exaltation of such evenings following upon such days, I also was to know, ever so many years after Proctor had gone to his grave: so that as I read what he had written memory and experience wrote between his lines a second book, fragments of which have now and then insisted upon being set down on these pages where, with the Proctors as my companions, I journeyed into the century of independence in Peru.

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The Proctors had left Mendoza on the fourteenth of April, and on the fifteenth had begun the ascent of the Cordillera, continued on the seventeenth, and early on the morning of the eighteenth had arrived at the second of the Passes which lead up to the *cumbre*—the Great Pass. On either side of the *cumbre*, at intervals of a day's journey there was to be found in those days (before Pan-American airplanes flew travelers over the "hump,") a small stone hovel raised twelve feet from the ground, to lift it out of the depth of possible snowfall; one of those huts which Ambrose O'Higgins had built at the order of Perricholi's Viceroy.

At the second Pass the Proctors slept in another of these hovels, and in the morning their water jars were frozen three inches deep.

It was on the following day that they came to hot springs where they stripped the infant son and bathed him in a natural stone basin in the top of a mountain-cone. It was on that day, too, that they came upon the bones of an Englishman, murdered two years before, and on that day also that they crossed the *cumbre*.

At the foot of the ascent they made lunch, taking plenty of onions and wine as a preventive against the mountain-sickness of the Andes. And then, remounting, they arrived at the Pass, after a two hours' climb up a staircase cut in the steep face of the range. They arrived, without sickness and in the "highest spirits."

And at the summit they paused:

"Behind, nothing but the valley we had left, at an immeasurable depth, dismal and solitary. Above, on each side, craggy peaks, snow covered. Before, the view dreary and unpromising. Enormous black mountains, barren and savage. The descent appeared to lead only to a gloomy pit, down to a road to look at which almost made us giddy. The wind was piercing, the air cold, our lips swollen."

They had paused, and had then begun the descent, painful and dizzy, down the stony slope, until finally the trail had dropped to where vegetation began timidly to show itself; cactus

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with scarlet flowers, and then willows and blossoming vines.

They had come over the Cordillera, and into Chile.

Now to future women travelers it might be said in Mendoza at the foot of the Andes in the east, and in Santiago, at the foot of the range in the west: "Oh, yes, it is possible. There were the two Englishwomen with their children. . . . And just the other day there was Mrs. Proctor, with an infant son and a couple of maid-servants. Oh, yes, it is possible: difficult, but possible."

Lima

Eventually the Proctors arrived at Callao, Lima's seaport, toward the end of May, after a voyage of ten days from Valparaiso aboard the East Indiaman, *Medway*. And from Callao they traveled to Lima in a carriage, seven miles over a wide busy road, crowded with carriages and horsemen and droves of mules. The carriages were of brilliant color, painted blue with red wheels, the decoration gold, and the lining of yellow silk. Men on horseback were in ponchos, sometimes gaily striped, sometimes rich with embroidery, the stirrups were heavy, of carved wood or silver, the spurs enormous, the hats of white fiber. Negro muleteers, under vast brimmed hats, seated atop mules, their long naked legs hanging almost to the ground, cracked whips and shouted directions and curses to lines of animals burdened with barrels of flour from North America, bales of silks and cottons from India and China, of tobacco from Guayaquil, sugar from the north coast, and huge eighteen-gallon jars of brandy from Pisco. And all stirring up a fine haze of dust.

About a mile from Lima the Alameda came out to meet the travelers, with its paved road twenty yards wide, bordered by four rows of feathery willows, and at the end the three arches of the main gate into the city.

The Proctors' carriage drove through the gate, and past houses with great studded doors and grilled windows, the plaster of the outer walls often adorned with fresco paintings, with everywhere the steeples and domes of churches, convents and monasteries, and in the streets cowled priests and mysterious, hooded ladies.

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They found the town preparing for a ball, the Patriots still in power, and the natives of Buenos Aires living in Lima, giving a ball on the anniversary of their own independence.

Lima, like a woman by nature of gay heart, never lost for long her gift of joy. "Ah," the Limenians used to say to Captain Hall of His Majesty's ship *Conway*, "ah, before the revolution our city was that in which pleasure held court; wealth and ease were our attendants. Enjoyment was our only business, and we dreamed of no evil but an earthquake."

So Lima was now making ready for a ball, though the shadow of capture by the Royalists grew every day darker.

After the coming of San Martín the Viceroy had set up his capital in the far interior at Cuzco, but there were persistent rumors that any day he was making ready to attack.

Yet, here was Lima dancing at a great patriotic ball, and Proctor commenting on the decorations, the regimental band, the confectionary, the fashions, the distinguished personages on whose chests shone San Martín's Order of the Sun, the speeches and toasts and the elegance of the Spanish dances.

A week later Proctor obtained the formal ratification of the loan, and now his duties were concerned with drawing for the amount on London; whatever that may mean.

Meanwhile Lima—Lima refused still to be uneasy. Simón Bolívar would, of course, come to drive the Spaniards out of all Peru, as San Martín had driven them out of Lima. Already there was talk of a fiesta in Bolívar's honor.

Of course when Bolívar came, then the *Godos* (as the Patriots contemptuously nicknamed the Royalists) would be easily and completely vanquished. But within six days there was a report that up in the mountains the *Godos* were moving. The Patriots would not believe it. . . . It couldn't be possible that the *Godos* were coming before Bolívar arrived to defeat them.

Bolívar had previously sent to the aid of Lima Colombian troops under General Sucre. But why didn't he come himself? Why did he insist that he had to wait for permission from the

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Colombian Congress? He was President of Colombia; why couldn't he act without authorization?

And further dispatches were sent urging the necessity for his coming.

Then in six days more, it was certain that the *Godos* had advanced to within seventy-five miles. William Miller (a general now) was sent with eighty dragoons along the road which they must follow down from the Cordillera, and preparations were made for defense: the Colombian regiments were stationed in one quarter, the Chileans in another, while those of Buenos Aires garrisoned the forts at Callao.

General Miller took his dragoons out, and the government gave orders to pack and send everything to Callao. Private families did the same, and the sick troops were moved from the hospital.

"Congress must now dissolve itself," people said.

But still there were Patriots who could not yet believe in the return of the Royalists.

And Bolívar remained in Ecuador awaiting his country's permission to join in the Peruvian campaign.

The Proctors had been just two weeks in Lima when General Miller sent word that the Royalist army was advancing.

Now, even the most sanguine were perturbed.

Mules and horses . . . everybody wanted mules and horses to take them to safety in Callao, or up the coast to Trujillo. But the government had commandeered what animals there were. Mr. Proctor, notwithstanding his official capacity as agent for the London loan, could not get mules: he must wait until the government effects had been taken to Callao.

And still the Congress argued, until there was sounded the cry:

"Ya están los Godos!"

There was no contesting the fact. The Royalists were arrived. Then at last the Congress surrendered its power to the President. And on the next day Proctor received a license for forty mules.

Three weeks in Lima, and now Mrs. Proctor was making ready

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to flee, gathering together what things they would need in Callao and what they must attempt to save from the probable sacking of the city. Mules came jostling and pushing into the patio, and while they were being loaded Proctor had the doors locked to keep out the mob. Again the females were stowed away in a carriage and again Proctor rode beside them on horseback.

The road, so busy with trade and travel when they had arrived, was now jammed with the terrified inhabitants of Lima, carrying with them what they could.

Callao was crowded and thousands more were on their way. Every arcade in the seaport was converted into a dwelling, by hanging matting between the arches, and along the beach there were rows and rows of huts made of matting attached to poles driven into the sand.

Afraid of pestilence in the overcrowded town Proctor moved his family out to the East Indiaman *Medway*, in which they had come up from Valparaiso. And, anchored in the harbor, they saw the transport arrive bringing six hundred soldiers sent down from Guayaquil by Bolívar.

But Bolívar himself—why did he not come?

Bolívar, General Sucre said, still awaited the consent of the Congress in Bogotá.

It was decided to send a force south to keep back Royalists forces in that direction, and the *Medway* was chartered to transport troops.

The Proctors then transferred to the *Harleston*, another East Indiaman lying in the harbor of Callao. From its decks they could see the forts on land and the mountain ranges rising back of Lima. Sea-birds flew up and down the coast, to and fro from their guano-white islands; shrilly crying, if that was the nature of their species, or if they happened to be pelicans, passing in a majestic silence. It was June, and the soft grey mist of the Lima winter lay often upon the land and the water.

The Congress and the President moved the government to Trujillo.

The Royalists had entered Lima.



"La Perricholi"

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If Bolívar would come, people said, even yet, by the very magic of his prestige, they might be saved.

Proctor, leaving his family living aboard the *Harleston*, went north to Trujillo, there to confer with the fugitive government. When he returned, five weeks later, the Royalists had left with their booty, feeling themselves not at the time strong enough to remain at the risk of possible attack from the Patriots in Callao, nor sufficiently prepared to advance against the forts of the seaport. When they had gone Lima's inhabitants had returned to their homes, and those members of the Congress who had not moved to Trujillo had elected another President: so that there were in Peru two Presidents and two Congresses, one at Trujillo and another at Lima.

And Proctor transferred his family from the *Harleston* to the apartment of a friend leaving Lima for England.

The house was the usual two-story quadrangle built around a patio. The Proctors had the section on the right while the owners occupied the opposite side and the part which faced the great entrance doors. The colonnade surrounding the patio was gilded and painted, and the lofty rooms enormous.

At last Mrs. Proctor could establish a home. And there she came to know Lima's way of life in the century of independence, sharing as she did thus intimately with the owners one of the city's great houses.

She found that the early breakfast was of chocolate and rolls, and that to occupy the morning hours there were Masses in the various churches. The streets were then full of women whose slaves followed a few paces behind carrying the rugs on which their mistresses would kneel, for there were no pews in the churches. And when they walked in the streets the ladies of Lima went shrouded in black *mantos* which covered them, like dominoes, from the waist up, while from waist to ankles they wore the *saya* which Proctor says "showed a good shape in the most exciting manner."

But for the fact that the *manto* completely enveloped its wearer

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above the waist, enclosing the arms, shrouding the head and face, leaving exposed just one bright eye, the *saya* might not have been so devastatingly exciting. For it was perhaps this contradiction between the two garments that was so irresistibly provocative that for long before the costume was abandoned, it was hotly opposed by the clergy.

The *manto* ostensibly represented what the Church held as the ideal of womanhood, pious modesty hurrying to morning Masses. It was in a sense a cloister behind which a woman might live apart from the world. But it was also a disguise, a mask, making recognition almost impossible, difficult even for those to whom a woman was most intimately known. It kept all secrets, and therefore granted freedom as well as modesty.

As for the *saya* it mocked at any virtuous pretensions on the part of the *manto*, for the *saya* revealed everything. It fitted the figure as a stocking fits a leg, and as it approached the ankle it narrowed until it allowed barely space in which to take a mincing step. (Mr. Proctor thought it produced a "wanton gait.") And beneath the *saya* the astonishingly small feet of the Lima women tripped in satin shoes, their ankles clothed in silk stockings.

It was a costume that could be executed simply and cheaply as well as in the finest materials. The poor woman's *saya* might be of plain stuff in black or brown, the woman of wealth would have it made of satin, the frivolous would trim it to the knees with embroidery, or with rows of pearls, or deep lace flounces: though the woman of aristocratic elegance preferred it in plain black satin, laid in innumerable fine pleats.

The *manto* was always of a light but impenetrable black fabric, gathered on a cord about the waist, with an opening left in front. It was worn turned up over the head, and inside, one hand held the opening closed, leaving visible only a single glowing, luminous black eye. If a woman had pretty hands and bright jewels she might permit the fleeting glimpse of a hand, and sometimes she would let a brilliant bit of scarf or shawl flutter through the opening in her *manto*.

The combination was perhaps the most sensational dress that

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women ever wore. During the years when it was the mode no book descriptive of Lima fails to mention it. Every visitor, however serious his business in Peru, has something to say of the *saya-y-manto*. Captain Basil Hall was impressed. The brave soldier, General William Miller who led cavalry and won battles, who knew how to suffer as well as how to fight, whose body carried to its grave twenty-two wounds, he, too, took the trouble to set down a detailed description of the *saya-y-manto* in the Memoirs which his brother compiled from letters which he sent back to England in those ten years when he was in the service of the Republic of Peru.

Of course you would expect Miller to be interested, for he had always an eye for the feminine; for the "fairy grace of Lady Cochrane," and the "fascinating beauty" of Señora Blanco. Did not the woman at Mendoza who had danced the minuet in her riding habit appear in his Memoirs? And after all was it not a woman who, by saying, "Were I a young man, I would never abandon a career of glory for a career of gain," had influenced him in his decision to join the army of Independence?

Other writers, too, were concerned about the *saya-y-mantos* of Lima, for Robert Burford, in a prosaic description of the city, digresses—a hundred years ago—to write of the feminine costume of the streets of Lima:

"It will be long," he says, "before a disguise so well adapted to intrigue will be relinquished. . . . The *saya* defines the contour of the figure to the best advantage, distinctly showing the muscular play of the body and limbs and the rich fullness of person for which the women of Lima are celebrated. . . . The *manto* is so complete a disguise that the wearer goes wherever and does whatever she pleases without fear of detection. Ladies of the first rank will sometimes disguise themselves in the meanest *sayas*."

And writing a century ago the English physician, Dr. Archibald Smith, practicing medicine in Lima, and the Lady Emmeline

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Stuart Wortley, an effervescent globe-trotter of her day, both have much to say of the devastating *saya-y-manto*.

Thus attired, women once passed through the streets of Lima, never to be forgotten by any who saw them; gay, pious, adventurous, mysterious. They made history, these masked women: their soft-voiced influence was felt in courts of justice, in politics, in diplomacy, and on the fields of battle.

And in yet another way they were unique. Dr. Archibald Smith who, as a physician, saw them more intimately than any who have described them, found that there was among them an *esprit de corps* which seems never to have existed between women elsewhere in the world:

"The greatest sinner among them," he says, "is never left without a gentle voice to plead her cause. This forgiving system runs through every class and rank from the highest to the lowest, but it is in lofty circles that its influence is most worthy of particular notice. No one ventures to throw the first stone at the unfortunate; and there insensibly arises a gradation of vices and virtues, dove-tailed into each other, so as to constitute a social whole, wherein the different degrees of moral deviation, are all shared by an overwhelming charity."

Overwhelming charity among women! For that quality alone those masked ladies merit immortality.

To Doctor Smith's testimony, those who knew the women of long-ago Lima have added that they were also of warm, caressing nature, that they were adepts in coquetry from their cradles, practiced in the language of the fan, lovers of pleasure, graceful dancers, musically talented, tender in illness and with children, and devoted worshipers in the Holy Catholic faith.

"In the manner of the Limenians," General Miller said, "there is a spell." And Ulloa, the Spanish explorer, thought the charm of their conversation and their manner inimitable.

It was among such women that Mrs. Proctor had come to live. And, as she was almost the only Englishwoman then in

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Lima they were curious about her. Mr. Proctor says that often they would stop her in the street to examine and admire her dress, and to exclaim over her little son: "*Qué preciosol* *Qué bonito!*"

After the morning Mass it was the custom for these ladies of Lima to drive in their carriages along the Alameda which bordered the river, out to the baths a mile away where in tiled pools, under vine-covered trellises, they bathed wearing light dresses made for the purpose.

At noon, in elaborate gowns, formally seated on velvet sofas and chairs in a grand sala hung with silk, they received guests.

From these, her new friends, Mrs. Proctor learned the social usages of Lima. Women, she found, always embraced each other, but they must never shake hands with a man. She discovered that it was considered elegant for slaves to bring in perfume which the hostesses poured down their own bosoms and the bosoms of their feminine guests; and that there were baskets of flowers over which scent had been sprinkled, a blossom to be ceremoniously presented to each gentleman.

When the visitors had gone, and the great doors were closed for the hour of midday breakfast and siesta, then, says Mr. Proctor, it would invariably be discovered that the household was in need of something—spice or vinegar, salt or butter—and slaves would be sent hurrying to the plaza to buy; to buy also from the street vendors of cooked meats what was needed for the meal. Thus purchasing, Mr. Proctor laments, "always at the dearest rate."

Food was prepared with much lard, even in the soup, a quantity of red pepper was added, and the meal finished off with very sweet preserves.

After the siesta, in their most elegant costumes, the ladies of Lima went to drive on the Alameda, in painted carriages with postilions in livery. And gentlemen displayed themselves on dashing horses.

And in the evening, when there happened to be neither theatrical performance, nor parties, then the proper amusement was to walk to the bridge to enjoy the freshness of the night air and to gossip

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with friends. On the way home everyone would stop in the plaza to eat at the fruit stalls and to drink *frescos* cooled with ice brought down on mule-back from the mountains. Lima loved ices and iced drinks, and concessions were let out to companies organized for the purpose of regularly maintaining the mule-service which supplied the city with ice from the Andean heights.

And when Lima society thus made merry abroad, at home the slaves danced and sang to the music of guitar and harp and drum.

Then the city slept, and Mr. Proctor found it a fact, "shocking to an Englishman that both sexes slept entirely naked, without even covering their heads."

And through this naked sleeping city, along the dim streets watchmen passed crying the hours: "*Ave María purísima! Viva la patria!*" then the hour, and whether or not all was well.

But while Lima was thus again quickly forgetful of sorrow and danger, in the north and the south and the west Royalists forces made ready for the struggle that was to be. This time they would be prepared for victory.

But Bolívar did not come.

August passed, and the rumor that Bolívar was at last on the way began to take on an air of certainty. A salute from the guns in the forts of Callao would announce his arrival. And on the first of September the guns were heard.

Bolívar had come. Bolívar would drive the Royalists out of Peru.

And that, it was thought, would put an end to all troubles and solve all problems! There was then no premonition of distressing years of reconstruction, of the hazards which lay ahead.

Bolívar had come. That was enough.

Flags were flown from windows and balconies, the flags of free Chile, free Buenos Aires, free Colombia, while along the road to Callao troops marched to meet the Liberator.

To Proctor, Bolívar appeared as "a small thin man with an appearance of great personal activity; his face well-formed but

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furrowed with fatigue and anxiety; the fire of his quick black eyes very remarkable; his mustachoes large; his hair dark and curling." Proctor felt that "there was never a face which gave a more exact idea of a man . . . boldness, enterprise, activity, intrigue, proud impatience, persevering and determined spirit."

And Lima threw itself at the feet of this man who was to be its deliverer.

Among all the festivities in his honor there were bullfights. The Patriot Congress had two years before abolished the bullfight, just as it had prohibited any further extension of slavery. These things it considered unworthy of an enlightened nation. But for General Bolívar who was fond of the sport there was now organized a series of bullfights, and the fiercest bulls from all the countryside were sent into Lima.

Proctor went to the first of them. He calls it "a day of bustle and joy when the whole splendour of Lima moved toward the spectacle. Horsemen nobly mounted, most of them officers riding up and down to show off their gaudy costumes and medals. Ladies in carriages splendidly dressed. Other ladies, after the fashion of the country, curveting astride their sprightly palfreys; attired in white gowns and long white trousers, with rows of small tucks; a neat foot in a satin shoe with a light silver spur and a small silver stirrup."

In the arena he found military bands playing, while in the bulls' dressing room the animals were "tortured to fury by being clothed in a dress of ribbons sewn to their skin by packing needles, and fireworks fastened about them, to be exploded when they sallied out."

And, in the President's box, there was Simón Bolívar.

Then came the procession; the matador in sky-blue satin jacket and breeches, with a Spanish mantle of scarlet, also of satin; the picadores on horseback armed with spears; the capeadores in crimson with cloaks of different colors; behind them on foot, others carrying figures of men and beasts stuffed with fireworks, to be set off at moments when it was desired further to enrage a bull.

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And now the gate of the bulls' dressing room was thrown open and the first of the tormented creatures came charging into the arena.

The capeador curveted about him, blinding him with his cloak, winding the animal until it was safe to turn him over to the dagger-men who assailed him on foot; while the matador shining in scarlet and blue satin calmly waited. . . .

Horses were gored and died; a man was tossed in the air; another was wounded and carried from the arena; the images stuffed with fireworks were exploded; the bull streamed with blood from the flesh-wounds. And the matador waited . . . waited for the breathless climax of death.

And then it was the moment. He came forward quietly, his cloak in his left hand, his sword in his right. He advanced to within ten paces of the maddened bull. The bull lunged, his sides panting, his tongue rolling, his head low. But the matador received every attack with the cloak, his body moving swiftly and lightly aside. And always the matador sought to plant his weapon deep in the bull's heart. If he succeeded at the first thrust there would be a prize of money.

Then at last Proctor saw the death; and the great gates opened to let in a cart which dragged the dead bull from the scene.

In an intermission iced drinks and fruits and flowers were passed among the crowd, and then again the gate into the bulls' dressing room opened.

Thus, bull after bull was sacrificed in honor of Bolívar's coming.

"Then," Proctor writes, "the Alameda was full of bustle and departure, when suddenly the deep Cathedral bell was heard and all in a moment was silent. . . . The prancing steed was curbed, the half-uttered compliment unfinished, the haughty soldier doffed his shining helmet, and the whole Concourse bowed for a moment in prayer."

And as I read, the words of the Angelus came back to me:



A balsa on Lake Titicaca

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*"Holy Mary, Mother of God.
Pray for us poor sinners
Now and in the hour of our death.
Holy Mary, Blessed among women....
Pray for us."* . . .

Was it on the following day? Or was it a few days later? At any rate it was on the eighth of September, after Bolívar had been a week in Lima, that, as Proctor briefly records, his wife was "brought to bed of a son."

To the event he devotes just that sentence and nothing more.

The information sent my mind back over the nine months of her pregnancy: to the sailing on the brig *Cherub* from Gravesend on the eighth of December; to the time when the carriage was overturned on the Pampa, and Proctor found his three-months' pregnant wife "laughing merrily" with her maid-servants; to the mule-back ride over the Cordillera which had followed those twenty days across the Pampa, ten days on a mule, over the dizzy wearying trails of the Andes, with along the way wooden crosses marking the place where death had come to many who had preceded her, and then, before the steep descent, the lofty *cumbre* which she had crossed, as her husband puts it, in the "highest spirits." I saw her then arriving in Lima (now five months pregnant) and three weeks later forced to flee from the menaced city, and, for fear of pestilence on land, to find refuge on a ship lying in the harbor of Callao: to be left there while Proctor went north to interview the government at Trujillo. And then, just a few weeks before her baby's birth, her husband returning and transferring the family back to Lima.

Yet the narrative in which Proctor records all this has no word of anxiety about the conditions under which his wife was bearing and giving birth to this second son. Not a word to say whether she had come through the ordeal well, or with difficulty.

Merely that she had been brought to bed.

It would have been at best a suffering time, for it happened long before the merciful use of ether or chloroform, and consider-

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ing the fatigue and exposure and turmoil of the whole period of her bearing, you would have thought that Proctor's solicitude could not have been kept out of the story. Nor would the whole matter have been thus lightly treated had not Mrs. Proctor been the gallant spirit she was.

"On the eighth of September my wife was brought to bed of a son."

That is all.

And so my mind turned to Archibald Smith, M.D., practicing medicine in the Lima of that day: Doctor Smith would help me to fill in the background of this part of Mrs. Proctor's life.

In another place Mr. Proctor has said that an English doctor attended his family in Lima. And, through Archibald Smith, I understood that Mrs. Proctor would often have heard the phrase which he so frequently found flung at a foreign physician: "He does not understand our climate," as if (Doctor Smith argues) there were some occult quality in the climate of Lima. So Mrs. Proctor's friends would have said: "*El doctor inglés? Pero no conoce nuestro clima—*"

And how solicitous they would have been about her every symptom! Did she suffer from *fatiga*? Did she know that in such cases it was highly dangerous to employ the usual restoratives—lavender, or hartshorn, or eau-de-cologne? In other forms of faintness, yes, but never for the expectant mother! If a physician said otherwise, then he did not understand the climate of Lima. But a piece of warm toast applied externally to the stomach, or a breast of fowl sprinkled with cinnamon and moistened with wine similarly applied, these would be found excellent remedies; both for *fatiga* and for *desconsuelo*, that disconsolate sensation which often accompanied *fatiga*.

Mrs. Proctor would have found that everyone was full of interest and advice. There was not (Doctor Smith laments) a professed sick-tender, nor a half-breed Indian housekeeper, nor a seamstress, nor a female shopkeeper, nor a vendor of cigarettes, or chocolate,

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who "was not always ready to talk with confounding fluency and volubility, and without knowledge, concerning the temperaments of patients, and the qualities of all diseases and all medicaments."

If Mr. Proctor's English physician disagreed, why then, it was evident that he failed to understand the climate. Otherwise he would recognize the danger of hartshorn and cologne and lavender in cases of *fatiga* and *desconsuelo*.

And had Mrs. Proctor made her plans in case she could not nurse her baby? Did she know that in the matter of wet-nursing there was a vast difference between negro and Indian women? All diets and all medicaments were, like all people, divided into two classes, the cold and the hot, the heating and the cooling. Black, for example, was cooling. Swollen joints must always be bandaged in black. If one were ill of a fever it was a good thing to go to the country and drink the milk of a black cow. So it was that the milk of a negro woman was cooler and more refreshing than that of an Indian. Mrs. Proctor must remember, in such a climate as that of Lima, these things were important. Also that at the birth of her child no perfume of any sort must be allowed in the room for perfume would almost certainly cause convulsions. In England, this might not be true, but in the climate of Lima—

I am justified in assuming this interest on the part of the women in whose house the Proctors lived because Mr. Proctor, after announcing the bringing to bed of his wife, goes on to say that one of the women of the house begged to be godmother to the child at its christening in the Cathedral, where the Canon himself performed the ceremony, he being a particular friend of the godmother, and that afterward they took the baby to the Archbishop's palace to receive the rare honor of benediction by the venerable Dean.

Obviously Mrs. Proctor had intimate friends among the women of Lima, and made herself beloved.

Therefore, of course, those confidential medical conversations which I have imagined must actually have taken place.

From the birth of Mrs. Proctor's child to the end of the story,

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the Proctors' fate was shaped by the rapidly developing course of history, though for a time it seemed to proceed calmly enough, so that Proctor who felt himself depleted by the monotony of the climate was considering a trip into the Sierra.

Bolívar was busy with the tangle of intrigue between the rival Presidents and the rival Congresses, and the machinations of both against himself: those distressing complications which have always, everywhere, arisen in the crises of great revolutionary conflicts. Bolívar knew that domestic difficulties must be disposed of; for it would not be possible for them to fight the Royalists and each other at the same time, and to settle these squabbles he had found it necessary to go north to Trujillo.

Meanwhile, far away in the city of Washington, James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, was reading his message to the Congress. In Europe after the final overthrow of Napoleon, Russia, Prussia and Austria had formed the "Holy Alliance," whose "holy" purpose was to reestablish monarchial powers everywhere in Europe and in all dependencies of Europe. The Alliance would have Spain proceed at once to put down revolt in its American possessions and to subjugate those colonies which had set up independent Republics.

England's Prime Minister, Canning, had suggested that England and the United States should unite to protect the Spanish-American Republics, and this was so important and delicate a business that Monroe went to Thomas Jefferson for advice.

"Our first and fundamental maxim," Jefferson had said, and for me the words echo in the familiar Virginian accent; echo with a slow emphasis, always caressing, "our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs."

Therefore a courteous regret was sent to England and in that December when Mr. Proctor was considering a trip into the interior to restore his "depressed animal spirits," President Monroe was reading to the Congress assembled in Washington the address in which he proclaimed the doctrine that "The American con-

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tinents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for colonization by any European power. . . . We should consider any attempt on the part of the powers of the Holy Alliance to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. . . . And we could not view an interposition for oppressing the Spanish-American Republics, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

Wise statesmanship, if only there had been the further vision to follow it up immediately with an invitation to the Spanish-American Republics to incorporate the doctrine into a pact wherein they played an equal part with ourselves! Then the New World would have long ago formed that friendship toward which at last it now moves.

My mind was full of all this as I went back to that December when, in Lima, Proctor's physician was advising him to go up into the hills to recover from his nervous depression.

Proctor thought it safe enough to leave his family. The troublesome President in Trujillo had been exiled, Bolívar had taken the Patriot troops up to Cajamarca where they might be accustomed to the high altitudes at which the final struggle against the Royalists must be made. With thus no immediate prospect of that struggle, Proctor concluded to leave his family, and himself seek recovery in the mountains.

But within a week after leaving he heard the amazing news that again the *Godos* were advancing upon Lima, coming this time along the southern coast. Perhaps already they were arrived!

Proctor, fearful for the safety of his family, turned his horse about and hurried back to Lima. As he approached the city he met many Indians on foot: the government had comandeered their animals; Lima was in confusion; bands of robbers were abroad; the *Godos* however had not yet arrived.

And Bolívar was ill at Pativilca and Masses were being said for his recovery.

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Weeks of anxiety and wild rumor dragged by, and still the *Godos* delayed their coming. And still the Proctors made no effort to leave Lima. Proctor had come on a mission; while anything might yet be accomplished he would remain. He does not so much as mention the idea of departure, even though the eldest of the infant sons had long been drooping.

Then in the early morning during the first part of February they were aroused by dreadful screams in the streets. The alarm bells were ringing, people were rushing for shelter, and doors were being barred.

But what had happened? What . . . ?

The garrison at Callao, the garrison of the forts had mutinied . . . and was then on its way to pillage Lima.

The government ordered the gates closed, the shops shut, and valuables hidden. At the ringing of the Cathedral bell every man in Lima was to rush at once to the plaza; prepared to fight for life and property.

Proctor knew now that he must have some means of escape; he led his horses up the wide stairway and hid them in a small upper room. At least there would be animals to take them if necessary out of a besieged city.

At the same time the government was sending dispatches to Bolívar to say that the President was suspected of treason and that the Congress, after removing him from office, had dissolved itself and put the whole power in Bolívar's hands. Bolívar then appointed one of his Generals to take charge of Lima, and order was to some extent restored.

And now the elder of the Proctor sons was so gravely ill that the doctor said he could not be saved unless he were taken out of the country or given sea air.

Leaving their baby with his nurse in Lima the Proctors took the sick child to Chorillos some miles away beside the sea. But they had been only a few days there when a servant came to say that the baby was in danger of death. Also that the *Godos* had advanced nearer to the city and that Bolívar's General in charge had that morning gone out with a force of eight hundred to meet them.

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Then, regardless of peril the Proctors dashed back to Lima, though they did not dare to risk taking with them the older child: he must remain with his nurse in the sea air of Chorillos.

And in Lima, after the troops had gone out to meet the advancing *Godos*, the mutineers had entered.

Night fell thus upon terror.

Proctor had the great doors closed and the balconies fortified with guns, pistols and ammunition: the danger was so great that he forgets to say in what condition they found the baby.

Keeping watch through the night, they heard the firing of muskets blowing the locks off doors, and then the frantic piteous cries for help.

And in the morning such of these mutineers as had been caught were bound to posts in the plaza and shot.

Even the enemy—even the *Godos*—people now said, would be better than this terror.

Alarmed for the child and the servant left at Chorillos, Proctor sent off two men for news. The men met them returning in a carriage to Lima, for they had been terrified by thieves which had broken into the house.

Meanwhile the *Godos* were now close to Lima.

Two days later they entered the city; three thousand men of whom five hundred were cavalry: long yellow coats faced with blue marching into a silent stricken city. While in Callao the forts had gone over to the enemy.

And now the older child was so ill that he had again to be sent away, this time to the house of a German living in the near-by village of Miraflores. Robbers everywhere, the government surrendered, both his children ill, Proctor at last concluded to get away as soon as was possible. Nothing more could be done for his employers, and he need no longer risk the very lives of his family.

For many pages he has said nothing of Mrs. Proctor. Distracted by anxiety, as she must have been for her children, there is no suggestion that she urged flight from the desperate situation. No steps had been taken to leave until the political chaos had made it impossible for Proctor to carry on further.

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But now they would go.

The *Crown*, "a good vessel of three hundred tons," was about to sail for Rio, and from Rio they could be sure of return passage to England.

With what relief Mrs. Proctor would have heard of that good vessel sailing for Rio! And they to be aboard her!

Proctor brought the family down to Callao, and applied for the necessary signature to his passport to Rodil, Royalist officer in charge of Callao. But Rodil, in a frenzy of anger, marched about, a green great coat flapping about his heels.

Proctor? Agent for the London loan! . . . the loan to these infernal Patriots! Proctor . . . who had broken neutrality . . . asking now for signature to his passport! Proctor. . . . Never!

Lying in the harbor of Callao was His Majesty's corvette, the *Fly*.

Proctor went aboard her, decided to claim naval protection as a British subject.

Her captain, Captain Martin, was ashore. Proctor left a letter, asking him to intercede with Rodil.

The family waited.

A night passed and a day. And in the evening Mr. Cragg, master of the *Crown*, brought a message from Captain Martin to say that Rodil would consent to allow Proctor's family to sail, but that he still refused permission to Proctor himself.

There now remained but one day before the *Crown's* sailing, Captain Martin had gone in to Lima, and Proctor had been ordered not to leave Callao.

"Disappointment and vexation!" (Proctor wails.)

And what to do?

In the morning he discovered that permission for his family to embark had been given to the Captain-of-the-Port who had at the same time been warned not to allow Proctor to board the *Crown*.

He decided, at whatever risk, to go to Lima and make another appeal to Captain Martin.

Captain Martin regretted: he understood how distressing all

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this was; he would write a letter to the Viceroy. Beyond that, he said, there was nothing further that he could do.

But the Viceroy was in Cuzco, distant many days' journey!

And on the following day the *Crown* would sail for Rio.

Proctor went to his friend the family physician.

Which of the ideas buzzing in his brain was the most practicable?

Should he go to Chorillos, and from there, after dark, hire a canoe to take him out beyond the island of San Lorenzo? The *Crown* could pick him up after she had left Callao. But the Indians of Chorillos might not dare to let him have a canoe: they would fear the anger of the *Godos*.

No, that was not a workable idea. But perhaps, if in disguise, he left Lima after the fall of night, and rode some thirty miles to an uninhabited stretch of beach, might he not arrange to board the ship there? Yes, but where was he to find a muleteer that could be trusted not to betray the plan? And suppose the ship missed his signal, or was blown so far out to sea that he could not reach her. And suppose he should be attacked by one of the hordes of roaming thieves?

This scheme had scarcely a chance of success.

There remained, therefore, nothing but to try, somehow, to get away from Callao itself, even though the Captain-of-the-Port had been instructed to prevent his embarkation.

Proctor spent the night in Lima and after a very early breakfast set out for Callao, in company with a consignee of the *Crown*. Orders had been issued that no one could leave the city without showing the proper papers.

A guard stood at the gates. It was a moment when salvation lay only in a confident air. And, touching their hats, they trotted unmolested through the gate and out upon the highroad.

That much was accomplished.

But at Callao the guards would be more strict. Proctor decided that there he would ride ahead while his friend made lengthy explanations about the lack of passport.

That, too, was achieved, and after stabling their horses

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Proctor and his companion walked arm in arm to the dock, assuming a bold careless manner as they walked past the guards and sentries stationed every few yards. They then hailed a small boat and put off to where the *Fly* lay at anchor, as though Proctor had no idea of disobeying Rodil's orders by going aboard the *Crown*.

Now they must pass the line of gunboats; by miraculous luck the sailors had gone ashore to be paid, and they passed unchallenged, successfully boarding the *Fly*. There, by further luck, was Cragg, Master of the *Crown*. His suggestion to Proctor was to go out to another British ship, the *Swallow*, which lay out of gun-range of the Callao forts. Keep the boat he'd taken from the dock; otherwise the returning sailors might report against him. Keep the boat, and wait on the *Swallow* for the firing of a gun which was the *Crown's* signal for the harbor police-boat to come off for inspection. Be ready then, and when the *Crown* hauled down her colors, give the order, and try to make her as she sailed out.

This plan the Master of the *Crown* must have explained to Mrs. Proctor, waiting aboard with her babies and her servants.

Gulls whirled and mewed about the ships at anchor in the harbor. Pelicans flew solemnly in single file north and south above the shore line. Vultures soared over the town of Callao. It was March, the end of summer and the air clear and soft, with no haze to dim the *Crown* as Mr. Proctor anxiously watched it from the *Swallow*, or the *Swallow* as Mrs. Proctor must have scanned it from aboard the *Crown*.

They waited, but not until the middle of the afternoon was the *Crown's* gun fired.

Proctor saw the police-boat reach the *Crown*; and again he waited, until at last the colors began to come down, flapping in a wind which blew out of the bay.

Now. . . . Row, men! Row fast.

But at that moment he saw the Captain-of-the-Port put out from shore.

The sea was running high, and the Captain-of-the-Port gave

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chase. He had a fine galley of oarsmen and was coming on fast, gaining every moment on Proctor's boat. There was no hope save in the wind which blew out of the bay, and fortunately his boat was equipped with a sail.

Lay by the oars then, and hoist the sail.

It took time, of course, but it was the one chance.

Wind filled the sail. Now they were nearing the *Crown*, and the Captain-of-the-Port, with his orders to prevent Proctor's departure, was not gaining upon them quite so fast.

The wind blew strong and true.

And surely Mrs. Proctor leaned over the rail watching . . . hoping.

And then Proctor had grasped the rope. The crew was squaring the *Crown's* sails. Proctor had reached the deck. Only a hundred yards away now the Captain-of-the-Port waved and gestured and shouted.

But the *Crown* sped before the wind, bound around the Horn for Rio de Janeiro.

And the Proctors were gone.

XIII

VICTORY

I WATCHED the Proctors sail out of the harbor of Callao. When they were gone I felt at first abandoned, left alone in that vanished century.

Should I return to Lima? But Lima was in the hands of the Royalists, and my sympathies were with the revolutionary Patriots. I decided therefore to join Bolívar at his headquarters in Trujillo, ninety miles north of Lima. I loved the coast of Peru, the long strange stretches of desert cut across by bright green river valleys, and the brilliant sea rolling in from the far horizon. I loved the pure yellow and red of cactus blooms, the dry sweet wind blowing off the desert, and the ranges of barren hills rising abruptly from the sands. Therefore I would go to Trujillo.

And because Proctor had ridden overland when he went up to confer there with the fugitive President, I, too, elected to travel by land; over the hot sands among the pink and violet hills, and along the firm hard beach where a furious surf roars and pounds, and seals yelp among the glistening rocks, with at intervals of what Proctor called "mortal leagues"—little villages with fighting cocks tethered before every doorway.

And so I came to the busy military headquarters of General Bolívar, more than a hundred years ago.

I was delighted to find there William Miller, for, like everyone else, I had grown attached to the tall, straightforward young Englishman, with his open friendly manner, his unpretentious bravery, and his love of parties. I didn't at all wonder that the old lady speculating in Pisco brandy, had lost her heart to him, in spite of his having commandeered her mules in a military emergency. He was so cheerful a companion, so simply and naturally courageous, so entirely to be counted on.



Wings over Peru

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He had been in Chile recovering from a sharp attack of fever, but as soon as he had heard of the tragic conditions in Lima he had hurried north to offer his services to Simón Bolívar.

And in Trujillo I met for the first time General Antonio José Sucre. Of course Sucre's name was familiar, but it was at Trujillo, in the year 1824, on my journey in time, that Sucre became for me a real person. From the beginning I liked him. I liked his alert intelligence, the quick movements of his body, and his vivacious, always aristocratic manner; and especially I liked the look in his eyes.

Sucre was dark and of medium height, where Miller was tall and fair; he was the volatile Latin, where Miller was the essence of all that is characteristically British. But out of the eyes of both there looked the same honest valor.

At Trujillo, also for the first time, I met the Irishman, Daniel O'Leary, then a colonel and secretary to Bolívar.

Miller, Sucre, O'Leary were all under thirty, and O'Leary was only twenty-four. He had been just seventeen when he had come out to Venezuela to enlist in the War of Independence. Since then he had campaigned under Bolívar on the Llanos of Venezuela; with him he had made the amazing march over the Andes into Colombia; and he had fought in most of the celebrated battles of Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador. He had in his blood a love of liberty, for he was related to the famous Irish agitator, Daniel O'Connell. He was related, too, to the great Burke and possessed something of Burke's gift for statesmanship and for literary expression.

But above all those gathered at Trujillo, Simón Bolívar shone, as the sun dominates the sky from the moment of its rising to its going down.

I have known men who worked tirelessly, but never any who toiled so feverishly and everlasting as Bolívar. He understood that the fate of independence in the whole of South America was bound up with the outcome in Peru. For if Spain should retain control there, there was no hope that the adjacent countries could survive as free Republics. San Martín, realizing that there could

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be freedom for none unless there was freedom for all, had marched an army over the Cordillera to help Chile to independence; and Chile in turn had known that her own safety was impossible without a free Peru. Equally a free Peru was essential to the safety of the greater Colombia of which Bolívar was Liberator and President. Let Madrid rule in Peru and it would be only a matter of time before that region which he had freed in twelve years of struggle would again be subject to Spain: that territory mapped in his heart, stretching from the Orinoco to Quito, would be lost if the Patriots were worsted now in Peru; all that he had so painfully won would be eventually subjugated, "enslaved," as he put it.

Already the Royalists held Callao, occupied Lima, and were firmly established in the Sierra. The very breath of liberty might be snuffed out.

Bolívar's mind went over and over the situation: "We cannot afford to lose so much as a single battle," he would say. "The Liberty of all South America depends now upon us."

He had not tried to hide the truth: "The state of affairs is horrible, but we must not despair." And to Sucre he said: "I am resolved to spare no means—to compromise even my soul—to save this land." And then, courage flaming up within him, he vowed: "This year shall not end before we are in Potosí!"

And I wondered whether—thus desperately preoccupied as Bolívar was—he had time to remember Manuelita Sáenz; Manuelita the beautiful, people called her. Had she promised to leave Quito and join Bolívar in Peru? Was he expecting her?

Miller never spoke of Manuelita. He was far too much in the tradition of the British officer to gossip.

But I could not help thinking of her and wondering if Bolívar was remembering, if in the frantic turmoil of preparation there was not sometimes suddenly the memory of Manuelita.

But for Ricardo Palma (Peru's great man of letters) I should never have known very much about her. As the young purser on a ship calling at Paita where she lived in her old age, Palma had been her friend, and his impression of her is direct and personal; he had the story from her own lips. And of course

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among his acquaintance in Lima there were many to tell him of her youth.

"La Sáenz," as he was fond of calling her, was a great woman, but frankly not the sort of woman that Palma could have fallen in love with himself. He preferred the softer, more clinging type, like San Martín's favorite who rode always in a carriage.

Manuelita rode astride, wearing full white cotton breeches and a scarlet dolman. No, she wasn't unfeminine, for she added gold or coral earrings. On the other hand she was not perfumed with the romantic scents, but with the fresh odor of the verbena. Her beauty was strong and vivid; lustrous hair, very dark, and brilliantly black eyes.

And she seemed never so much at home as in the hurly-burly of a military headquarters. If she ever had nerves, she had learned to master them. She could remain serene, people said, in the midst of shot and shell; serene and efficient, even when facing the keen-edged dagger of an assassin. And she had never known the comfort of tears, finding her relief only in anger.

But there have been few women in the world who so well knew how to love as Manuelita Sáenz. And she loved Simón Bolívar.

She had been five years married to the English doctor, James Thorne, when she first met General Bolívar. He had come to Quito in the glory of Liberator of South America. Because of him all the territory from the Orinoco to her own city of Quito was free. And Quito received him in a delirium of adulation. Bolívar was their deliverer. Bolívar was the greatest man in the world.

And he was romantic!

He had been an orphan at seven years old. (*Pobrecito!*) And a widower at nineteen. (*Ah, qué lástima!*) He had vowed never again to marry. (*Qué triste, no?*) With his heart in the grave of a dead young wife.

Yet he could be gay; he could dance. Was there ever a man who danced with so much passion as Simón Bolívar! Especially the waltz. At the same time that he was virile, he was elegant, dashing in his manner and in his dress.

And he could talk . . . how brilliantly he could talk!

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Because of all this he was become a legend of battle and victory and heroism and romance. He could have won a crown, for the people wanted to name him Emperor, but he had refused. He had had riches, but he had freed the slaves he inherited and poured out his fortune for the independence in Venezuela.

And, because of his greatness, how bitter his enemies were, even employing assassins in the attempt to destroy him!

Women could do nothing but fall in love with such a man. They scattered flowers for him to walk upon, they worshiped and adored.

As for Manuelita Sáenz, Manuelita *la bella*, wife of Dr. James Thorne, she fell utterly, irrevocably in love.

And at Trujillo I wondered if he remembered.

I saw him in those days with the eyes of Daniel O'Leary.

O'Leary's eyes dwelt upon the lines of thought which seared Bolívar's high narrow forehead. The lines, he said, had been there when he'd first met him, six years before, though Bolívar had been then only thirty-four. His cheeks had been sunken then too. And at that time there'd been a wen on his nose, a great annoyance to him, but it had gradually disappeared, leaving just the merest vestige to show where it had been. His lips were too thick O'Leary thought, and his upper lip too long, but these defects were forgotten in the flash of his smile, in the white perfection of his teeth. His skin was dark and his black hair, fine and curly. He'd worn it long when O'Leary first knew him, but now that he was greying he'd had it cut; but at Trujillo he had not yet shaved his mustache. His hands and feet were beautifully formed, and he was always slender and tremendously alive.

But his expression, O'Leary warned: "You wouldn't believe how his expression changes when he is in bad humor. It becomes then terrible; the change is unbelievable."

Yet those who loved him, loved him deeply. He was just, and never jealous of another man's achievements, as generous with praise of others as he was with money. He detested liars and tale-bearers, and he had no patience with drunkenness or gambling. In matters of discipline he was strict. But the troops

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loved him; those who had followed him from the far corners of Venezuela idolized him. They had fear of nothing so long as he led them; no danger alarmed them and no fatigue wearied them. He could make men work beyond reason because he worked himself beyond reason.

It seemed to me in those days at Trujillo that he never rested.

"There remains only a month for preparation," he would say; "in May we must be marching and in June we must be ready if need be to fight. And we cannot afford to lose so much as one battle."

With each fresh realization that he moved toward that struggle which was to decide the fate of all Spanish South America, he fell more furiously than ever upon the work of preparation.

"Europe," he cried, "is finished, worn out! The hope of the world lies here in the western hemisphere."

And because the hope of the world was at stake they must win.

O'Leary had never seen him live more sternly or work more feverishly than at Trujillo.

For look what the situation was. The whole Patriot army was no more than seven thousand men, and not above four thousand of them were disciplined to war. They were ill-equipped too, in rags and wasted to skeletons by lack of food.

And the treasury was a vast deficit.

As for the Royalists, they had eighteen thousand highly trained men and all the resources of the interior at their disposal, from Jauja to the rich mines of Potosí.

"*Yet, before the year is out,*" Bolívar declared, "*we shall be in Potosí.*"

He had girded up his soul to perform a miracle.

He sent appeals for troops and money to Colombia, Chile, Mexico, Guatemala. From the well-to-do citizens about Trujillo, and from the gold and silver of its churches, he raised a hundred thousand dollars of the four hundred thousand that he felt was needed for the campaign.

And he set everyone to work. Uniforms were required. The women must make them. Men must be drilled, shoes made

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for the horses, food supplies, muskets, and mules provided—the army needed everything. And there remained but a month for preparation, for in May they must march.

Three times Sucre made the hard trip up into the Andes. All must be ready in the mountains for their coming, when they marched in May.

Yet, though the hours were so crowded, Bolívar must have thought of Manuelita, for she was not a woman who could be forgotten. He must sometimes have smiled to himself to think that Manuelita had been trained in a Quito Convent. She was so different from his gentle little dead first wife that she must have astonished him at every turn. Imagine a convent girl reading Plutarch and Tacitus, Mariana's *History of Spain*, Garcilaso's *Commentarios* on Peru, Cervantes too; and her eyes glowing when she recited verses from her favorite poets, Cienfuegos, Quintana and Olmedo.

Manuelita was a woman that such a man as Bolívar could talk with . . . as well as make love to.

Ah, La Sáenz had everything, brains and beauty, and daring, and never was there a more ardent Patriot! The same flame that consumed Bolívar burned in her also.

Bolívar must have remembered all this, even while his mind was saying, over and over: "This month for making ready; next month for marching; and in June perhaps the battle."

And then the march began, up over the mountains to Cerro, twelve thousand feet above the sea. And there they were joined by the regiments from Cajamarca and Huara.

But it was August before all had arrived at the high plain of Sacramento between Rocas and Pasco. And when, on the second of August, Bolívar reviewed the troops there were assembled nine thousand men trained and equipped. Part of the miracle had been performed.

No one present could ever forget the scene, or the excitement, or the swelling pride that each man felt in that army which Bolívar had created out of almost nothing.

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Upon young General Miller, used as he was to the Andean landscape, and accustomed as he was to the sensations which precede battle, it made a profound impression, not only in itself but because of what it represented. He put upon paper something of how he felt that his mother and his brother John, back in England, might understand:

"The view," he wrote, "from that vast tableland is one of the most magnificent in the world. In the west rose the Andes, just surmounted with so much toil. On the east were the enormous ramifications of the Cordillera stretching toward the Brazils. North and south the view was bounded by mountains whose tops were hid in the clouds.

"And among the men assembled, there were in addition to those of Peru, men from Carácas, Bogotá, Panama, Quito, Chile and Buenos Aires; and among them foreigners who had crossed the seas to fight for the cause of liberty; Americans who had fought in Chile, at San Lorenzo, on the banks of the Paraná, at Carabobo in Venezuela and at Pichincha; foreigners who had fought on the banks of the Guadalquivir in Spain, and on the Rhine, men who had witnessed the conflagration of Moscow and the capitulation of Paris.

"And all were animated by one sole spirit:

"To assure the political existence of a vast continent, to ascertain whether or not the period had arrived when the influence of South America upon the rest of the world should be rendered commensurate with its extent, its riches and its situation."

Miller could never forget the scene; nor the address which, on the shore of the high cold lake, Bolívar made to the troops.

Miller proudly headed the Peruvian cavalry. He was fond of boasting that there were nowhere any such horsemen as the Patriot cavalry.

As he listened to Bolívar's speech he was conscious of the surrounding country. They were close to the margin of the lake of Reyes, and Miller recalled that it was the principal source of the Amazon and that the Amazon was the mightiest of the earth's

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rivers. Thus he thought while Bolívar's words rung out in the high cold air; words like brave bright banners:

"Soldiers!

"You are about to finish the greatest undertaking Heaven has confided to men. . . . Even Europe beholds you with delight, because the freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe. . . ."

"Viva! Viva! Viva!"

The plain echoed with cries of hope, enthusiasm, faith:

"Viva! Viva! Viva!"

Four days later, suddenly they saw the Royalist army marching over the plain, half a dozen miles away across the lake.

And in the afternoon the Royalist cavalry charged. The Patriots met the shock with a counter-charge. Not a shot was fired. The two opposing forces hurled their cavalry in charge after charge, steel met steel. Bayonet and saber pierced living flesh. The iron shoes of horses trampled fallen bodies. And no explosion of musketry drowned the sound of pounding hoofs, the clash of metal, the snorting breath of charging beasts, the shouts and the cries of men. Not a shot fired and no smoke of powder drifting away into the clear crisp air. Only the dust of the plain raised by the horses' feet; dust swirling in a yellow cloud about a scene of death; death in the fury of battle.

And in an hour it was over, the dreaded army of the Royalists flying before the Patriots.

"The freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe."

Bolívar had written the words on every heart.

As the enemy fled it was as if those words pursued them. The memory of that disgrace would weaken them in the decisive conflict which was still to come.

They retreated, leaving to the Patriots horses and cattle, abandoned guns and ammunition; soldiers dead and wounded, and the miles of cultivated territory over which they had retreated.

And in the high exhilaration of victory, Bolívar planned the future.

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In the next few weeks he would inspect the region, carefully studying the conditions. They could not risk another battle until reinforcements should arrive. News had come that three thousand soldiers were on their way from Colombia. The Patriots must not attack until they came. Bolívar, thinking over the situation, decided to return to the coast. On no account must the Colombian reinforcements be cut off. The thing to do now was to strengthen the army for attack. He would therefore return to the coast, leaving Sucre in charge. There was money, too, which he would draw on a London loan.

Bolívar was confident, full of hope, happy in the triumph of putting to flight the enemy army.

Certainly by the end of the year the Patriots would be in Potosí, and the independence of Spanish South America would have been won. The years of struggle would then be over. There would be no more months of planning, how in God's name to raise those vast sums which war devours, no more painful marches, no more anxiety, no more intrigue and treachery to threaten the fate of battles, no more suspense, no more necessity to draw from his own font of courage in order to restore faith to the despairing.

That victory toward which his life had moved for so many wearying years was now in view.

Potosí before the end of the year!

So do dreams take shape in the mind, coming true before their time.

Bolívar rode back over the trail which would take him down to Lima. And while he was still in the high Andes a messenger came up from the coast with the mail from Colombia.

And there was a letter from Colombia. The letter regretted to inform General Bolívar that the Congress of Colombia revoked the extraordinary powers which had been granted him. Because Bolívar had accepted supreme control in Peru, he might no longer be considered Commander-in-chief of the Colombian Army.

It was a wordy letter, but its meaning required no more rhetoric than a stab in the back dealt by the dagger of a friend.

O'Leary flamed with indignation:

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It was obvious that the writer's motive was jealousy. But to strike at such a moment, at a time of momentous crisis, when, with dangers and difficulties on every side, the General was preparing for that conflict which was to decide the fate of all, to strike thus was an infamous thing.

O'Leary understood that the blow had gone deep into that region of the heart which never forgets. It was the sort of injury for which, whatever joyful thing the future may hold, there is no healing.

It has happened, and nothing can ever be done about it.

There is only to call together what remains, and with that to carry on.

Bolívar thought of Sucre, tireless, selfless, loyal. He must write to Sucre at once. Sucre must understand that the great final battle for liberty was now to be his, and not Bolívar's. The responsibility and the glory would be Sucre's. Only he must not fail to realize that the Patriots could not afford to lose so much as one battle. Any repulse would be fatal. There must be nothing but victory. Therefore Sucre must proceed with the greatest caution. And he, Bolívar, would forward reinforcements and money.

In calling upon what remained to him he summoned the blessed solace of work. He could still work for the great cause. In Lima there was much to be done, and as he traveled back to the coast he mustered along the way a thousand additional men, as well as supplies and horses; sending them back to Sucre's army as it marched over the Sierra in the wake of the retreating Royalists.

Yet all the time there was heavy in Bolívar's heart the unbelievable fact that command of the Colombian Army had been taken from him—his own army, the thing he had created, which was part of himself.

It could not be. . . . Yet it was.

I wondered if at that time he knew, if a letter had come to tell him, that Manuelita Sácnz was on her way from Quito to Peru. But whether he expected her, or whether her arrival was a surprise, there she was, meeting him in the village of Haura, on the coast

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not very far from Lima; appearing as though miraculously she had heard the sorrow in his heart calling, and had come.

Whatever Bolívar had lost, Manuelita was his utterly and always. Her shining eyes were a mirror in which he saw himself triumphant. Her quick responsive mind required no explanation of the bitterness of his disappointment. The injustice of it stung her as it did him. She understood. She knew that he scorned money and position, but that the glory of achievement was his life. She knew, for in everything Manuelita Sáenz was Simón Bolívar's mate. Her sympathy was not pity, but that fortifying thing—passionate understanding, the sympathy of militant resentment against injustice, not the sympathy of tears.

The very fragrance of her was stimulating, the fresh scent of the verbena which she always used.

And how entirely she gave herself!

Her husband continually begged her to return, but this was her reply to his pleading:

“No, no, no! Why do you force me to tell you a thousand times No? . . . You are good, excellent, inimitable. I shall never deny that. And, my friend, to leave you for Bolívar—that is something! To leave a different husband, without your qualities, would be nothing.

“But can you think that, having been the chosen of Bolívar, having possessed his heart, I could be the woman of another? Not even though he be the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost or the most Sacred Trinity!

“I well understand that there can be for me no union with Bolívar that you would call honorable. But do you think me less virtuous because he is my lover and not my husband?

“Ah, I do not live for social conventions!

“Leave me then in peace, my dear Englishman. In heaven we may be again married, you and I. But on this earth, never. . . .

“In the celestial country we shall pass an angelic life; all will be as in church, since such monotonous life is the characteristic of your nationality; that is, in matters of love. For

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in commerce, who more quick than the British? It is love which finds them without enthusiasm, conversation in which they lack grace, and jest in which they do not smile. . . .

"No, I cannot picture myself living on the earth condemned to England!

"And so, frankly, without laughter, with all the seriousness of an Englishwoman herself, I tell you that never again shall we be together.

"No, and no and no. . . . But I am your friend always."

Such a love as Manuelita's for Bolívar has moments gifted with the power to lift all burdens. And in the intervals between those moments of oblivion, there was Manuelita's blazing interest in every detail of the campaign for freedom; Manuelita was as ardent a Patriot even as Bolívar. She had been living in Lima with her husband when San Martín had aroused in Peru a desire for independence and because of her eager revolutionary zeal she had been one of the women whom he had decorated with the Order of the Sun. Bolívar could delight in the reality of her patriotism, since it was as genuine as his own, and had nothing to do with her personal passion for him. Wherever she was Manuelita was active always for the dream of freedom. Once, when there'd been rioting in Quito she'd ridden at the head of the company which put it down; a glorious figure in scarlet and white, with earrings quivering in the clear air of lofty Quito.

Certainly Manuelita's arrival at Haura was a comfort.

And with Sucre in the Sierra, Bolívar felt that he had left his right arm to direct the battle that was coming; then there was Miller always to be trusted; and loyal young O'Leary; and now Manuelita, and the work waiting in Lima—hurrying troops up to Sucre, and money.

So Bolívar called together what yet remained to him.

The Royalists had recently drawn their forces out of Lima, concentrating their strength in the Sierra, making ready for the final battle. They had left the city crushed after months of tyranny,

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but it rose up in joy to greet Bolívar's return. It would have him know how it had suffered. Now that he had come back it could hope once more, and every bell in the city rang in frenzied delight. The terror was over now that the Liberator was come.

Bolívar established himself with his staff—and with Manuelita—at Magdalena, in a commodious country mansion near the sea, just a little way out of Lima.

There, on the very afternoon of his return, he sent out an invitation to all the governments of America to meet in the first Pan-American Congress ever to be held.

Long ago—eleven years before when he was a refugee in Jamaica—he had dreamed of a great federation of the Spanish-American Republics, with an Assembly meeting in Panama. Even then he had believed that the hope of the universe lay in the New World.

But first the independence had to be won.

Now, certain of victory in that battle so soon to be fought in the Sierra of Peru, he dictated the invitation to the governments of all American Republics to send representatives to the Isthmus of Panama.

He dictated rapidly, always sure of what he would say. Ever restless, he swung back and forth in his hammock, and from time to time in his excitement he jumped up to pace the floor.

Thus, swinging in his hammock looking out over the spacious patio of the house at Magdalena, he dictated the invitation to the first Pan-American Congress, to be held at the Isthmus of Panama in the summer of 1826:

“After fifteen years devoted to the cause of Liberty in America, the time has now come when the interests which unite those Republics formerly Spanish [the words long waiting in his mind came fast] demand that in order to perpetuate that for which we have fought, we establish and consolidate in a sublime authority which will direct our governments and maintain the uniformity of their principles. Such an authority can exist only in an Assembly of Plenipotentiaries named by each of the Republics.

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"And since Panama is situated in the center of the globe it appears to be indicated as the meeting place of the first Assembly.

"The day on which this body meets will be immortal in the history of America. . . ."

And while secretaries busily made copies of the document for each of the governments of the western hemisphere, Bolívar was occupied in reorganizing demoralized Lima. By this time the three thousand Colombians under fiery young José María Córdova would have reached Sucre in the Sierra. Now, he turned his mind to the government which would succeed the victory. He set about founding schools in Lima, as he had done in Trujillo, in the very midst of creating an army. In his mind a new Constitution was shaping. So much to be done, and only Bolívar to dream and plan!

From morning until night people came and went between Lima and the mansion at Magdalena. For hours on end the secretaries worked over Bolívar's correspondence. They missed O'Leary who had been sent to Sucre with Bolívar's last suggestions for the plan of battle. Manuela presided as the brilliant lady of the mansion. When she rode out, triumphant in her beauty and her love, she was accompanied by a military escort. There were dinner parties and distinguished guests sitting down at the great table under the chandelier. And Bolívar himself, eating little and plainly, was proud of the epicurean understanding of foods and wines which everywhere made his dinners famous. His return had restored gaiety and music to Lima.

Victory in the Sierra seemed to them all certain, and none could look into the dark pain of the years to follow upon that victory. Bolívar could not foresee what a futile thing his great Panama Congress was to be in actuality; how little was accomplished and how few attended, the United States not even represented, since of their two delegates one died upon the way and the other did not arrive until the Congress was over. Bolívar in his vast dream

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of a glorious future for the Americas, did not know that he was one day to look upon the collapse of the dream and compare himself to that insane Greek who, standing on an island waving his arms, fancied that he directed the movements of the ships that sailed the Mediterranean.

For Bolívar dreamed ahead of his time, with no vision of all that must be suffered before the dream had even a chance of realization.

So with high hope he had dictated his invitation.

And then there came the letter from Sucre. A battle had been fought, the battle of Ayacucho, high in the Sierra, not far from Cuzco.

Bolívar read Sucre's letter in a passion of joy. At last victory had come. The Royalists were not merely routed, they were conquered. The Viceroy was captured and in the name of Spain he had surrendered. And Peru was added to the company of free American Republics. Now the liberty of Buenos Aires, of Chile and the greater Colombia (which included Venezuela, New Granada and what is now Ecuador) was assured. They need no longer fear that Spain would overthrow their infant Republican Governments. The hated *Godos* had made their final surrender at the battle of Ayacucho.

It was all there in Sucre's letter.

Bolívar tore off his military coat and threw it upon the floor. They were done at last with the war which that coat symbolized. The war was over and the coat of the military dictator of Peru was cast upon the floor.

Bolívar danced about the room, crying, "Victory! Victory! Victory!"

The thing for which he had lived was accomplished and there was in his spirit no envy that the battle had been Sucre's and not his, that it was at Sucre's feet, and not his, that up in the Sierra the proud flags of Castile were laid, and the swords surrendered.

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If there were moments when the triumph seemed an illusion, there was Sucre's letter to be reread, proving the truth:

"The war is over, my General. And the freedom of Peru is accomplished. But I am happier in having carried out your trust than in anything else. . . ."

XIV

THE UNFINISHED CENTURY

OFTEN and often on this journey in time I have made the fantastic wish that I might find someone who had neglected to die. People are so careless, I said to myself, why couldn't someone simply have forgotten to die? And why might I not find this person and hear the whole story, complete, not just pieced together from fragments preserved more or less by chance?

Now, arrived in the journey at the twentieth century, and looking back over the way I feel suddenly as though my wish had amazingly come true and that I have myself become that person who has forgotten to die. For, without any attempt to write all-inclusively of the saga of Peru, putting down only what is most vivid to me in the years since Mummy Number 94 was laid in his tomb at Paracas, somehow, through that which my mind has spontaneously selected to remember, I have come to feel that it is I who, living through the centuries, have forgotten to die.

And so, as though having passed through a personal experience, I have come finally to that century which is still so new that we have no perspective upon the troubled years of its infancy, and no clairvoyant gift to see what we shall make of the years between 1937 and 2000, though we begin with the bright hope of enduring peace and increasing friendship among the Americas.

That was long ago Bolívar's dream.

I was thinking of this, as, in Lima, I lingered in the Museo Bolivariano, looking back into the receding centuries before recrossing the threshold into the twentieth.

Out in the patio unseen doves cooed very softly, incessantly. The fig-tree which Bolívar had planted more than a century ago was loaded with ripening fruit. The once tidy flower-beds were crowded with unrestrained growth, a jungle of roses, red and

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pink and white muskcluster, heliotrope, red geraniums grown to mammoth size like the deceptive illustrations of a florist's catalogue, vermillion hibiscus, palms and an orange tree, and flowering vines; all in a luxuriant tangle. The flight of butterflies wrote invisible messages in the air, and hummingbirds quivered gleaming before first one flower and then another.

Beyond, in a second patio, lay those mute enigmatic mummy bundles which Doctor Tello had brought back from Paracas.

Save for the continual cooing of the doves the house and its patios were enveloped in a silence wherein the stirring century of independence slept at peace, unconcerned with the troubled life of today.

But I have only to remember that century to bring suddenly alive the house on the quiet square of little many-colored houses, and the still rooms with their relics of a vanished life, and the sunny flowery patio. Bolívar's cry of "Victory!" shatters the silence. And I fancy the fragrance of Manuela's verbena as I move from room to room.

Bolívar, Sucre, San Martín look down from the walls. In glass cases neatly labeled are fading documents once of vital import. There is Bolívar's traveling box, Bolívar's camp-bed, Bolívar's hammock, hanging limp and empty, there is a vast chandelier dimly reflected on the gloss of the banquet table, and there is Manuela's dressing table, of beautifully inlaid woods divided into many cunningly devised compartments.

Bolívar and Manuela, Pizarro and Atahualpa, gallant Mrs. Proctor, the Perricholi, and Sergeant Mugaburu, these, like all the past, are no more dead than my own living memories of Lima, their words no more dead than those sentences, heard in the Lima of today, which so often recur to me:

"You should see the Indians, how they work on the haciendas and in the Sierra, you should see how they work."

It was an Indian who spoke, in a voice vibrant with the long patience of his race. He wanted me only to see; that was all.

And I hear, too, the steady voice of a man who has observed the life of men in many parts of the world: Russia, France, Eng-

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land, Spain, the two Americas. He is a man who loves Peru, and he is saying:

"If only Peru can avoid revolution I think there lies ahead for her a great prosperity. All is made ready now for an era of prosperity, for unity. For long the country was held back by lack of transportation, of communication between coast and Sierra and the jungle country beyond the mountains.

"There are now motor roads continuing where the railroads leave off; airplanes fly up and down the coast and into the interior; and there are more ships, better ships, to unite Peru with the rest of the world.

"If only she can avoid revolution!"

Revolution, I thought, contemplating the problems of Peru so similar in essentials to our own, Revolution in a Republic is the assassin of Democracy, and I would have Democracy live. At least let us perfect the thing we began to build, before we topple it over and replace it with something else. Those who willed it to us paid for it a great price.

In the still patio of the Museo Bolivariano, it came to me that we owe it to them to let Democracy have its chance.

That thought brought me to the preoccupations of the twentieth century, with its struggle to find some way to the making of a better world. And because, upon this long journey in time, I had seen so much that is of value, as well as the many cruelties and blunders to be avoided, I realized the importance of preserving out of each century what is worthy to endure.

The art of the ancients of Peru, for example, is a precious heritage. The thrift and the industry and the honesty of the Inca's people would anchor civilization, their worship of Nature would enrich life, while if the social security they achieved had not included a tyrannical annihilation of the individual, their system might have survived to solve the perplexing problems of today. And if, in some way we might regain the courage and endurance of the sixteenth-century Spaniard, we would add to the power of life; for he possessed the priceless gift of extending the span of active life. He considered no one too young or too old for virile

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living; boys of fifteen and octogenarians alike played valiantly a man's part. As for that courtesy which in the seventeenth century Sergeant Mugaburu so valued, it still persists, making contact with Spanish-America a warm and charming experience. While the dauntless vision of the century of independence is an inspiration for this the century whose vision seeks to find a way to social justice.

Considering thus what we are to make of our unfinished century, suddenly I recalled something that Cieza de León said four hundred years ago, in writing of the Spanish Conquerors:

“They went out to explore that which was unknown and never before seen.... And I esteem them because, until now, no other race or nation has with such resolution, passed through such labors, or such long periods of starvation or traversed such great distances.”

With that there came another memory. Two eager-eyed young students of the venerable University of San Marcos had come to call upon me at the Hotel Maury in Lima. And in the course of our talk one of them—with a blazing sincerity—said: “We must find out what we are ourselves.... And so we are going now through anguish.”

Thus we, too, though in another sense, go out “to explore that which is unknown,” but with knowledge of what has been, there is a light to warn and to guide, shining upon the path ahead.

THE END

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